AUG. 11, 1945 10c

Liberty

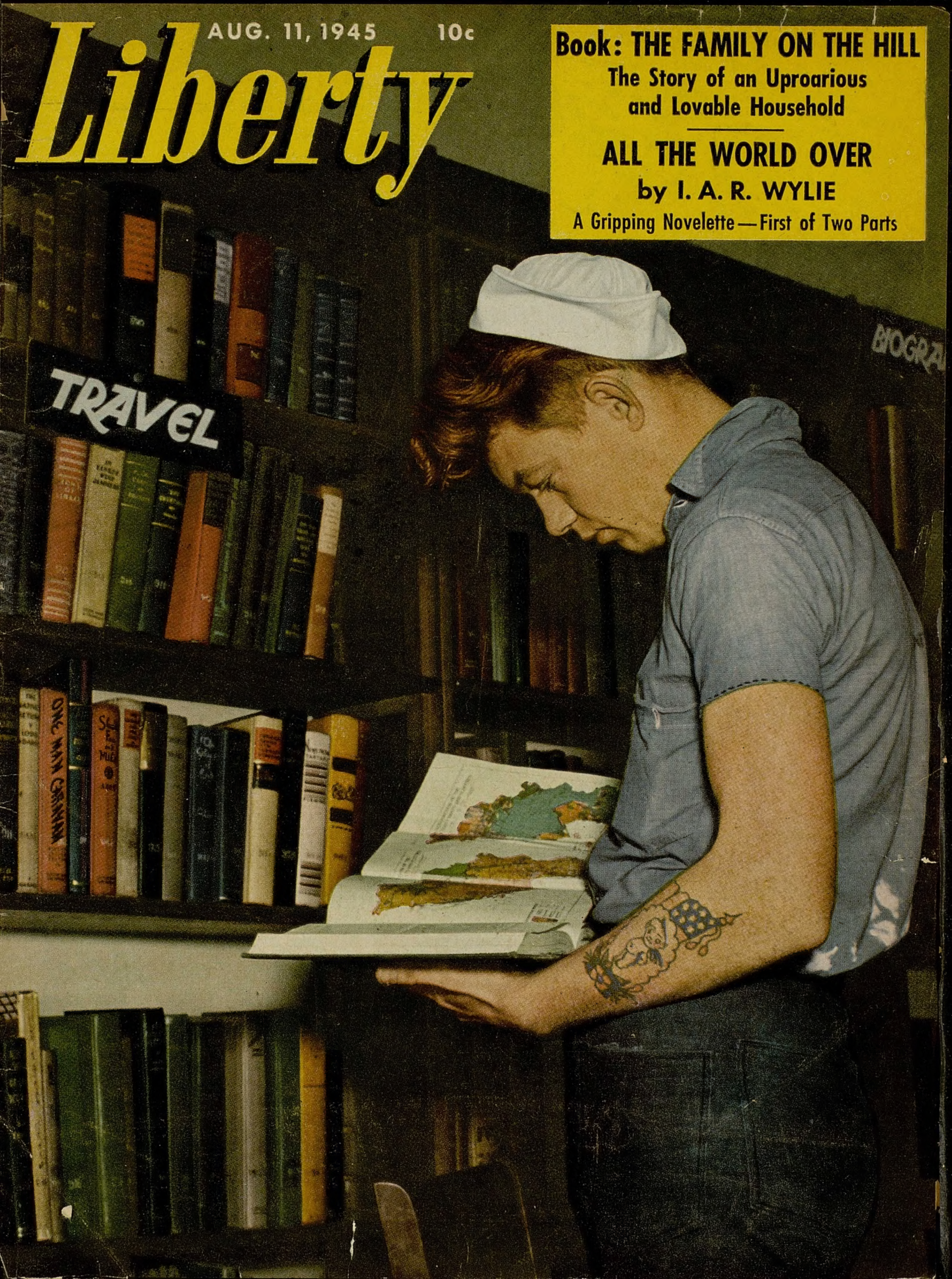
Book: THE FAMILY ON THE HILL

The Story of an Uproarious and Lovable Household

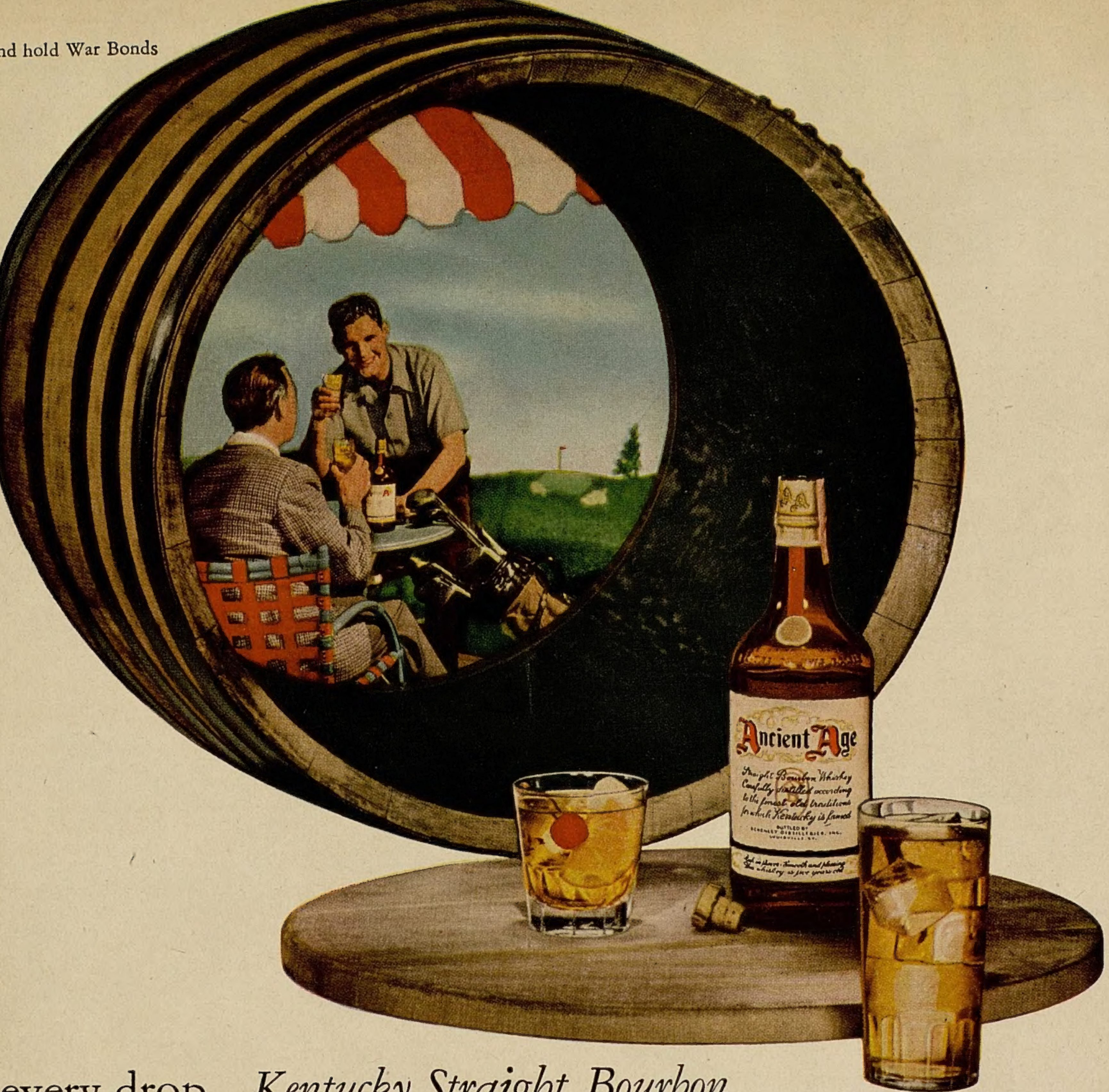
ALL THE WORLD OVER

by I. A. R. WYLIE

A Gripping Novelette—First of Two Parts


TRAVEL
BIOGRA
ONE MAN CARAVAN

buy and hold War Bonds


Ancient Age
Straight Bourbon Whiskey Carefully distilled according to the finest old traditions for which Kentucky is famed

every drop... *Kentucky Straight Bourbon* barreled in peacetime

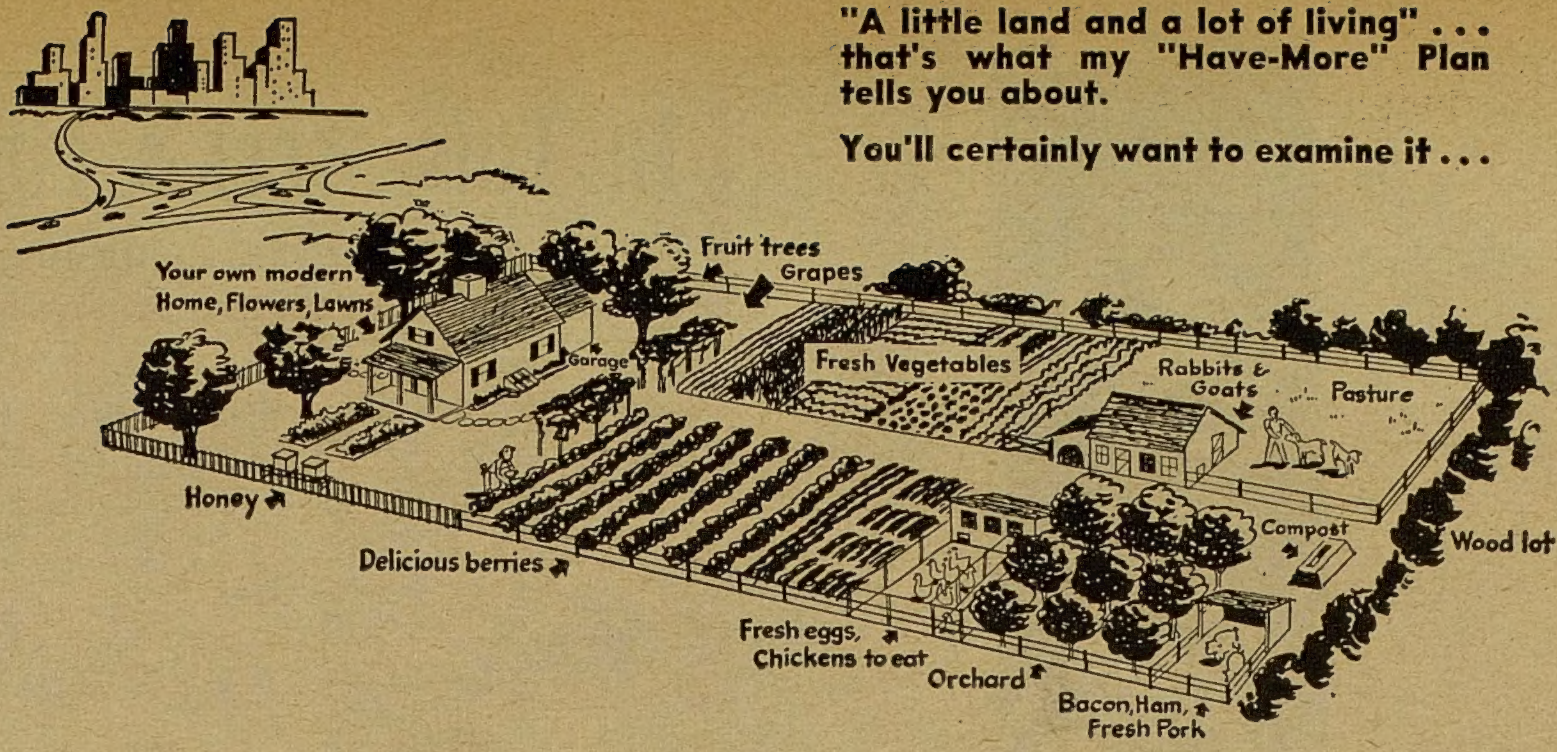
Long ago... in peacetime... Ancient Age, a great Kentucky whiskey, was laid away in charred oak barrels to age and ripen. Now, fully matured, it comes to you... A great whiskey with the authentic flavor that only a Kentucky Straight Bourbon like Ancient Age can give you.

Ancient Age *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey*

Schenley Distilleries, Inc., Louisville, Ky. This whiskey is five years old, 86 proof.

"A little land and a lot of living" . . . that's what my "Have-More" Plan tells you about.

You'll certainly want to examine it . . .



"This is the way I want to live— *the rest of my life!"*

Mrs. Robinson, Jackie, and I aren't selling any land nor promoting anybody's products. We only want to tell you how we've learned to have more fun, more health and more security than 99% of this world's families has ever had.

This morning for breakfast I had fresh berries and cream, a mouth-watering order of ham and eggs, raspberry jam and toast and coffee. The toast and coffee we bought at the store. The rest we raised on our little "Have-More" Homestead.

That breakfast, to me, is just a sample of part of the difference our "Have-More" Plan makes in the way people can live.

The strict city dweller who buys everything he eats is liable to have a toast-and-coffee life.

The family which does as we are doing gets the "cream"—and the berries and the ham and eggs and the jam. I guess this sounds boastful, but I don't mean it so. It is just the *enthusiasm* Mrs. Robinson and I have for the Plan we've worked out. We call it our "Have-More" Plan because that's how it works for us . . . we have *more* of just about everything that makes life worth living!

Our "Have-More" Plan is the true story of how we Robinsons moved from the city to our small place in the nearby country to find a "little land and a lot more living" while I kept a regular full-time job in town.

It tells how we grow most of our family's food in spare time—have fun doing it—have better living—more sunshine and fresh air—more peace and quiet—more security and independence—in fact, as I said before, *more* of just about everything!

All the Details

My "Have-More" Plan contains over 50,000 words, 73 illustrations, many actual photographs of our own place. And I've kept the price as low as I could, only $1.00.

It tells just how we do things—all our shortcuts, ideas, labor-saving methods—how it takes us only an hour or so of spare time a day to have tender chicken to eat, plenty of really fresh eggs, a wonderful garden, delicious rabbit meat, rich milk, butter, cream from our miniature dairy, tasty ham, pork, bacon, sausage, geese, turkeys, squab, spring lamb, honey bees, fruit trees instead of shade trees, luscious grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc.—how we use the latest, easiest preserving methods, including quick freezing. (Note: No *one* family should start *all* these projects at once. But we describe them all so you can take your pick.)

No "Magic" About It

Now, please, don't get me wrong. This is no "crack-pot theory" on how to make an easy living! I suppose that if you absolutely had to, you could live a long time entirely off a small place like our two acres. But that would be just existing, not really living.

You've got to have some *cash* income—from a job or a pension or something. What I'm saying is that with my "Have-More" Plan you can make a *small* cash income into the best and happiest kind of a living any man could want. That's *why* we call it our "Have-*More*" Plan.

Furthermore, you and your wife have to be real partners and *enjoy* working together. If either of you think of the housework and the chores as just drudgery, you better go live in a boardinghouse or a two room apartment. Personally, we wish we *could* spend more time working around our place—it's so interesting.

Will You Join Us?

A friend said, the other day, "Ed, why do you bother with other people? Why don't you settle down and just enjoy your own job and your 'Have-More' Homestead? Why try to spread it all over the country?" I may sound silly trying to tell you why. This *is* my job now. I am putting full time into gathering information on country living . . . for ourselves and others. I feel, somehow, that in the years to come the U. S. is going to need all the help it can get toward happiness and peace and security. We aren't always going to have a war boom going on. I've got a boy I want to see grow up in a good country, and if ten or twenty million American families can get set as well as the Robinson family is, I don't think anything can hurt this nation.

Do you see what I mean? That's why I've worked so hard putting this Plan together. That's why I was so *careful* to be truthful and sensible in everything we put in it. And that's why I've kept the price as low as I possibly could—only $1.00, postpaid.

Now It's Up to You!

So if you are one of our kind of people, if you want to have a look at our "Have-More" Plan, just fill in the coupon here and send it to me. When you get the Plan—by return mail—look it over. If you are disappointed in it in any way, or if it doesn't suit you, put it right back in the package and return it to me. I'll give you your dollar back and send you a dime for your postage.

On the other hand, if you like it, and I am sure you will, help me by showing it to your friends and getting them to start a "Have-More" Homestead also. Yours for "a little land and a lot of living"—

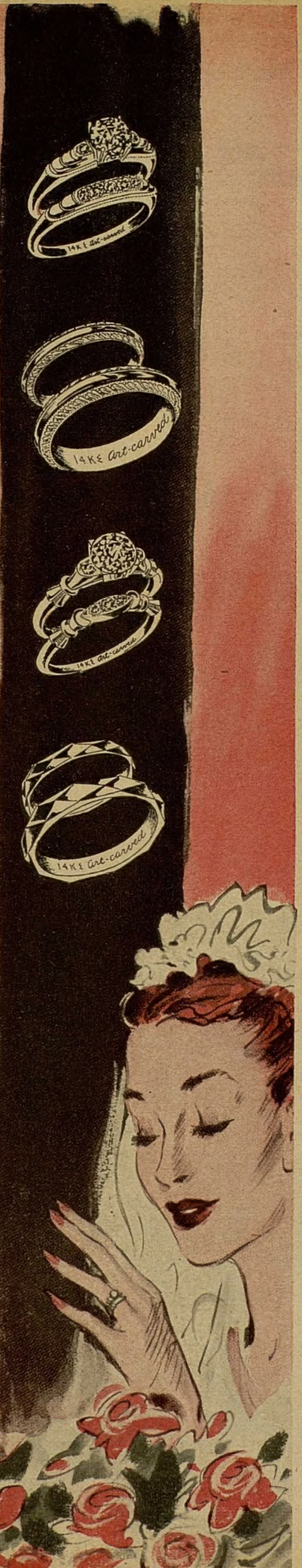
Ed Robinson

P. O. Box 9708, Noroton, Conn.

Send to ED ROBINSON
P. O. Box 9708, Noroton, Conn.
Dear Ed:—
Here's your dollar. I want to see your "Have-More" Plan. If it's what I want I'll keep it. If not I'll send it back and you're to return my money—and we'll still be friends.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... **State** ....

(Please make checks $1.05 to cover bank charge.)



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A wise choice, the *Art-carved* trademark, now as always... Back of the exquisite beauty of each ring, is the assurance of unexcelled diamond value, the expert craftsmanship of a firm that has created quality rings for nearly a hundred years. Shown at finer jewelers everywhere.

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Cover: Futurama

Seaman Second Class Gene Jones of Louisville, Ky., brushes up on foreign areas in the Naval Air Station library at Norfolk, Va.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVAL COLOR PHOTO

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Liberty, August 11, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 32. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc. 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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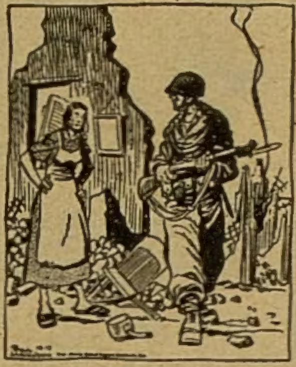
BILL MAULDIN

UP FRONT

By Bill Mauldin

Here is the straight truth about war, as the G.I.s see it. Sergeant Bill Mauldin, the G.I.s' favorite cartoonist, comes home after five years of war to find himself famous. His book about life among the dogfaces—over a hundred cartoons with running text—has been greeted throughout the country with the same spontaneous enthusiasm that was accorded Ernie Pyle's *Brave Men.*


"Don't look at me, lady, I didn't do it."

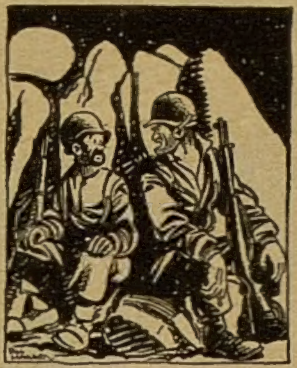
and

BRUCE MARSHALL

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH

By Bruce Marshall

Bruce Marshall was the author of that delightful book, *Father Malachy's Miracle.* Now Mr. Marshall has written an equally delicious story of a Catholic priest in Scotland. "It is asperged with cleansing mirth," Christopher Morley says, "the kind the Scots call pawky, the sly mischief that has as much fun in smiling at itself as at anyone else."


"Why th' hell couldn't you have been born a beautiful woman?"

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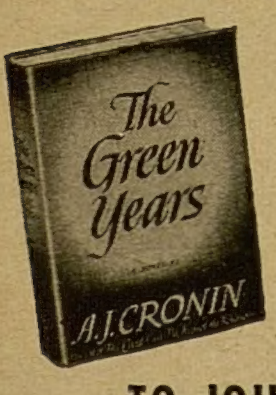

The Green Years

BY A. J. CRONIN

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Made of Mission Briar Burls

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MONTEREY
PIPE

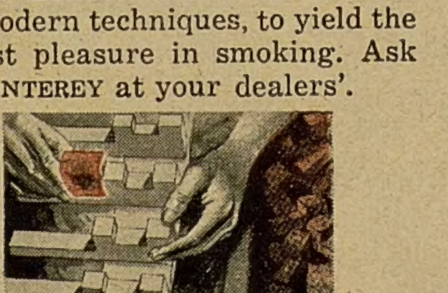
Specimen Grain $5

(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION BRIAR

A RARE CALIFORNIA WOOD-FORMATION, MELLOW WITH AGE, IDEAL FOR PIPES

Above you see some of the very old MISSION BRIAR Burls from which MONTEREY PIPES are made. These rare growths, each a mass of closely-knit, interwoven fibres, are perfect for making fine pipes of superior smoking quality. Unusual because they are mellow with age, dry, tempered by weather, and will not "check." Seasoned and cured with new, modern techniques, to yield the greatest pleasure in smoking. Ask for MONTEREY at your dealers'.



Operation No. 5, Classifying Mission Briar blocks according to different shapes and sizes of pipes desired. Next advertisement will show completely-equipped new factory in California.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

HE WALKED OUT

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—I want to compliment Liberty for the fine article, Too Many Soldiers Don't Fight, by Herbert G. Moore (June 16).

As an ex-Reserve officer and former Civil Service employee for two and a half years at Mira Loma Quartermaster Depot, I have seen the same condition in this area to the point where I walked off the job in disgust.—*V. E. Kessinger.*

JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT

RALEIGH, N. C.—I particularly enjoyed Charley Slack's article, Millwood Made Doggies (June 30).

I advocate that every town and city should have some organization like Junior Achievement. It will undoubtedly be extremely beneficial to young boys who are planning careers in business and management. It will also tend to curb juvenile delinquency. If the public would back these organizations 100 per cent, they would see a vast decrease in delinquency and a huge increase in better citizenship.—*T/Sgt. R. V. Wildman.*

DOUGLAS FOR DEMOCRACY

MELBOURNE, ARK.—May I congratulate you on the publication of Helen Weigel Brown's article, The Gal from Cal. (June 30)? It is especially refreshing to know that an intelligent woman like Helen Gahagan Douglas has the courage to fight for that indispensable philosophy of our late great leader, Franklin Roosevelt.

It is indeed a sad commentary that in this age, so dedicated in blood to the struggle of democracy we should see so many undemocratic practices (such as racial intolerance and the poll tax) in full swing. Neither have we reached the green pasture where all our people have the same economic opportunities.

The little fellow is fortunate indeed to have found so able a spokesman as Helen Gahagan Douglas. Mrs. Douglas knows that democracy is a living, vital thing and not an empty dream.—*Gus H. Campbell.*

THE BARI RAID

BARI, ITALY—Lt. Ruark's article, We Remember This (May 19), was highly amusing but not in the least accurate insofar as that Bari raid was concerned.

The raid, in December, 1943, was a major disaster, as seventeen Allied ships were sunk (according to news releases then); but the town of Bari was not blown into the Adriatic, as the good lieutenant would have you believe. Only two city blocks were hit and damaged!

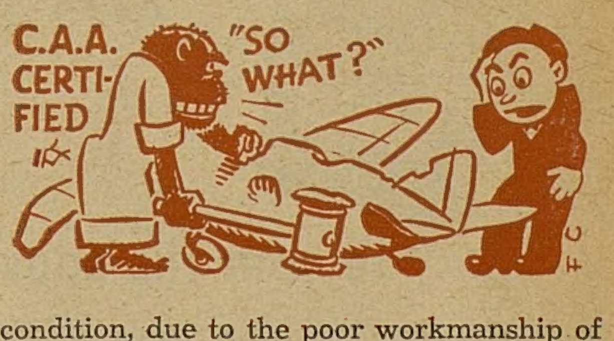
Since Bari houses over 250,000 civilians, two blocks of it are a mere drop in the bucket.

There were lots of Kraut planes over here during 1944 and as late as April, 1945, but no bombs were ever dropped on the city—just flares. There were too many Fascists here to be hurt had Bari been bombed. At least, I think so!—*Sgt. Sam Sneiderman.*

PRIVATE FLYING

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS—I was greatly interested in what Wayne Parrish had to say about Private Flying as a Budget Item, in On the Beam (June 30). I do not believe, however, that he covered all the facts. The cost of renting a ship is separate from the cost of private flying. That should come under commercial flying, as it is a problem of commercial operators. Time can be obtained at Lew Foot's Field, Dallas, Texas, for as low as four fifty an hour, while many other operators get as high as twelve dollars an hour for dual. This proves that something is wrong in the charges one way or another.

With regard to the cost to a private flier and owner of an airplane, it is not only prohibitive for many, but it is ridiculous. As a private flier and an owner, I believe the largest obstacle is the CAA regulation requiring that the plane be taken to a licensed CAA mechanic or shop. With practically no exception so far, the licensed mechanic and shop and the quality of work done there is worse than any I could pick in any first-class garage in the country. Most of the time it has been necessary, after the ship has been inspected and all inspection requirements met, to do an equal amount of work to put it in safe flying condition, due to the poor workmanship of the licensed mechanic and shop. Such shops also charge exorbitant prices, and the time it takes these inexperienced mechanics to do the work is more than ridiculous.



Some CAA officials have agreed with me on this. It would be a good thing (if the CAA is to continue to set such requirements for the private owner) to go further and set the price for doing any particular amount of work, making the shop responsible either through bond or otherwise, to re-do the work at its own expense if not properly done the first time. The OPA is giving up an enormous amount of control

(*Continued on page 9*)

"Please, Daddy! Don't let 'em take Pal!"

"I'd never let Bill down before . . . in the eight years of his life. And even on that day when our home and most of our furniture were put on sale, he trusted me to come through.

"It was heartbreaking to watch him clutch the dog he'd owned almost since he could remember—panicked with fear that Pal would be taken, too. He didn't understand the reason for the sudden collapse of the life he'd known. But I did! I'd had an auto accident . . . injured a man badly . . . and I had to satisfy the court judgment *myself*. "Because I'd neglected such a trifle as auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle* — tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.

Paper is Ammunition

700,000 different kinds of items are shipped to the Army — and they're all paper-wrapped or boxed. Uncle Sam asks you to save paper for the Army and Navy. Get in on the paper-saving parade to Victory.

IMPORTANT NOW! You may save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today.*

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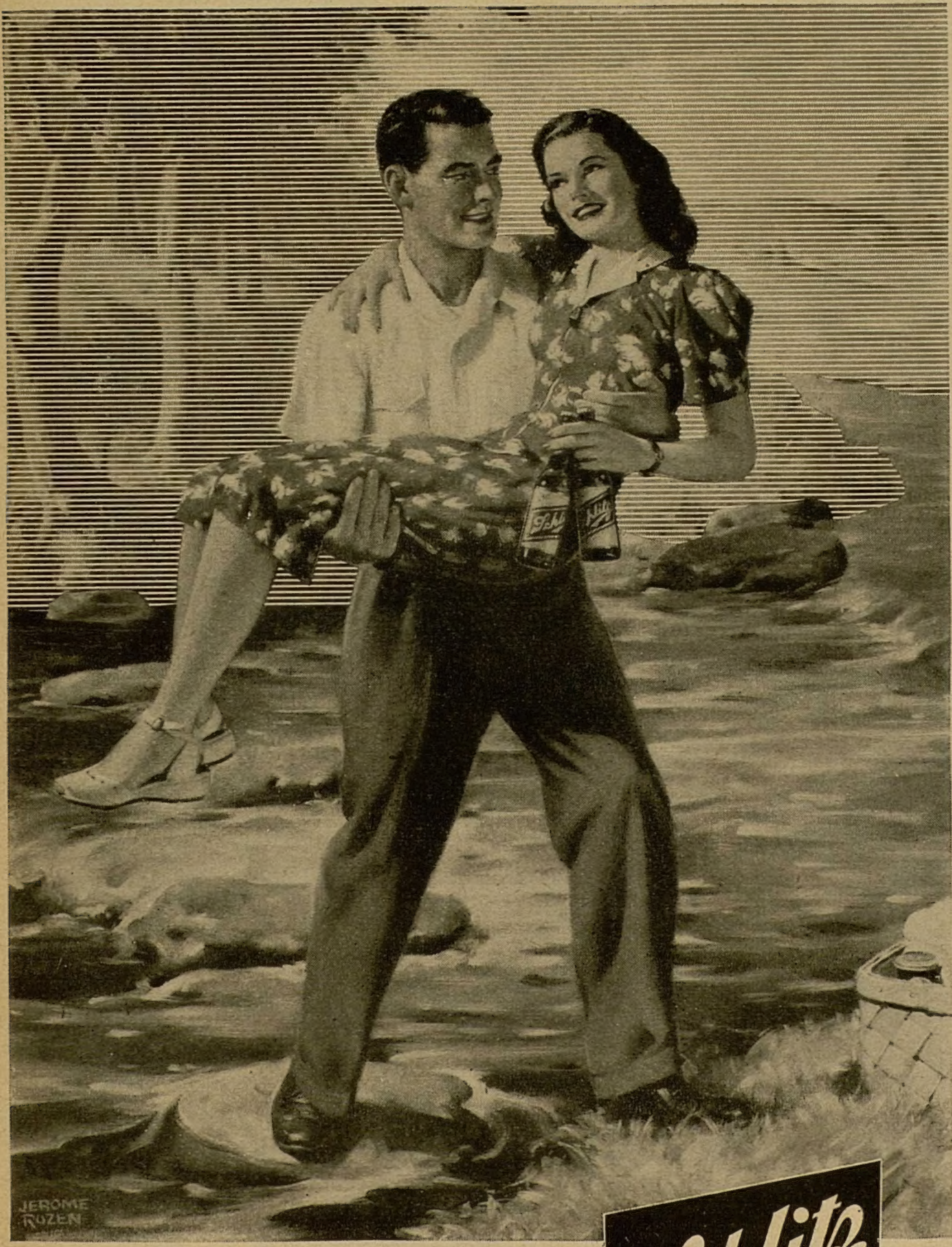
Schlitz
Schlitz
JEROME ROZEN

JUST

THE *kiss*

OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Schlitz

Copr. 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

(*Continued from page* 6)

over inflation by not investigating prices charged for this work—not so much what is paid an hour, but the number of hours charged for to do work that should require only a third, or less, of the time booked. This graft is going to hurt the aviation industry in the postwar period.—*L. George Grupe, D. C.*

PERTURBED UMPIRE

St. Vrain, France—It's not often that we get your magazine out here, but I did manage to see your April 14 issue.

After reading your short short story, Decline and Fall of the Roman Umpire, by Ernest Lehman, I was most perturbed, as you have committed a harmful slander against the umpiring profession.

To render biased judgment-decisions because of a personal grievance against a ballplayer, as Umpire Mazotti did, is not ethical. This leads to disdain, distrust, and suspicion in the eyes of the general public who read this distorted tale. And to include the good names of Bill Klein and the late Judge Landis in this scandalous story is simply outlandish. What is more, what Mazotti did would blackball him from organized baseball for the rest of his life. So how does he even stand half a chance to be shunted down to umpire in the Piedmont League?

Liberty
SSSTRRRIKE!

I am an umpire (nine years—amateur, college, semipro, industrial, Army), and anything that casts a reflection on umpires in particular, and baseball in general, becomes my problem.

That is the reason I am bringing this grievance to your attention. Our lot is difficult enough as it is, without having it besmirched with suspicion on the part of the fans themselves.—*Sgt. I. Beckerman.*

UNCLE DAN ON MAIN STREET

Winter Haven, Fla.—Liberty owes me fifty cents, a hard-to-get "A" gas coupon, and a few postage stamps—all because it printed what I believe to be the finest yarn in many years—Uncle Dan Drops In, by Neill C. Wilson (June 23). I spent the money and gas hunting for extra copies of your magazine to give to a few news writers.

As a working newspaperman for nigh on twenty-five years, I have always contended that names make news, and that the small-town newspaper, such as the Clarinda Argus, had a very particular job to do in reporting the happenings of Main Street and of Dunbar Street. Too many small-town newspapers ape the bigger sheets; they either struggle along with an unnecessary wire service built for larger papers, or clip the morning and noon editions of the near-by big-city dailies. They ignore the happenings about town.

"Flush left" heads, streamline and departmental make-up, and too much attention to wire news have done a lot toward taking the "home" out of home-town newspapering. But there'll come a day when Uncle Dan will again be welcome on any small paper. Wanta bet?—*Jack Gurnett.*

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CHELSEA CIGARETTES
BLENDED BY EDGEWORTH

Smoke this outstanding quality cigarette. Smoke it critically. Compare it with any other brand. See if you don't agree that... from now on...it's Chelsea!

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GUY LOMBARDO
America's No. I Band
TUESDAY 9 P. M., EWT
American Broadcasting Company

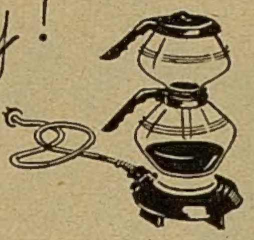
CHELSEA

A Heritage of Quality Since 1877

Today's tip — for better-tasting coffee!

There's a "grind" of coffee for every type of coffee maker. Whatever type you now have, *always use the grind that's made for it.* Your coffee's taste-appeal is sure to go up!

Tip for "tomorrow" — make richer, tastier coffee — automatically!



Grand coffee'll be easy as 1-2-3 when you have this sparkling G-E Coffee Maker. The *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker.

No guessing at cupfuls! Markings on the lower bowl measure cupfuls of water accurately. In the upper bowl, simply place a level tablespoonful of coffee (pulverized grind) for each cup.

Then set it and forget it! This G-E beauty automatically "times itself." And thanks to G.E.'s exclusive Brew Compensator, you get the same rich brew, whether you're making 2 cups or 8! *Stays hot,* too—till you're ready for it!

You'll certainly want a G-E Automatic Coffee Maker! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY — BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

Automatic
Coffee Maker
GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

I. A. R. WYLIE SEES THE WORLD

THE author of ALL THE WORLD OVER I. A. R. Wylie, has been over a great deal of it herself. Born in Australia, raised in England, a seasoned traveler by the time she was twelve, Miss Wylie spent her childhood on lone cycling jaunts in England—going where she chose, paying her own hotel bills, learning about life and geography first hand. After touring the fjords of Norway unchaperoned at fourteen, she was shipped off to school in Belgium, England, and Germany for a smattering of formal education. At twenty, fortified by the sale of a short story, she made her break for independence, and, with her success as an author more assured as the years passed, she continued her travels—through Norway, Germany, France, Italy, Central America, Mexico, and the United States. In between trips, she lived in England, where she was a violently active suffragette. A cross-the-Atlantic commuter from 1919-31, she then settled down on a farm in New Jersey. But for a six weeks' trip to England to collect material for a book, she's been living there (and writing constantly) ever since. Travel is a postwar plan, but right now she's working on a novel, set in her favorite summer haunt, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

PENICILLIN OVER THE COUNTER

AFTER Edward Adolphe's article on penicillin went to press, WPB authorized the drug's distribution in ointment, capsule, tablet, and similar forms. On sale August 1 in drugstores throughout the country, its oral use is expected to proceed slowly, because military and injection-type needs will be supplied first, a doctor's prescription is required in some states, and refrigeration is a "must" at the present time.

NEXT WEEK

IT'S a question that crops up every now and then, and right now it's more pressing than ever —SHOULD THE SERVICES BE UNIFIED under a single command? Here is a forceful answer from Vice-Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, Chief of he Navy's Air Staff—a man who knows the arguments better than most. . . . Is the Republican Party washed up or will it play a vital role in future American politics? John D. M. Hamilton tells you WHAT THE G. O. P. NEEDS. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, MR. WILMER, by Robert Lawson, is a deliciously goofy fantasy about a man who could talk with animals.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

TRANSATLANTIC WEEK-ENDS! New York to London is a proposed 9-hour hop through the sub-stratosphere in these 204-passenger Pan American sky giants! Super-fuel is a key to super-flights. Sinclair Aviation Gasoline will aid commercial flying on national and international routes.

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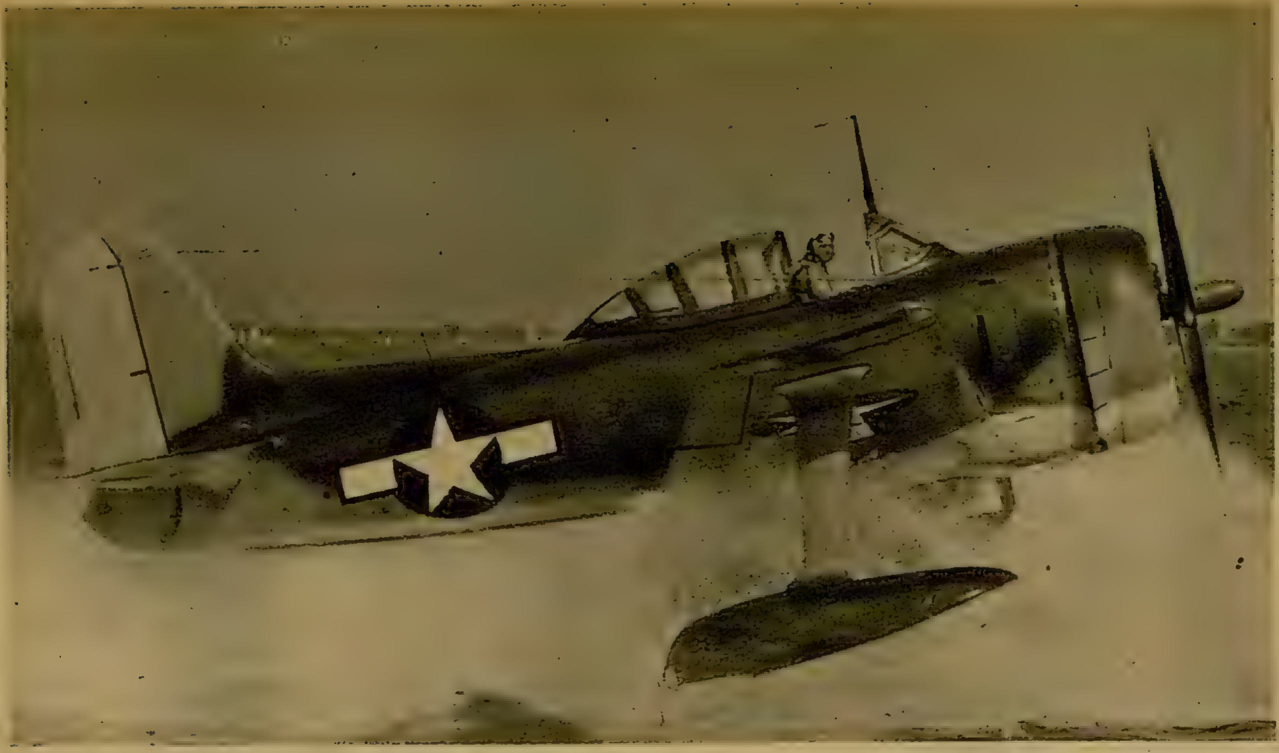

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVAL AIR PHOTO

The Curtiss SC-1 Seahawk, shown taking off, is a single-place, single-float observation plane with three times the h.p. of previous craft of its type.

ON THE BEAM

Flying 50,000 men a month home from Europe should make us an air-minded nation . . . A close-up of the new Curtiss SC-1 Seahawk

BY WAYNE PARRISH

DON'T consider the flying of 50,000 overseas veterans a month from Europe to the United States merely as a novelty. It has long-range significance.

At the start of the war the Army Air Forces was chiefly interested in purely military aircraft—fighters, bombers, and the like. But it wasn't long until the A. A. F. realized that air transportation of men and supplies was of such great importance to the success of military campaigns that it is a toss-up at this moment as to which has been the greater life-saver—bombers or transports.

Returning veterans from Europe by air not only makes possible the return of more men faster than would be possible by sea, but it gives a clue to long-range planning on the part of the A. A. F. In the future, plans will be made for the moving of whole armies by air. The present transatlantic air movements not only build up A. A. F. experience and training, but also indoctrinate a great many thousands of men in the personal experience of flying thousands of miles over an ocean.

Before the war the number of individuals who had flown across an ocean the size of the Atlantic was mighty small. Now the experience is being given to hundreds of thousands; in fact, including the Pacific and the entire war period, the number of Americans who will have flown in some kind of airplane for a long distance will run into the millions.

We are going to be an air-minded nation because of the military air movements, if for no other reason.

The job of flying 50,000 men a month to the United States is now under way, and the focal point of this effort on our side of the ocean is Miami. The men are flown to a North African airport from Europe in twin-engined transports, then transferred to four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymasters and flown to points in Brazil, then transferred again to twin-engined transports (Douglas C-47s and Curtiss C-46 Commandos) and flown across the Caribbean to Miami Army Air Field.

Lieutenant Colonel Joseph C. Mackey, one of America's outstanding acrobatic fliers before the war, is commanding officer at Miami Air Field. He has a job on his hands. Planes are landing on an average of one every forty-five minutes through the day and night, each loaded with returning vets. One part of his job is to get the transports unloaded, serviced, and headed eastward to pick up another load. This operation calls for crew changes and servicing for the return trip, to be accomplished in less than two hours.

More than 300 transport planes are flying in and out of the Miami airport on the Atlantic shuttle, and they are using more than 1,000,000 gallons of gasoline and 55,000 gallons of oil a month.

A large tent-and-hutment city has been erected to house more than 2,000 men, and more housing is under construction. Two trains a day are carrying the returnees from Miami to Camp Blanding, Florida. From there the men are sent to twenty-two reception centers nearer their homes.

It's the greatest air transport operation ever attempted.

Seahawk and/or Landplane

Add the Curtiss SC-1 Seahawk to your 1945 list of military aircraft. The Navy released a few weeks ago the first photos and description of this new single-place single-float scout observation plane which has now joined the U. S. fleet in the Pacific.

Designed by Bruce Eaton, a development engineer at the Columbus, Ohio, plant of Curtiss-Wright Corporation, the Seahawk is powered by a new model Cyclone 9 engine rated at more than 1,050 horsepower. The engine is said to have the lowest weight-horsepower ratio of any engine now in production. It is equipped with a four-bladed Curtiss electric propeller and the blades are of the paddle type, designed to give a higher rate of climb and cruising efficiency at high altitude.

Perhaps the most interesting single feature of the Seahawk is the main float which was designed and constructed by the Edo Float Company. The float includes bomb-bay doors controllable from the pilot's cockpit. There is room inside the float to carry a good supply of bombs or of auxiliary fuel tanks for added range.

(Continued on page 16)

SLUDGE and GUM TAKE THEIR TOLL
TO CLEAN OUT THE ENGINE
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DE-SLUDGING MOTORS CRANKCASES AND LUBRICATING SYSTEMS
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INSTANTLY
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For fifteen years good mechanics and wise owners have been using **LOOSITE** and **SILOO** to dissolve these petroleum residues in order to get the best possible performance as well as every bit of mileage out of their cars.

LOOSITE and **SILOO** not only dissolve Sludge, Gum and Acid, but prevent their formation. The action of **LOOSITE** and **SILOO** is simple, safe and sure. First, **LOOSITE** poured in the crankcase cleans out the motor, then **SILOO** added to fresh oil keeps it clean.

Don't let Sludge, Gum and Acid send your car to the junk pile long before its time. See your service station or dealer today.

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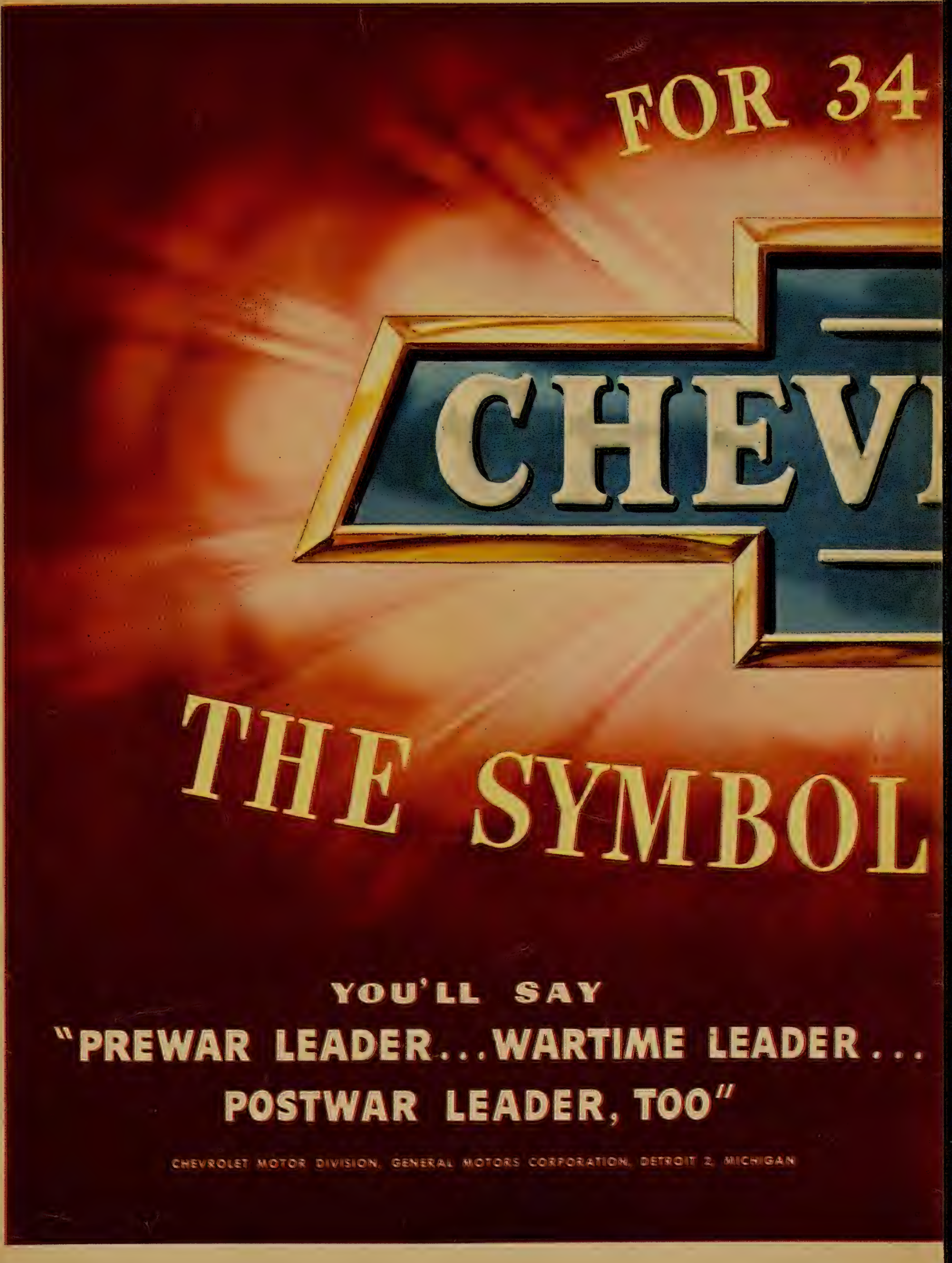
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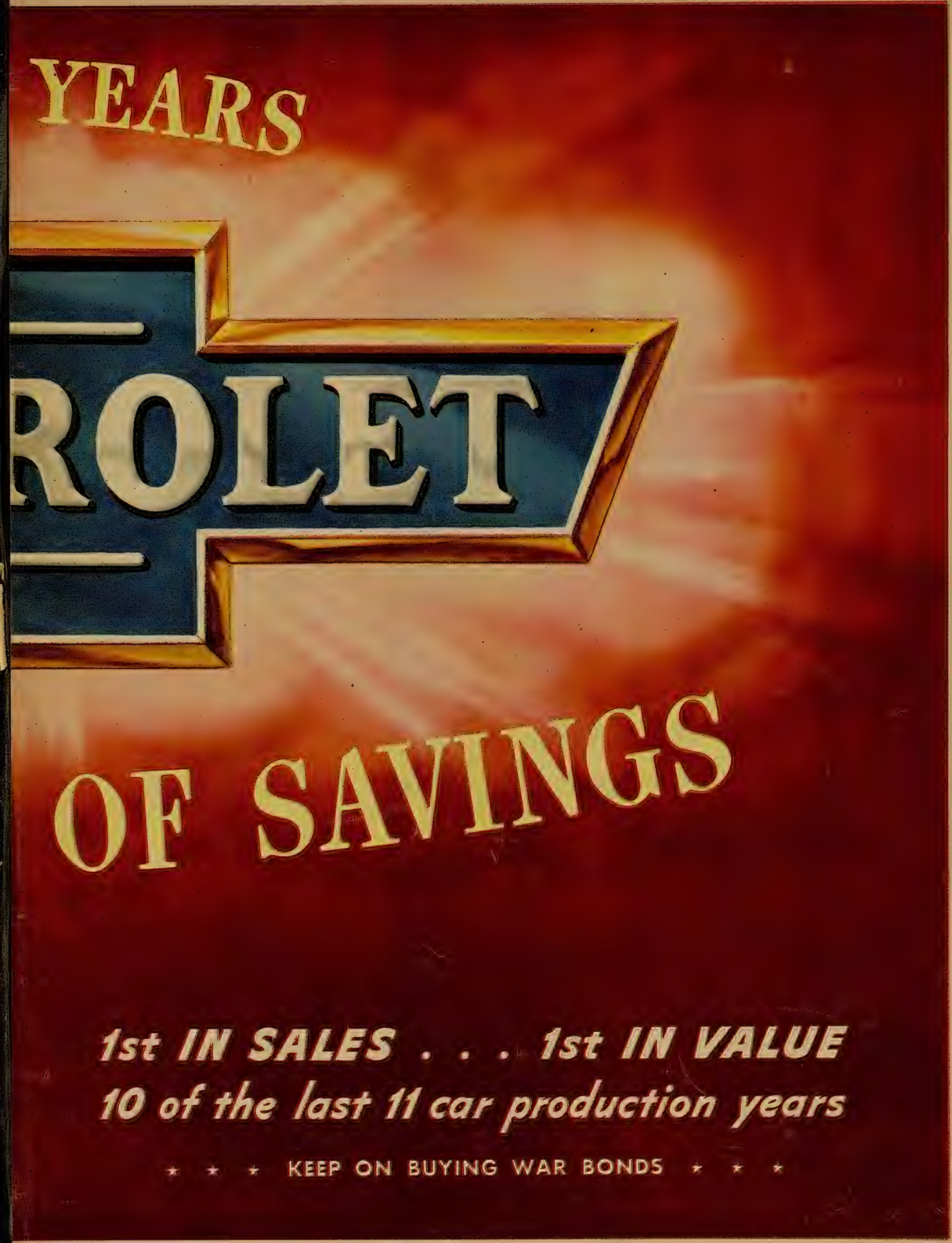
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(Continued from page 13)

The principal tasks of the SC-1 are to scout for enemy fleet units, to spot gunfire in both sea actions and during fleet support of landing operations, and to act as a search-rescue plane. The SC-1's horsepower is so much greater than any previous observation scout type's that the new plane should have much usefulness in the Pacific.

In normal operations an observation scout is catapulted from a cruiser or battleship and, upon completion of its mission, lands in the water in the lee of the ship. But the Seahawk is convertible to a landplane through substitution of wheels for floats, an operation requiring about six hours, and therefore it can also be used for shore-based duty.

One Air Group's High Score

Here's a record to shout about:

An Air Group commanded by Commander Daniel F. Smith, Jr., U. S. N., of New York City, performed 1,155 sorties during its tour of duty in the Pacific as part of the striking might of the Fast Carrier Task Forces—and didn't lose a single airplane.

Flying Curtiss SB2C Helldivers, or torpedo planes, the Air Group sank, probably sank, and damaged 117 Jap ships totaling 554,000 tons. This figure includes the sinking of one battleship and two aircraft carriers. The Air Group also shot down 145 planes and destroyed another 229 on the ground.

To have accomplished all that and to have penetrated the inner ring of Japanese defenses to the mainland of China between Hong Kong and Shanghai, and not to have lost a single plane, is a tribute to American equipment and flying ability.

"Motor City" as Air-Lines Hub

Detroit is awakening to the fact that all of a sudden it has been handed a large platter of air service. For years, only American Airlines and Pennsylvania-Central Airlines served the automobile hub. Then Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., opened a service from Cincinnati and Dayton. On June 1, Northwest Airlines began serving Detroit on its new transcontinental operation between the Twin Cities and New York, making the fourth coast-to-coast air line in the country. And on the same recent date Chicago and Southern Air Lines opened a route into Detroit from Memphis, Indianapolis, and intermediate stops. Some time this month United Air Lines is to operate into Detroit for the first time, and before very long Trans-Canada Air Lines will be hopping across from Windsor, Ontario, on the route from Toronto and Montreal. So from now on, Detroiters can go just about anywhere in the country without changing planes.

To Paris and Back in Two Days

We told you a few weeks ago about a record flight from Moscow to Washington. Here's one that rates pretty high too. Major Levi H. "Dick" Dice of New York, a former Eastern Air Lines captain who is now flying for the Brass Hat Squadron of the Air Transport Command—officially known as the 503d Base Unit of ATC—flew to Paris and back in forty-five hours and twenty-five minutes elapsed time.

Flying a C-54 Douglas Skymaster with Harry Hopkins as chief passenger on the eastbound trip, Major Dice departed from Washington at 1.25 P. M. on a Wednesday. He arrived in Paris at 10 A. M. the next day. After only two hours and ten minutes on the ground, he departed for Washington, arriving at 10.50 Friday morning. He had missed only one luncheon in Washington.

Announcing the New Western Electric **Model 63** Hearing Aid

$89.50 EXCLUSIVE OF MOLDED EARPIECE

Now "Full Color" Hearing . . . New Style . . . New Value
A Bell Telephone Laboratories Achievement

● It's new . . . it's the climax of 63 years of work and research in sound transmission. Yes, the Western Electric Model 63 sets new hearing aid standards . . . in engineering and design.

Not content to think in terms of speech alone—Bell Telephone Laboratories has engineered Western Electric Hearing Aids to deliver a wider band of frequencies . . . bringing you more of the tones and overtones that add color to the world of sound.

You can hear the difference! With Model 63 there's sparkle and laughter in children's voices . . . you hear more than just the center keys of a piano . . . you can *enjoy* the radio . . . the symphony . . . movies . . . really hear at church.

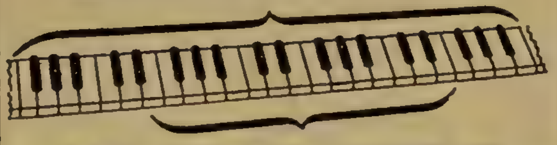
Model 63 sets a new design standard, too. It is smaller, lighter, and its curved, body-fitting case affords new wearing comfort.

The half-ounce receiver is highly efficient . . . the basis of the Army-Navy lightweight headsets.

And Model 63 sets a new value for electronic precision . . . performance . . . style. Consult your doctor about any hearing difficulty. If you need a hearing aid, try "Full Color" hearing with Model 63. See your Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer—you'll find his name under "Hearing Aids" in the Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Western Electric, Dept. 380-E3, 195 Broadway, New York 7, New York.

WHAT "FULL COLOR" HEARING MEANS

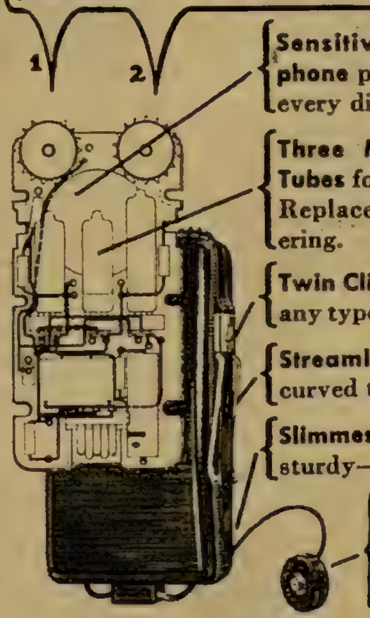
MODEL 63 GIVES UNDISTORTED AMPLIFICATION OF THIS WIDE BAND



MANY HEARING AIDS CONCENTRATE AMPLIFICATION WITHIN THIS NARROW BAND

THE INSIDE STORY OF MODEL 63

Only two controls . . . operated with fingertip ease. (1) *Tone Discriminator* . . . combined with "on and off" switch . . . enables you to filter out annoying background noise and still hear sounds you want. (2) *Volume Control* . . . smooth and easy sound regulation . . . doesn't have to be reset every time you use aid.



Sensitive Crystal Microphone picks up sound from every direction.

Three Miniature Electron Tubes for full amplification. Replaceable without soldering.

Twin Clip that stays put on any type of wearing apparel.

Streamlined Plastic Case curved to body contour.

Slimmest Cord — flexible — sturdy—inconspicuous.

Receiver—air or bone conduction, of aviation headset accuracy.

Model 63 employs the famous Western Electric Stabilized Feedback Circuit—to minimize tonal distortion. *All parts are standard and readily interchangeable without costly factory charges.*

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"Fresh up" keep smiling!

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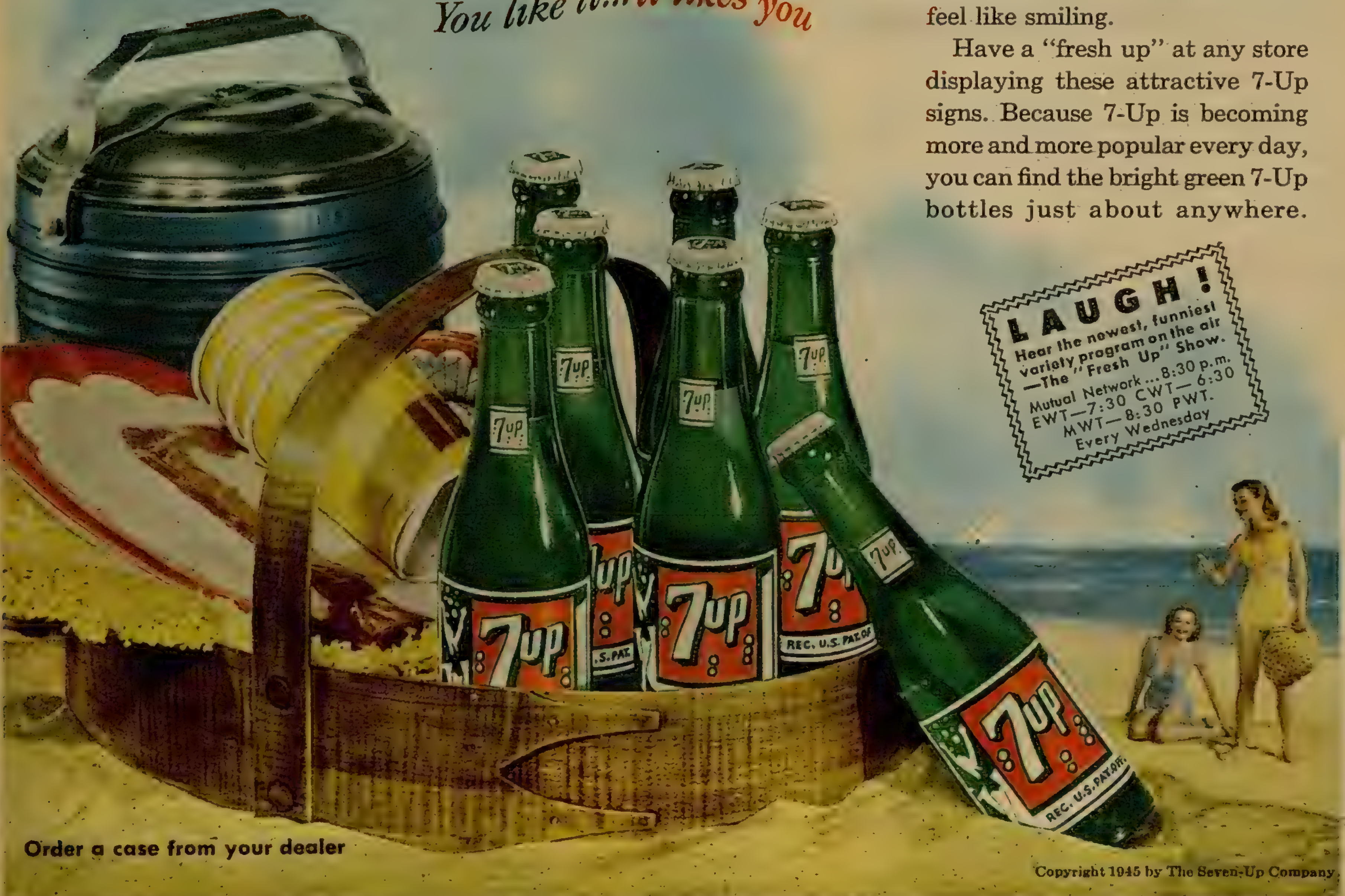
Have a "fresh up" at any store displaying these attractive 7-Up signs. Because 7-Up is becoming more and more popular every day, you can find the bright green 7-Up bottles just about anywhere.

You like it... it likes you



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Liberty
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The Navy trainee's three months in boot camp would give him the rudiments—including rifle practice.

Compulsory Training for a Postwar Navy

BY VICE-ADMIRAL RANDALL JACOBS, U.S.N.

Editor's Note: There has been much talk of permanent compulsory military training for America's youth. However, to date, no plan has been laid down as to just how the boys will be trained or to what specific ends. In this article Vice-Admiral Jacobs, chief of Personnel of the U. S. Navy, states exactly what will be done year by year with the young men assigned to naval service. This is an important contribution to the debate on the subject and is recommended reading for all Americans. Because, in the last analysis, it will be the citizens themselves who have to decide on national preparedness policy

PLAINLY, we're in an era when undeclared war can strike without the slightest notice. In such an era, national defense demands the ability to react instantly to danger.

In case the nation enacts universal military training, the Navy is ready with a program that would create a reservoir of trained specialists whom it could put instantly into the right jobs. With such a program, it estimates it could reach in a few weeks the strength that took eighteen months to attain after Pearl Harbor.

The whole concept is new. The thousands of young men whom universal training would bring into Army camps and naval training stations would be unlike any Americans who had ever donned uniforms before.

They would not be "regulars"—members of the operating Army, Navy, or Marine Corps. Those learning to fill Navy billets could not be used to man our Pacific bases or to serve aboard a ship of the combatant fleet. Instead, they would be on hand for training and only training; Congress would have to declare a national emergency before the Army or Navy could have any right to their services. Their status would differ, too, from military systems abroad, where those to be trained serve in the regular armed forces.

Once trained to play a useful role in national defense, they would go back to civilian life as simon-pure civilians—a career we earnestly hope they will never have to interrupt. They would be names on a list, a valuable list of highly useful men, but a list available only in event of the gravest threat to the nation's existence. Our goal, of course, is to create a reservoir of trained men with whom the standing Army and Navy can be expanded quickly in time of emergency.

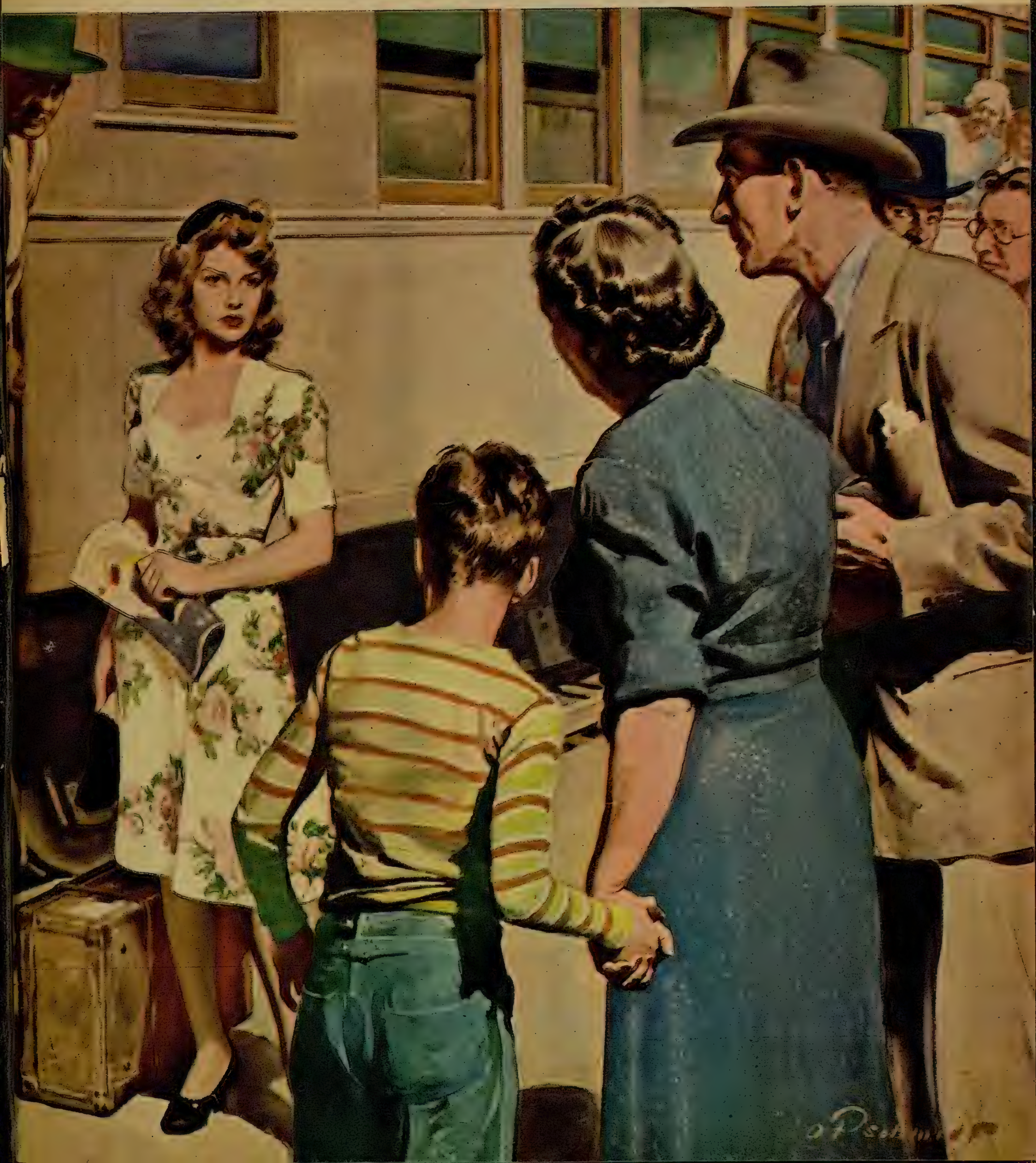
This reservoir of what might be called "able civilians" will serve its purpose only if the men are truly trained—a job which the Army and Navy agree cannot be done in less than one continuous year.

How would that year be spent? What kind of training would these young men be given? Where and how would they be trained? Here is how the Navy's proposed training program would operate:

The Navy trainee's first stop would be one of the naval stations now used as recruit camps. Here he would get his basic "boot" training. This would be the same kind of introduction to military life pro-

(*Continued on page 68*)

All the World



Over

The little Montana town was a far cry from the streets of London. But Marg'ret was come to live with Johnny's people, and it was plain to them, when she stepped off the train, what kind of girl Johnny had married

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

QUEER, the things Thorn Bradley found himself remembering—for no reason whatever. The tang of burning leaves in fall. The smell of the thirsty earth after a spring shower. The lush hot sweetness of a summer's night. The back of his mother's head. A gracious, lovely head—gray before its time. They hadn't known how lovely it was till she'd got sick of wrestling with what she'd called the gray mare's tail and cut it off. There was a little brown mole at the nape of her neck. They'd teased her about it, saying she'd kept it a secret from them all these years. Now he couldn't think of it without a wrench of pain. For she was dead. Murdered. That's what he called it. Not by enemies. No. By her own people. Not even out of malice. Just cussedness—or sheer boneheadedness.

Anyway, there she was deep buried and alone in the land she'd believed belonged to her and to them all because they'd sweated and toiled for it. As for him, he'd shaken the dust of it off his feet.

With his acquired rolling stride he butted his way aft toward the speck of red light that betrayed effective regulations. Probably a woman. Part of the war might be over. But there were still wolves at sea. His progress wasn't easy. The deck reared up under his feet like a mad horse. The ship and the sea and the wind seemed to be only elements in a limitless chaos. But the sea was all right. It didn't belong to anyone. No one could take it from you.

"What d'you think you're doing?" he yelled against the wind. "Signaling?"

The shadow by the rail turned its face to him. There was a full moon behind the clouds. The face gleamed palely.

"'Oo the 'ell should I be signaling to?"

"The enemy."

"There ain't no enemy no more."

He knew the voice. He tied it up in recollection with a thick mop of reddish hair and a freckled defiant face—everything about it defiant, the small thrust-out chin, the short slightly tilted nose, the full painted mouth. Nothing really beautiful about it except the tawny eyes that had turned to meet his, as they steamed out of Southampton Water, unguarded for a moment, flooded with tears. He remembered grinning. To hell with tears.

"The bloody war's over, ain't it?" the voice asked with its derisive cockney drawl—"all but the shouting."

"Don't you believe it. It never will be. Anyway, you've no business on deck. Smoking too. It's against orders."

"'Oo are you? The boss?"

"Third boss. Third mate. I could slam you in the brig."

He noticed that in spite of herself, like someone reacting to an old familiar discipline, she had dropped her cigarette overboard. It fell through the dark like a bright spot of wickedness and a white-fanged wave leaped at it and it was gone.

She just stood there, sullen and disheveled-looking. The tall man muttered "My God!" under his breath. Johnny's wife come home.

She said morosely, "I couldn't breathe down there—with all them 'ens clucking round me and looking down their beaks. I wangled my way up."

"I guess you're good at wangling."

She laughed, deep in her throat.

"Sure. I'm alive, ain't I?"

"You bet," he said.

He stayed beside her—he didn't know why, except that he had a brief crazy notion that he and she were all that had been left alive—swaying with the wild plunging of the ship. He felt her warmth. The wind breathed a strong cheap perfume against his cheek.

"Why you gals don't get yourselves a different stink beats me," he said.

"Wot's wrong with it?"

"It just stinks, that's all. Better wash it off, sister, wherever you're going." He asked, still under the spell of that horrific loneliness, "Where *are* you going, anyway?"

"Gawd knows. Place called Montana."

"Little old Montana. Just the whole cockeyed state. What's your home town?"

"Lunnon," she said—"wot's left of it."

"Married?"

She gave a little throaty chuckle.

"Us 'ens 'as to be married."

"A Yank?"

HE felt the change in her—a sort of kindling glow. Her voice became young, as her eyes had been in that fleeting moment of encounter. The words came with a little rush. "I'm going 'ome," she said—"I mean 'ome to 'is people. They're sending 'im back too. Then 'e'll get 'is discharge. 'E's got wot they calls a Purple 'Eart."

"So he's alive. A live Yank. Ain'tcha the lucky gal? Ain't he the lucky boy?"

But he was poking fun at her and she became lowering and defensive.

"Wot the 'ell 'as it got to do with you, Mr. Third Mate?"

"Mind your aitches, sister. They use 'em where you're going. It's got this much to do with me: I'm a Yank myself." He added with a false heartiness, "I'll bet he's a swell guy."

"You win," she said.

"I'll bet you met him in a London pub and he said 'Hullo, Wonderful!'"

"Something like that. 'E made me laugh no end."

"And then he stood you a drink. And then another little drink. He was so damn lonesome. You went for a walk together. And that was that."

She asked, "'Ow did you know."

"I know you, sister. I've met you often. Leicester Square in the blackout—"

She lashed at him then—tried to slap him down—and he ducked and covered up with a sour laugh. "Sure. I've been lonesome too. But I didn't marry her."

She was dead still for a moment. Her voice, when she spoke at last, sounded thunderous and uneven.

"I didn't ought to 'ave 'it you. But you didn't ought to 'ave said that, neither. I worked in a factory. Yus, I did too. Ten hours a day, seven days a week after Dunkirk. Look at me 'ands." He knew that she held them out, but he could not see them. "Johnny's officer knew I was O. K."

"And the clergy of your parish?" he gibed.

"They didn't say a word against me," she said—"not a blasted word."

"And Johnny?"

"'E knew 'oo I am," she said simply.

The man shrugged his powerful shoulders.

"All cats look alike in the dark," he said. "Tuck in your claws, sister. I'll mind my own knitting. Get you below decks. It would be too bad if a naughty wave carried us both overboard. Maybe."

He took her by the arm and she became unexpectedly docile. Once he had to put his arm round her, and with his other hand clamped on an iron brace, held them both steady. Her body, pressed against his, felt soft and warm and strong. He knew how that kid had felt it against his that night in the London darkness. And the lonesomeness. He'd felt so damn lonesome he couldn't see straight. But he would. Poor devil. He'd find out soon enough that the war wasn't over. Not for him. Not by a long shot.

At the blacked-out companionway he switched on his electric torch, for a moment lighting the steep descent and then her face. He grinned down at her.

"Where's our nice English manners? I thought Limeys didn't speak till they'd been introduced. My name's Thorn Bradley—just Thorn to you. What's yours?"

"Marg'ret. Mrs. Johnny Moore to you." She gave a husky little laugh—a professional little come-on laugh that made him sick. And yet, for no reason, he felt the tug of that old and unavailing grief. "Mac to my friends," she said.

"Nuts to you, Mac." With a sudden vicious humor he plunged his hand into her thick sea-matted hair and tweaked it. "And mind your step," he said. "You might break your own neck too, you know."

THE giant buildings, like ringside spectators of a pygmy pageant, looked down over the barrier of summer haze. On the shimmering hot surface of the harbor waters the transport lay inert. It seemed to Thorn Bradley that everything the ship held had burst onto her decks. He had to fight his way through men in uniform, women in uniform, baggage, civilians with priorities and a self-conscious defensive look. He had to skirt with a polite "Gangway, ladies," a flock of women fluttering

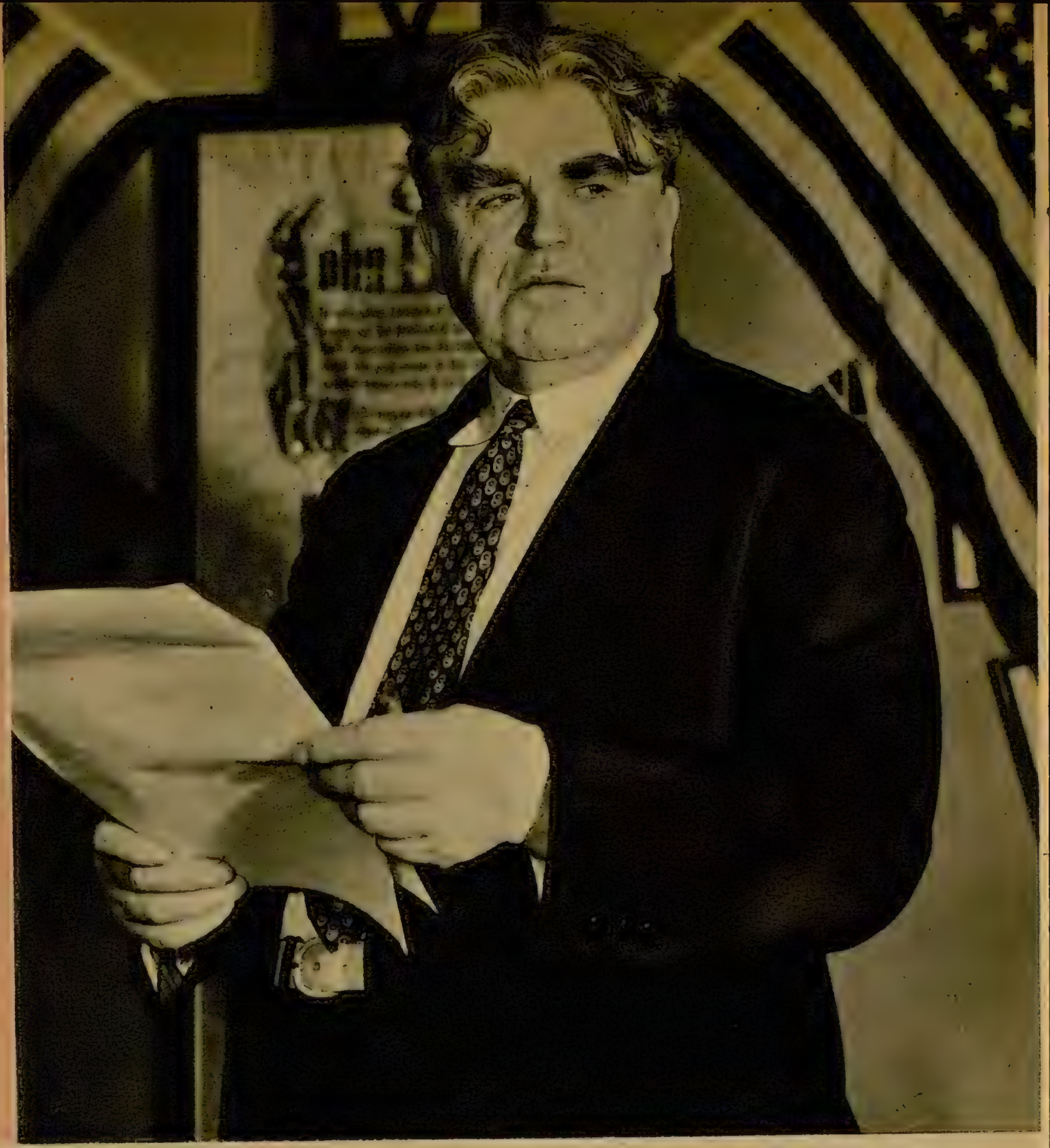
(Continued on page 85)

KING of COAL

In the United Mine Workers, one man is boss — John L. Lewis. It's important to know the extent of his power, how and why he obtained it, and how he keeps on top

by

MORRIS MARKEY



FOR 200 years, coal mining, the most vital of all American industries, has been sick and troubled and unhappy. Without the coal that lies beneath thirty-two of our states, there could be nothing that we recognize as industrial civilization. Yet, strangely, coal mining and marketing has never been very profitable, either for mine owners or for the miners themselves. Ever since 1745, when Negro slaves did the first commercial coal mining in this country, the coal business has been a source of worry for all Americans.

But never in all its history did it reach such a low ebb as in the spring of 1933.

The 7,000 coal mines of the country were producing less than half their capacity of 600,000,000 tons a year—and getting ruinously low prices for that. The operators had dipped almost to the bottom of their capital reserves.

The miners were even worse off. Only two years earlier the United Mine Workers had been the most powerful single labor union in the country. Half a million paid-up members held union cards. The treasury had an immense hoard of cash. And the one man responsible for this power and opulence was John L. Lewis.

Yet, in the spring of 1933, under the dictation of this same Lewis, the U. M. W. faced the same danger of total collapse as did the operators. Lewis had spent $7,000,000 in a bitter, stubborn attempt to maintain the high minimum wages established back in 1923, when operators signed the "Jacksonville Agreement." He had only $75,000 left in the treasury, and only 85,000 members left in the union itself.

Everything was failure. It looked as though operators and miners would expend all their remaining strength fighting each other, like the Kilkenny cats.

But, strangely enough, Lewis' union was destined to be reborn at that very moment—to become the United Mine Workers we know today, once again the most powerful independent labor union in the country, and perhaps in all the world.

For on June 16, 1933, President Roosevelt signed the National Industrial Recovery Act and created the NRA.

John L. Lewis' eyes gleamed as he read the now famous Section 7 (*a*), which stipulated the "right of labor to organize." To Lewis, those words meant the chance to pull his wrecked organization together again, and to organize the nonunion mines with legal sanction.

He had that $75,000 to gamble with—no more. But with it he put on a campaign such as the labor movement never saw before or since. First, he assembled about 100 professional organizers, men and women who had proved they could rally the enthusiasm of masses of men. Then he sent them through the coal fields chanting a single refrain: "The President of the United States wants you to join the union!"

Of course there was nothing in NIRA, no word or suggestion from the White House, to justify this appeal. But the miners had voted solidly for Roosevelt as their last hope. If he wanted them to join the union, then that must be the thing to do.

The response stunned the operators and even Lewis himself, particularly in regions where the mines had never been successfully unionized. Miners who had argued all their lives for individual independence swarmed up to sign the rolls and pay their dues.

The operators were in no mood to oppose this flood of unionism, even if they had had the strength, because NIRA had done something for them, too. It had outlawed the suicidal methods of competition and established principles which even gave promise of profitable operation once again. For an industry which suddenly glimpsed a chance of survival, this was no time to call out the finks and goons and machine guns.

Before the year was out, Lewis was able once again to stand belligerently on the rostrum of Convention Hall and announce that U. M. W. now had more than 400,000 paid-up members. Another 100,000 would be on the rolls in a matter of weeks.

If the magnificent success of his coup startled Lewis, it didn't throw him out of stride. He had no intention of letting these hordes of reconverted and newly converted union miners get out of control. His machine had survived the disasters. Now he rebuilt it to accommodate the fresh volume of work it must perform.

When he first took over leadership of the coal miners, U. M. W. was a democratic federation of district unions which, on the whole, were independent. Each district elected its own local officials, its organizers, its representatives to the National Convention, and its members on the Executive Committee. The Executive Committee therefore exerted considerable influence upon the actions of the president—Lewis.

This state of affairs hampered Lewis' pursuit of his one consuming ambition—power. So he decided to change it.

He began by announcing that the organizers should not be elected by the rank and file, but should be a professional squad, hand-picked and appointed by the president. In a savage battle at the 1924 convention he first lost this demand, then forced a new voting test and won by a narrow margin. He had laid the foundation for his machine.

There were still rebels among the autonomous districts—elected leaders who were by no means Lewis men—but he found a way to deal with them. He controlled the union treasury and the organizers; now he set out to destroy the independence of locals and districts. Any district local which kicked over the traces found itself promptly denounced for insubordination, Communism, or activities contrary to union labor principles. Its charter was revoked. Its officers were ordered to turn in their union cards—kicked out of the union itself. And with his familiar sorrowful air, Lewis announced that he must appoint "provisional" officers until the local was worthy of getting its charter back.

This device worked beautifully. It enabled Lewis to appoint his own faithful followers in enough district chapters to control completely the membership of the Executive Committee and the National Convention. He explained that this was, of course, a temporary expedient, a stopgap government to protect the miners of the locals after their own elected leaders had betrayed them. He said that young and energetic men were being encouraged to rise in the ranks of labor and assume the duties of the "provisional" officers in due course.

BUT "provisionalism" was no temporary stopgap. It was the doctrine and continuing practice of the Lewis dictatorship. No young men have come up to leadership in U. M. W. since 1926.

Examine the latest published reports of the union: Twenty out of the thirty-one union districts are ruled by "provisional" government. That is to say, the miners in those districts do not elect their own officers. Lewis appoints them. Of these twenty districts, only five may vote for their representatives on the national Executive Council, though that body exists chiefly to ratify any decision Lewis might make.

These twenty districts, according to the report, include 311,764 dues-paying members, nearly three fourths of the union's total membership, with only a perfunctory voice in union affairs or their leader's actions. In the other eleven districts, containing 123,926 paid-up members, free elections are permitted.

Significantly, the union's largest single district, West Virginia No. 17, with 83,000 members, had no spokesman at all on the executive board last year. Its officers were appointed "provisionally." In this single district, then, covering nearly one sixth of all the nation's union coal miners, the men had no voice whatever in the automatic election of Lewis as their president, nor in approving or disapproving his decisions.

What does the coal miner of West Virginia No. 17, for example, think of all this? He thinks flatly and finally that John L. Lewis is the greatest living man.

This is not to say that rebels and dissidents do not exist among union miners. They spring up now and again, but the Lewis machine has ways of turning such nuisances aside. There are still characters called goons who can do a handsome job of beating a man up. And there is still the black list, which simply withdraws the union card—the right to work—from a man who proves troublesome in councils.

The almost holy devotion which half a million American men and their families feel for John Lewis takes some explaining. Nearly all miners dig coal because their fathers and grandfathers before them dug coal. Sentimentalists' notions to the contrary notwithstanding, miners like their work. They are proud of their strength, their willingness to face danger, their stamina. In gatherings where an outsider is present, it amuses them to speculate aloud on how the city fellow would stand up after one day in the mines. That is not intended as contempt; it's merely a reiteration of their faith and pride in their own prowess—their ability to do a job which lesser men cannot do.

Coal mining is not a stupid, endless routine. The pits are dark, to be sure. But there is never loneliness at the working face, for men always work in teams. Waiting for cars to come up and take out the dug coal, they visit back and forth, talk, argue amiably. It's never cold or hot in a mine. And there is certainly no such monotony of labor as on an industrial assembly line. Bosses come around only rarely, and then they are careful to be polite and considerate, for they know the independent nature of their own people.

Under present contracts, the miner works eight hours and fifteen minutes a day, six days a week. He is also paid for forty-five additional minutes of "portal to portal" time, the period he spends traveling from pit head to working face. The average miner takes out five tons of coal a day, and for this work is paid more than miners in America ever got before. It is difficult to generalize on average earnings because the wage system is elastic. Some mines pay on a straight day-wage basis, with rather complex adjustments for overtime and for stoppages due to breakdown of equipment or to accident. Other mines pay on a piecework scale: earnings depend on the tonnage of coal taken out.

Some miners are willing to work only three or four days a week. Others are mighty laborers at piecework. At least two men in the West Virginia fields earned more than $10,000 each during 1944, though obviously they are exceptional. But several thousand earned more than $6,000. Averages may not always present facts reliably, but here is the breakdown of the pay and deductions for 57,000 men in a typical mine district for October, 1944:

Gross earnings for month	$229.16
Deductions:	
Rent	12.54*
Light	1.40
Fuel	2.81
Hospital insurance (family)	1.92
Medical insurance (family)	1.74
Store (food and clothing for family)	47.13
Union dues and fees	1.73
Insurance	1.86
Burial fund	.71
Social Security tax	1.99
Federal withholding tax	16.42
Total deductions: $90.25	
Take-Home Pay	$138.91

Of course this take-home pay remains *after* virtually all essential living expenses. Average deductions for war bond purchases were $10.04 a month. The only compulsory deductions from the payroll were rent and light, federal security and withholding taxes, and union dues. All others were voluntary.

NOBODY would argue that this is big pay for an industrial worker in view of the physical effort and skill required, and the dangers faced every day. But it is big pay for coal mining, for the mine operator gets nothing like the price you pay for coal in your home, or the price a utility com-

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* This figure is computed. Actually, because fewer than half of these miners live in company houses, the average rent deduction per man is but $5.73.

(*Continued on page 65*)

ATL. MINERS
WE'RE ON THE BITUMINOUS
..COAL FRONT...
Underground Movement AMERICAN STYLE
COAL MAKES • TNT • RUBBER • SULPHA DRUGS
AND 100 OTHER WAR PRODUCTS
THIS IS OUR FOX HOLE
DIG IN /// UNDERMINE THE AXIS
POCAHONTAS OPERATORS ASS'N. BLUEFIELD, W.VA.
1943
NO. 34 MINE

John L. Lewis has vastly improved the lot of the miner. For that they worship him.

Chicken Paprika

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Everyone in town knew them as The Family Which Has a Maid. But no one knew what they had to do to keep her—or why they seemed so happy when they lost her

BY EDWARD R. SAMMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

IT is on a Tuesday night, if I remember, that I come home to find the Little Woman in tears. Yes, it is definitely a Tuesday, because it occurs to me that it is very early in the week for the Little Woman to be in tears.

"Why, whatever is the matter, dear?" I inquire solicitously.

"It is in regards to Thelma," she sniffles.

I see at once this is indeed nothing trivial. For it is on account of Thelma we enjoy a certain amount of fame in Green Acres as the Family Which Has a Maid.

"You mean she is going to quit?" I ask.

"She has not intimated to that effect," says the Little Woman, "but she has begun to brood. And you ought to know by now that once they begin to brood it is not long until they begin to pack."

Indeed I ought to know. Before Thelma, we had seven maids in sequence. And in between there are long hard stretches where we give our stomachs a beating at the Golden West Diner, down on the corner by what used to be the service station.

The Little Woman goes on:

"And I will not face the thought of going back to eating in that diner."

I can't for the moment even conceive what our household will be like without Thelma, big and placid and buxom, bustling about the kitchen as she whips up masterpieces. But I put a calm face on the matter.

"Can it be that Thelma is not happy in her environment?" I wish to know.

"You have hit the nail on the head," says the Little Woman. "Thelma is not happy. She says the suburbs is not the country where she can ride horses and milk cows, nor yet the city where she can see Cary Grant and besides a stage show."

"A truism," I nod, sparring for time while I give the matter close thought. Then I note, after some reflection:

"It is obvious to me that what our Thelma needs is a hobby."

"A hobby!" the Little Woman snorts. "If you can interest Thelma in anything outside of what comprises the next menu, you are indeed a genius."

I accept the tribute with quiet grace and conclude:

"After dinner I will have a short talk with Thelma."

FOR dinner that night Thelma serves up her *pièce de résistance*, a chicken paprika number she has learned to conjure with finesse in the Central European country she is from, which makes the situation all the more poignant.

Afterwards, Thelma comes clumping in, awkward and embarrassed, for our conference. I ask her how she is coming with her needlework, and it seems she does not make with the needles. I ask her has she read any good books lately, and she does not read books, good or bad.

I am rapidly not getting anywhere when I happen to mention horses, and it seems she is nuts about horses. I hear all about a horse named Yalta they had on the farm at home, and I think maybe I am getting a clue.

I explain how the main way we employ horses nowadays in this country is for horse racing, and I see for the first time I am holding her interest. Warming to my work, I point out how it is the national custom among some parties to even place small bets on ponies.

"Is gambling?" Thelma interrogates.

"Well—yes and no," I concede. "Not really gambling like—you know—with cards. The horses race against each other and the most talented horse wins. If you have by chance bet on that horse, then you win too."

"Is nice," Thelma beams.

"Oh, is definitely nice," I reply. "Tell you what. Tomorrow I will place a small bet for you. Just to see what happens."

But I already know what is going to happen. On the way home I pick up a copy of the Racing Form to familiarize myself with the names of the nags running at Jamaica so my story will sound authentic. Then at the dinner table I nonchalantly peel off a couple of skins and toss them casually at Thelma.

"Your winnings."

Thelma's eyes pop.

"You mean—I win at a horse race I wasn't even to?"

"Sure. This is the machine age. It's all done over the telephone."

Well, it takes me no time at all to see I have given Thelma an interest in life—and for sure. But at what a price! I am not referring to the two skins I hand over several times a week. I am referring to the research it requires of me. For all of a sudden I've got to know the names of all the pigs, their best times on a slow and fast track, until I am talking like a walking studbook.

Still and all it is not too great of a sacrifice. For the Little Woman tells me that Thelma is not brooding any more but is cooking with gas on all four burners. And when I hear the grisly tales from the starving mob on the 8:11, I decide that good enough is plenty good enough.

Indeed, life is on an even keel once more. I am feeling the Little Woman is not overshooting the mark when she refers to me as a genius in Industrial Relations. And I am only mildly taken aback when Thelma says to me one night:

"You know, Mr. Gulick, I do not wish to belittle your kind help. But those bets you place for me is what you call—piker money. Why, just today, through my own bookie, I clean up ninety-six bucks in a three-horse parlay!"

I give Thelma a few words of warning about not parlaying a parlay.

But I still do not tumble we are living in a fool's paradise until Thelma buttonholes me in the hall one night.

"Mr. Gulick," she says, giving me the stage whisper, "I am in serious trouble. Is about my penniless old uncle. Is refugee who has got as far as Cuba. I need little money to get uncle into this country. In fact, I need six hundred dollars."

Never before did I hear tell of Thelma's penniless old uncle, and six hundred bucks is a lot of money. I cannot help but have my suspicions that Thelma has been taken at the track.

If so, I think it is mostly my fault anyway, for having introduced her to this sordid vice. And what is more, a little rapid arithmetic shows me that if I have the arm on Thelma for six hundred berries, she will not be hitting the road tomorrow or even the day after. And without more ado I write her a check for the six hundred.

SO all in all I manage to take the philosophical view until, several nights later, I see Thelma is brooding again, but good. Finally she corners me in the hall.

"Mr. Gulick," says Thelma. "Is troubling me the conscience."

"Yeah, Thelma?"

"Yes," says she. "First time in my life I tell lie. I got no uncle. Instead, I see horse name of Yalta is running in the fifth. He is what you call long shot, and I have hunch. But I know with peanuts all you get back is peanuts. So to get back folding money I had to get folding money."

I guess she must have seen my mouth open, because she says real quick:

"Oh, it come out all right. Yalta is talented horse. He paid off. So here is your money back."

And she slips the six Cs into my sweating palm.

"Well, I'm glad for you, Thelma," I say, pocketing the six Cs while I try to get my bearings.

"Gee, Mr. Gulick," she says, "if I hadn't won, I guess be working for you for the rest of my life."

"Gee," I say, "I guess you would." Then, doing a quick double take, I blurt, "Huh?"

"But as it is," Thelma goes on, "I can give notice right now. Much as it grieves me, I am going to quit."

"Quit!" I yelp, like I have been stuck in a tender spot with a pin.

"Quit," she confirms, beaming. "With your kind help I have made myself twenty-eight hundred bucks and I do not need to work any longer for anyone but myself."

Well, you can imagine the beating I take from the Little Woman after that.

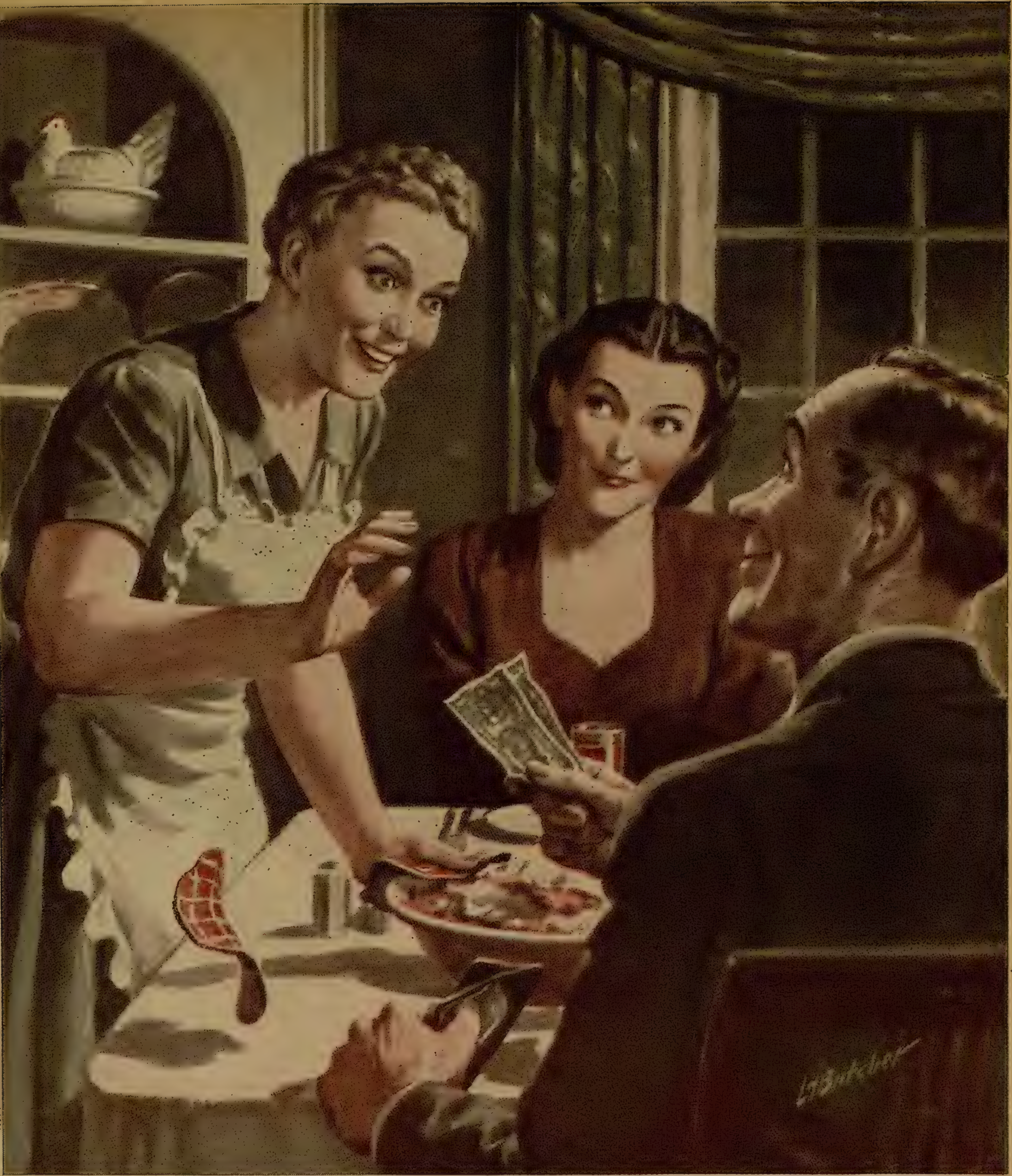
"You think you're so smart," she observes. "The next time we get a maid—*if* we ever get a maid—instead of having a short inspirational talk, you'll please to keep your big mouth shut."

Finally I am goaded to reply.

"Well, I guess there's nothing for it but to go back to the Diner."

So the next night there we are back at the Golden West Diner, where we hoped we would never be.

Somehow the joint looks fresher—more homey. Or maybe it's my imagination.



I nonchalantly peel off a couple of skins and toss them at Thelma. Her eyes pop. "You mean—I win at a horse race I wasn't even to?"

Looks like they have curtains at the windows. Or maybe they always had curtains at the windows. I don't remember very good about those things.

We find ourselves a booth. I pick up the menu and I gasp.

"Look, honey, chicken paprika!"

"Now, don't try to order that," says the Sensible Side of the House. "You know it'll be terrible here. Let's just stick to hamburger. That's safe, anyway."

Just then I look up, and coming down the aisle, but wearing a fancy hostess costume, is our Thelma.

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Gulick!" she beams. "I didn't know you et out. Welcome to the Golden West Diner." Then she adds, "And on account you have been so generous to me, I wish you to eat here any time you like—and for free."

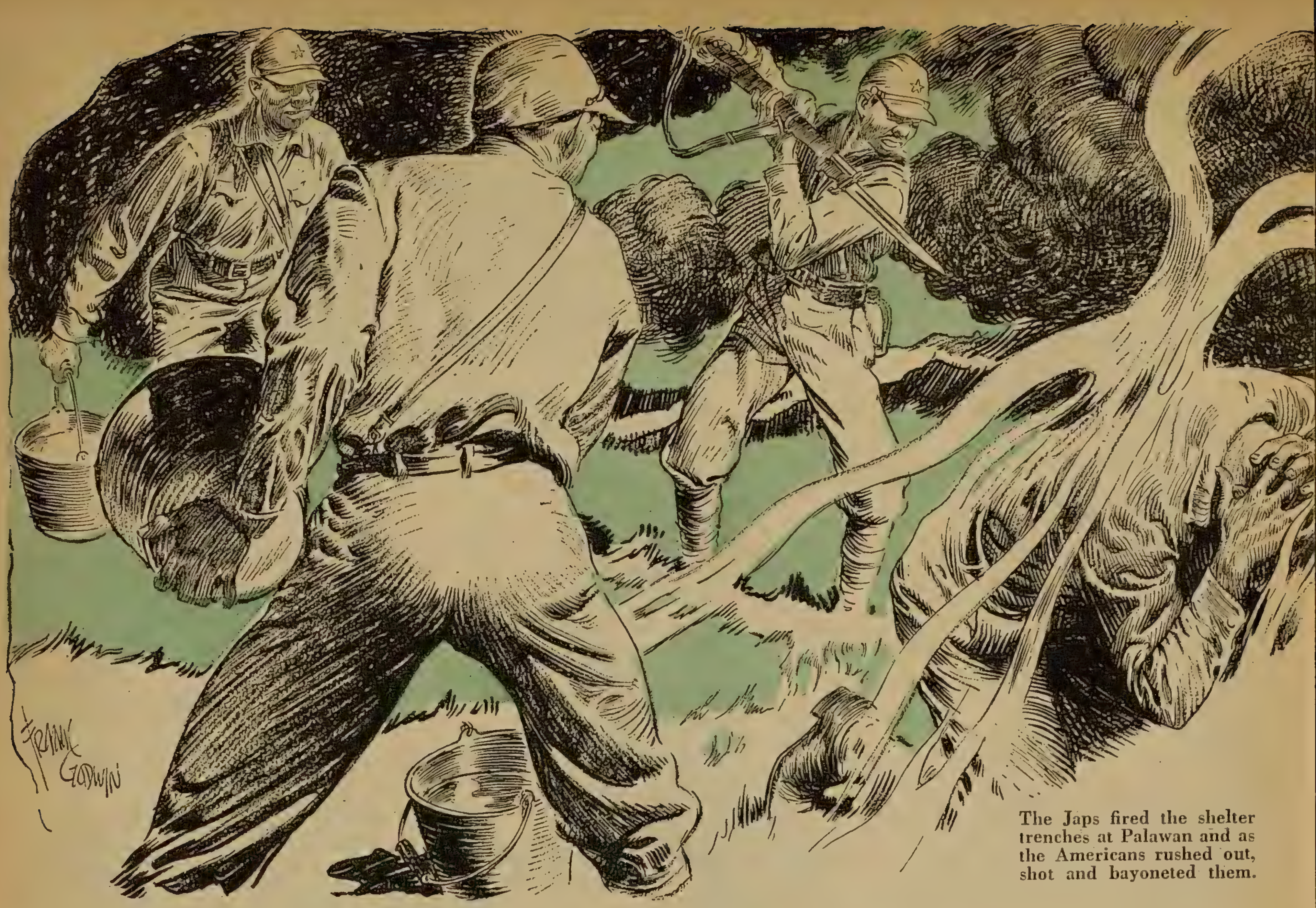
She looks around the joint with a proprietary air.

"How do you like it?" she says. "The whole place—new curtains and all—cost me just twenty-eight hundred bucks."

Well, as we waddle down the walk replete with good cheer and chicken paprika I can't help observing to the Little Woman:

"Maybe I'm not so smart. But I'm not so dumb either. Lookit. She can't quit now. Don't forget, she owns the joint. Why, she can't even brood!"

THE END



The Japs fired the shelter trenches at Palawan and as the Americans rushed out, shot and bayoneted them.

Massacre at Palawan

BY HANNIBAL COONS

LAST September the barbed wire of Puerto Princesa prison camp on Palawan held 150 American prisoners of war, the remnants of a "volunteer" labor battalion brought there from Luzon shortly after the surrender at Corregidor, to build a Jap airfield. The original group of some 300 had volunteered because they thought anything would be better than the squalor, disease, and death of Cabanatuan prison camp on Luzon.

Yet, two months later, 141 of the 150 were to be slain in the worst mass atrocity of the Pacific war.

In a Marine Corps office at San Francisco, twenty-six-year-old Marine Corporal Rufus W. Smith of Hughes Springs, Texas, talked slowly and carefully:

"We had been at Puerto Princesa prison camp for a little over twenty-eight months when the Japs decided to kill us."

Arriving at the camp, Smith continued, the Americans were herded inside the barbed wire, bedded down like ill-kept farm animals, and booted awake by Jap guards at four thirty the next morning.

Breakfast was one large spoonful of rice—Cambodian rice, wormy and full of rocks, which the Japs serve in prison camps because they don't like it themselves. During the next two years the men were to eat it three times a day, with now and then a dab of a Philippine vegetable—also wormy—resembling potatoes. Even this planned ration was a starvation diet designed to keep them too weak to make trouble or to get very far if they escaped. But the Japs reduced it even further by thieving from the supply.

The Americans at Puerto Princesa, being a labor battalion, were not to be killed unnecessarily. But the Japs there specialized in beating them with pick handles—"just for nothing," Smith said. "They'd just come up jabbering and swinging with their clubs."

At various times in those next twenty-eight months, prisoners tried to escape. Two Americans who were caught were tied up and thrown into the brig, where the Japs took turns beating them. Any Jap who cared to could beat them, night or day. Every morning the other Americans had to pass the cage where they were lying. On July 4, 1944, the two were finally shot. Jap prison officials always pointedly observe our national holidays.

Most of the Americans who did escape managed it by breaking an arm or a leg, usually by a blow with a shovel. But if the Japs decided it was done intentionally, they might leave the man where he fell, or throw him into a cage and leave him until he died.

Some of the prisoners got away with it, and were treated and shipped back to Manila. Usually, however, someone was lying in the special cage with an unset fracture, looking out with the eyes of an animal that has spent many days in a steel trap.

Every prisoner worked if he possibly could, because if he couldn't get to his feet in the morning, his ration was cut at once by 30 per cent—a ball of rice about the size of an orange.

One morning last September the Japs loaded all but 150 of the men on a ship bound back to the prison camp at Luzon. Later the Japs told the remaining prisoners that the ship had been torpedoed and all the men lost. Who could contradict them?

Then, about noon last October 19, a lone B-24 raided Puerto Princesa, Palawan's capital, sank two ships in the harbor, and strafed the town and the new airfield. With their hearts rattling against their ribs, the men looked silently at one another, and smiled when the guards weren't looking. Things were going to be all right.

After that first one, raids came almost

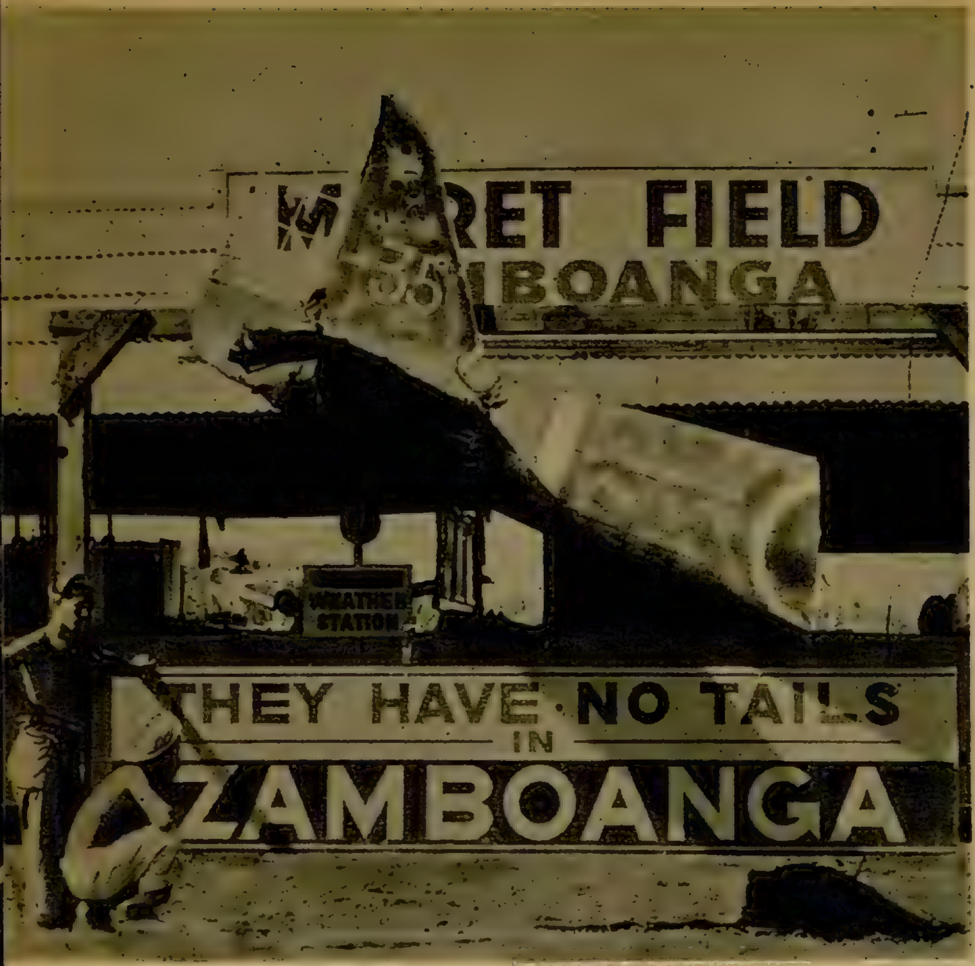
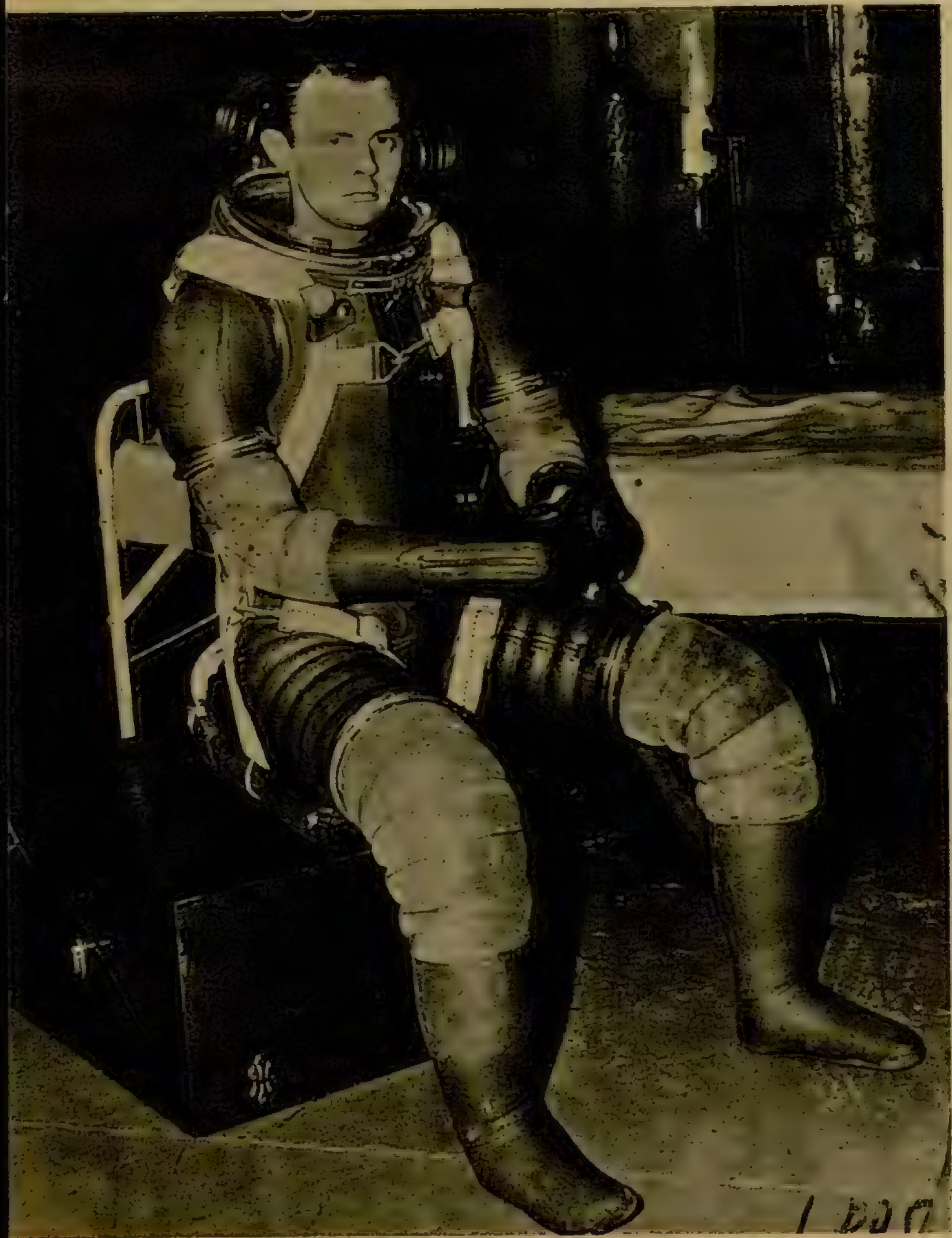


EXHIBIT AT ZAMBOANGA—The old Army song said the monkeys had no tails there. Neither do the Nips. As proof, 13th A. A. F. fliers rigged up this display in front of their operations hut.

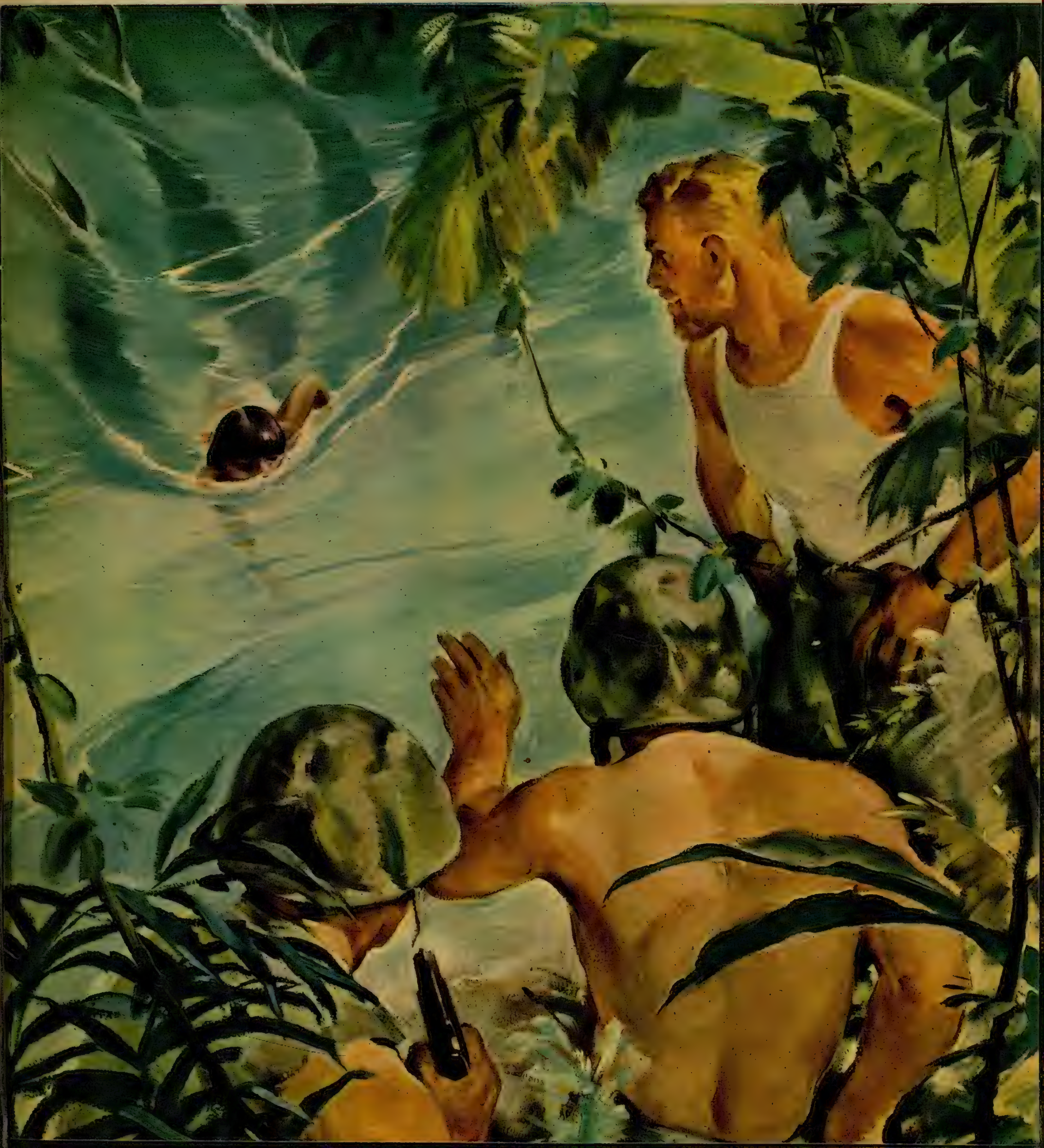
PURPLE HEART PARTY—300 wounded veterans were feted at Manhattan's Café Zanzibar recently by wealthy New Yorkers and entertainers, who paid for the privilege of waiting on them and making them laugh. Ole Olsen used that subtle touch. He poured ice water on his head.

A MATTER OF PROTOCOL—Diplomats had one on their hands the other day when Little Eva had kittens in the State Department. Now she's comfortably lodged in Mary Sullivan's desk, and all her kittens have been named after great Allied leaders.

WHAT THEY'RE WEARING IN THE STRATOSPHERE—This flexible, pressurized "Strato suit," developed by B. F. Goodrich, has enabled fliers in tests to go up to 80,000 feet—15 miles.



Night Without End



There is a love so strong it is scarcely distinguishable from hate. Little Tanateo, who was the son of a chief, was so torn between love and hate that his only solution lay in dying

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

IT is a black, still night, but you can see the lagoon. It is full of phosphorescence, and the ripples running up on the curved beach leave opal-green trails behind them. Its surface is black and polished, but beneath it the sharks are darting restlessly, leaving angular greenish patterns in their wake. Sometimes they come near the surface and their fins cut sharp thin lines running straight, or curving, or whorling. There is no wind. Even the surf-pounding of the reef has stopped.

The drum in the native village is the only sound in the night. It has been thumping like this for hours now. Soft, slow, monotonous, like the beating of a heart that's sick of living. I don't know how long it's going to keep on beating like this. Like a lot of us out here, I'm new to the South Pacific. Like all of us, I've been too busy building air strips to learn much about native customs. But I guess the drum will beat for quite a while. Little Tanateo died tonight. He was the son of a chief and the grandson of a chief. Some day he would have been chief himself. Even if the drum were to stop right now, every man on the beach would hear it pounding inside of his head for a long time to come. Everyone liked little Tanateo. A couple of us will be hearing that drum the rest of our lives. I will. Durkin will. I'm even more certain of Durkin than of myself.

Durkin had already been on the island a couple of months when I got here. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him on the beach. When you're in the service, there's nothing in the world like meeting someone you had known back home. It makes home something real, instead of a place you dream about at night in foxholes. It makes all the people you've both known come alive once more, instead of being faded memories. There is a powerful bond that ties you to a person who brings all this sudden magic into your life. Even when you know that the guy is a louse.

I guess it isn't fair for me to put it that way. A lot of people thought that Durkin was hot stuff. I guess I did, too, at one time. When we were kids together back home, Durkin was the leader of all our games. He was "Chief" when we were just Indian "braves." He was "the Boss" when we were just "guns" or "punks" or "gangsters." He could lick any one of us with one hand tied behind his back, and he often did, to prove it.

In school it was the same story. From a towheaded freckled kid he grew up into a handsome blond giant. He was the best athlete Davis High ever had, or probably ever will have. He was so good that we weren't even competition for him. There was no use in even trying to climb higher than the foot of his pedestal. All we could do was to gather around and look up to him, and wait for the great man either to pat our heads or push our faces in the mud. Durkin could do both, or either, as the mood seized him. I was his lieutenant for years. I don't know why he chose me. I wasn't strong, but I was a pretty good student and I used to lend him my homework to copy.

He used to come to me to help him cram for an exam, and he even got me in the habit of writing in large letters with black ink so he could copy from my paper across the aisle during an exam. He used to walk into my room in the evening and toss himself on my bed and say, "Come on, Brains, shoot a little knowledge into me."

One night he walked in on me, the way he always did, without knocking, and found me in front of a mirror, stripped to the waist, practicing from a physical-culture book I had bought. I guess I must have looked funny standing there posing, with my puny arms held the way the strong men did in the pictures in the book. Durkin didn't say anything. He just smiled and tossed me my shirt and threw himself on the bed. "I need some boning in geometry, Brains. Exam tomorrow."

A few of us would finger the butts of our pistols as we saw the sharks converge, but they always swung off.

He didn't kid me. He didn't rib me. I couldn't sleep that night just thinking what a swell guy Durkin was.

Then the next afternoon, after school, the gang gathered around me in a tight circle, and Durkin said, "Come on, Brains. Show the fellows your biceps and triceps." They were laughing at me, all of them, and Durkin was leading them, laughing louder than the others, the way he always had. I tried to get away, but they piled up on me and held me, and Durkin tried to get my shirt off and ripped it, with all my twisting.

Then I got loose somehow, but I didn't run away. I turned and slapped Durkin across the mouth with all the strength in me. He beat me pretty bad then. I just couldn't fight against him. And Durkin stood back, and measured me, and chopped. He didn't hit to put me out. He chopped with a twist to his knuckles that ripped skin every time it landed. After a while he stood back, breathing hard and whispered, "Yell uncle."

They tell me he finally knocked me down and was choking me to death before they could drag him away. All I remember was watching the light in his eyes and knowing that he was going to kill me, and not caring, because they would hang him for it. I never yelled uncle.

I WENT to engineering college after that. Durkin got a job with a contractor. I heard of him sometimes. I even ran across him on a couple of jobs. They said he was the best bulldozer man in the business. I believed them. I know he made more money than I ever did out of blueprints and strains and stresses and calculus.

Then I ran across him on this island.

"Brains!" he yelled. "Of all the damned people!"

He was even bigger than I remembered him. He was stripped to the waist, and his skin had taken the golden brown color that only the tropics can give. His muscles rippled as he moved, smooth and free-flowing as molten bronze. His thatch of blond hair was bleached shades lighter, and he had raised a magnificent golden beard. The strange feeling that had cramped my stomach at the sight of him disappeared quickly. He was from home. We stayed up half the night just whispering and remembering and chuckling at our memories. For a week afterward we would think of something or someone, and begrudge the hours until we could get together and share it with each other.

Durkin showed me the ropes, introduced me around, and helped me get adjusted to the life on the island. He was popular with the men. He had a dash and recklessness that they admired. He had as many satellites as a comet, but no one followed him as closely or admired him more or loved him more than little Tanateo.

If a man ever had a shadow, Tanateo was Durkin's. That little Polynesian just couldn't stay away from his idol. He was a good-looking kid, with nice smooth features and big soft eyes and a slick young body covered with the finest blue tattooing I had ever seen. He was about thirteen, I guess, but he had a wise, serious way of talking that made him seem much older. Some day he was going to be chief, and he knew it, and it showed in the way he held his head and the way he walked and the way he talked to the other brown boys. It wasn't arrogance. It was dignity and pride and the weight of the responsibility that some day would be his. But in spite of that, he was just kid. When we organized the baseball games, he played just as hard and yelled just as loud as any of the other boys, and argued just as furiously with the umpire.

But the rules had to be changed for Tanateo. He couldn't be tagged. He was *tapu*. No one could touch his body. He was *tapu* even to the sharks. Unlike most lagoons on the islands, ours was full of them, and no amount of shooting and dynamiting seemed to discourage them. We had netted off an area for our swimming, and most of the natives swam either in the rivers washing down the mountains or in another shallower lagoon on the other side of the point. But not Tanateo. Every morning, instead of walking around the beach from the native village, he would swim across the lagoon. A few of us newcomers would finger the butts of our pistols as we saw the sharks converge, but they always swung off and trailed slowly behind him.

Tanateo would never falter in his stroke. He would swim across as if he were in a tiled pool, and walk out of the water and toss his long black hair back from his face and look around for Durkin. When he saw him, his black eyes would light, and he would run over and stand at attention until Durkin noticed him. Sometimes Durkin would wink to us and keep on talking until the water dried on Tanateo's scarlet *pareu*, but he never spoke until Durkin at last turned and noticed him. Then his eyes would shine and he would flash a grateful smile.

"*Kaoha!* Great Golden Beard," he would say. "The day is once more bright."

He had learned English from a missionary, and he had a formal way of forming his sentences so that they sounded like a literal translation of his own language. Once the greetings were over, he seemed perfectly content to stand back and ad-

(*Continued on page 71*)

PHOTO BY JACK ALBIN

Barbara Stanwyck is one of Hollywood's most successful actresses—but she doesn't act like one. Call her an "artist" and she'll give you a horse laugh. She's just an

Honest Working Girl

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

LAST March, when Barbara Stanwyck was in Louisiana with Lieutenant Robert Taylor, strictly as a Navy wife, her press agent wired that her roles in Double Indemnity might win her an Oscar, and wasn't she pleased, thrilled, and excited?

"Why should I be excited?" Barbara wired back. "It's my third time up and I feel like one of Crosby's horses."

During her sixteen years in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck has made forty-five pictures and survived a two-year suspension. She has long been acclaimed a top-flight actress. Producers are eager to talk contracts with her agent, Zeppo Marx, youngest and prettiest of the Marx brothers, because Stanwyck pictures mean money in the bank.

Good pictures or bad, and there have been plenty of both, Barbara always turns in a first-rate performance. Her sincerity and her great love of acting have made her an upper-bracket star—at $150,000 a picture—and one of the most popular. When the Treasury recently listed the heavy earners for 1943, she was right up there with the corporate Croesuses. That year she dragged down $323,333. But awards she has none.

"My doors are not held open by Oscars," says Barbara sadly. "And I have never had a chance to get up on a platform and say, 'I am practically unprepared.' "

In 1937 she was nominated for her performance in Stella Dallas, her twenty-ninth picture, but Luise Rainer nosed her out with The Good Earth. Barbara really wanted to win that year, and made no bones about it. "My heart's blood was in that film," she says of Stella. "I should have won."

Which is one of the two times an Academy Award-loser has been known to tell the truth. Second time: when Ingrid Bergman (For Whom the Bell Tolls) lost out to newcomer Jennifer Jones (Song of Bernadette). A columnist, fully expecting the usual gushing insincerities, asked her that night, "Are you disappointed, Miss Bergman?" And was floored by Miss Bergman's direct answer, "I am extremely disappointed."

Again in 1941 Barbara was nominated, this time for her performance of the tough night-club entertainer in Goldwyn's Ball of Fire. "That was ridiculous," she says frankly. "They were really hard up for candidates that year."

The day after the awards last March, with Barbara a three-time loser, a space salesman on one of the Hollywood trade papers asked her to take out a page ad congratulating the winner, Miss Bergman. Barbara reminded him that she had ordered a page congratulating Miss Bergman the week *before* the awards. Not psychic or cynical—just practical.

PROBABLY more than any other star in Hollywood, she has a great respect for the acting profession. But she has no desire to return to the New York stage. "I wouldn't have the guts to do a Broadway play," she says. Neither is she one of Hollywood's belittlers. "Sure, the industry bats out a foul occasionally," she says, "but less often than in the old days. When a new plane happens to turn out badly, you don't read about it in all the newspapers. But when Hollywood turn out a bad film—right away Washington wants to start an investigation!"

"Show business isn't what it used to be," Barbara laments. "Kids coming along today just don't have a chance to grasp the spirit or depth of feeling which was part of the business. I still believe 'the show must go on.' All right, it's sentimental. And today people call sentiment corn. Maybe it is. So I like corn."

Always one to practice what she preaches, she has never been known to hold up production. In an early picture she obligingly changed horses with a leading man because he was scared stiff. The spirited beast threw her and trampled her, but she got up and finished the day's work. The doctors, examining the X-rays later, never figured out how. In The Great Man's Lady she got caught in an overturned carriage in the flood sequence and swallowed most of the water in Paramount's tank before they untangled her. As soon as they pumped the water out of her lungs she was climbing back into the carriage. In Lady of Burlesque, a picture she thoroughly despised, she was doing a dance routine with comic Pinky Lee when he came down on her bandaged foot with one of his flapping burlesque shoes. Barbara turned white and went out like a light. "Listen, son," she said as she scrambled to her feet. "I don't expect to be handled like a piece of Dresden china, but if you step on my foot again I'll kick your teeth in." They finished the entire dance routine before she limped home that night.

She never uses the word "career." If you called her an "artist," she'd laugh in your face. She refers to herself as a working girl. She's always on time on sets, never beefs about the script, and always knows her lines. She doesn't go in for horseplay and stupid gags that hold up production. Stanwyck sets are always tranquil. No fuss, no tantrums.

"How can you be so calm on the set?" William Holden asked her during the feverish days of Golden Boy. "Don't let me fool you," said Barbara. "I wear myself out keeping myself calm."

Asked if she wasn't looking forward to the wonderful day when she'd have enough money to retire, Barbara cracked, "If they want me to stop acting they'll have to shoot me."

Her intense love of acting has made her a fan.

She is one of the few stars who takes the trouble to compliment others on what she considers a particularly good performance.

"I write fan letters," she confesses. "I wrote one to Claudette Colbert when I saw her magnificent performance in Since You Went Away. She never answered it. I wrote one to Rosalind Russell when I saw her in a Noel Coward sketch with Herbert Marshall at the El Capitan several years ago. Metro wouldn't give me her home address, so I sent it to her at the studio. I never heard from her. When Bob and I saw Katharine Hepburn in Philadelphia Story in New York I was so excited I wrote her a note that night. I sent flowers too. I guess I was awfully gushy. I never heard from her. Damned if I don't think I'll give the whole thing up."

After the preview of Jezebel, Barbara, who had ached to play the part, called Warner Brothers and said to the operator, "This is Barbara Stanwyck. I know it doesn't mean anything to Bette Davis, but I want to tell her how much I admired her in Jezebel." After ringing Miss Davis' dressing room, the operator said, "So sorry, Miss Stanwyck, Miss Davis is sleeping and can't be disturbed." The next day Barbara called the studio, and again she was informed, "Miss Davis is sleeping." On the third day she went through the same routine. Again, "Miss Davis is sleeping, Miss Stanwyck. Do you care to leave a message for her?" "Oh, don't bother," said Barbara. "Miss Davis is evidently rehearsing for Snow White."

There are those who insist that the squelch as an art disappeared in Hollywood with the death of John Barrymore. But when Barbara decides to squelch somebody, no Barrymore could do it more effectively. At one of the few Hollywood parties she attended while Lieutenant Taylor was stationed in Texas, she found herself being cased by an ambitious young actor who apparently thought it might help his career if Miss Stanwyck took an interest in him. Every time she moved, the obnoxious character popped up at her side. After retreating from living room to dining room to playroom to living room she turned on him and said, "What is this? The mating season?"

SOME six years ago Hollywood was going through a Precious Period, which Barbara, who hates sham and whimsy, found extremely painful. Stars who didn't know Bach from boogie woogie suddenly blossomed out as full-fledged music critics. Deems Taylor wasn't half so hep.

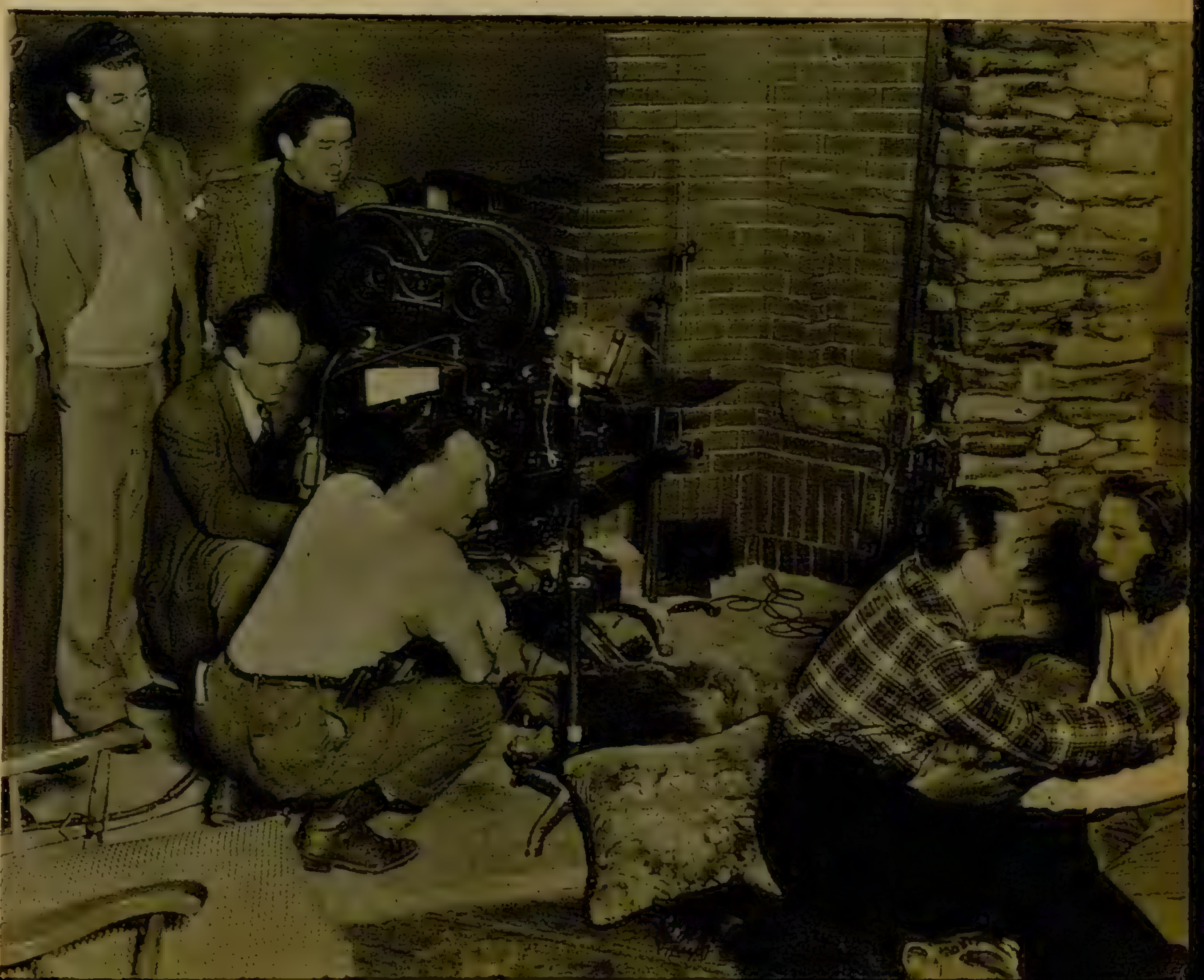
One night Barbara and Bob found themselves at a dinner party where everyone, except the Taylors, had attended the opera at the Shrine auditorium the night before. For hours the conversation centered on Flagstad and Tristan and Isolde. "Flagstad, poor darling, flatted a wee bit in the second act," announced the hostess, and turning to Barbara, "Did you notice it?"

"I stayed home last night and played my favorite record," said Barbara. "Have you heard it—Who Hit Nellie in the Belly with a Barracuda?"

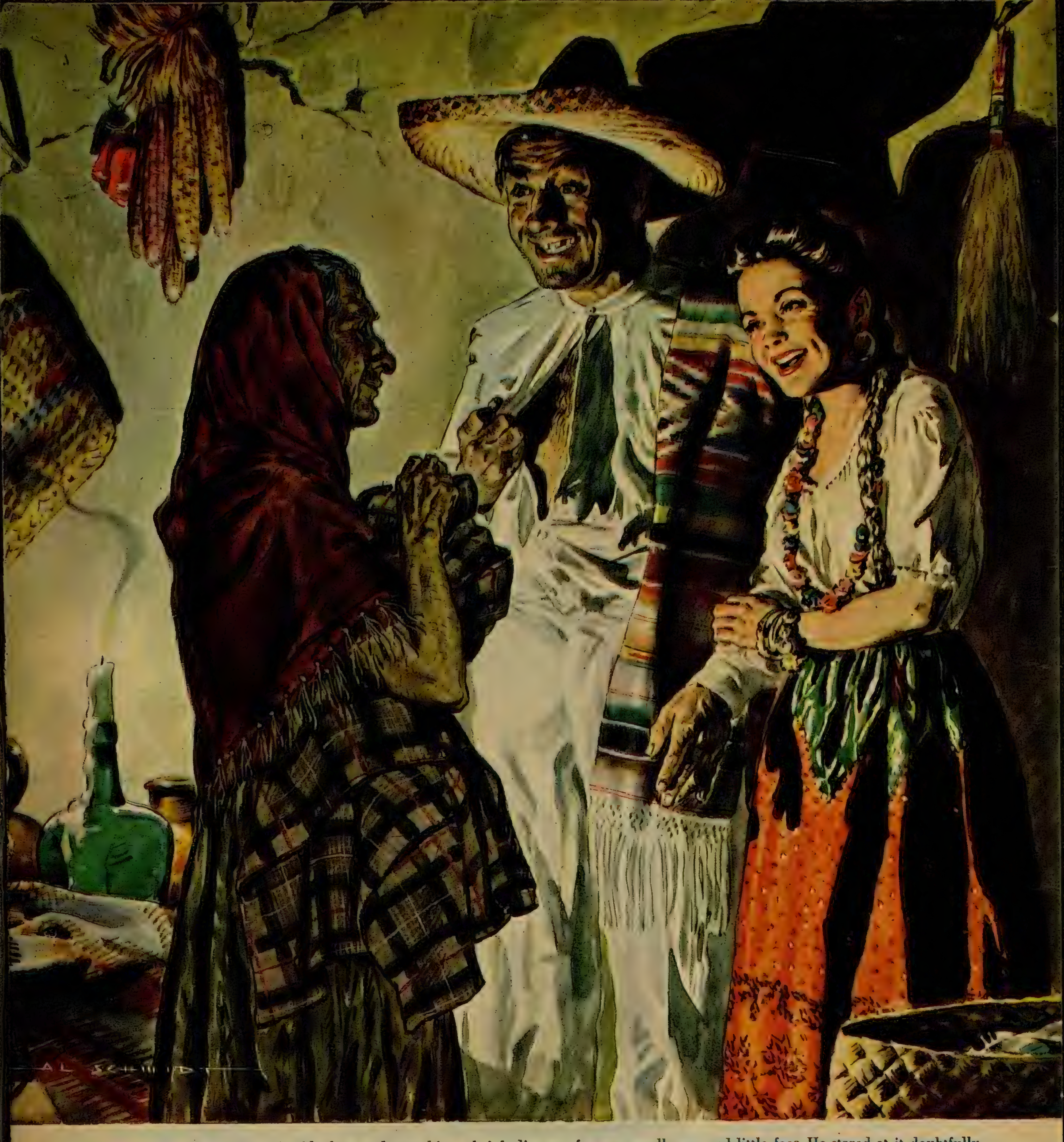
When she was in New York last winter with Lieutenant Taylor, who was helping exploit the Navy film, Fighting Lady, the Broadway columnists made loud noises about Barbara seeing her ex-husband Frank Fay in Harvey. One columnist had her at practically every performance. Actually she never saw the play. When Earl Wilson tried to needle her into seeing Fay and his invisible rabbit, she cut him off sharp with, "A long time ago I saw all the rabbits Frank Fay had to offer."

Once at a party at Norma Shearer's a well-known producer, a fancied authority

(*Continued on page 62*)



Girl at work: Barbara hearkens to the importunities of George Brent on the set of My Reputation.



Inés pushed aside a fold of the blankets and gave him a brief glimpse of a very small, very red little face. He stared at it doubtfully.

By BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

CARLOS IBÁÑEZ was worried. Squatting on his haunches in the doorway of his adobe hut, he puffed moodily on a cigarette. Unconsciously he listened to the accustomed sounds of the two women inside clearing away the dishes after the evening meal. The voice of his wife María was cheerful and happy; that of the old Yaqui servant woman Inés guttural and monosyllabic. The gloomy Yaqui never laughed, but often María's voice lifted musically, making Carlos wonder, How can she be gay at such a time?

Twilight stole gradually over the foothills until it covered them like a dark velvet robe, but Carlos still squatted there, smoking, meditating. Inside, the candles were lit. María came to the door and laid a gentle hand on his head and, stooping, kissed him on the ear.

"You should not sit so long in the cold night air. It is not healthy."

"I am thinking."

"Of what, little one?"

Carlos lumbered to his feet, put his huge hands gently on his wife's slim shoulders and stood looking down into her dark gay eyes. The top of her head barely reached to the second button of his shirt, but it was one of her pet jokes to call him her "little one." *Ay,* thought Carlos tenderly, but she was beautiful, standing there with the candlelight gleaming softly behind her, and the knowledge of the event which would happen soon made his heart come near to bursting with love.

"It will be soon now?" he asked clumsily.

"*Quien sabe?* It will be when the good

María was going to have a baby, and Juan, who was well versed in the ways of the Americanos, said she must have a doctor. But there are doctors and doctors—as Carlos found out

The Penance of CARLOS IBÁÑEZ

God wills it. *Mañana* perhaps, or the day after."

"You are not afraid?"

María's soft laugh tinkled. "Foolish little husband, why should I be afraid? I have you to look after me."

"But I know nothing of such things."

"Inés is a good nurse!"

Carlos looked over María's head at the Yaqui woman puttering about the stove. She was old and thin with a bony face to which the skin clung like wrinkled brown paper. Though he did not reveal his suspicions to María, Carlos had long ago come to the conclusion that she was a witch. Was she not continually mixing strange potions from herbs gathered in the hills which she forced María to drink? She said that they would give her strength and make the young one be born with a warrior's heart, but Carlos did not believe this.

He kissed María lightly. "I must go for a little while. Do not worry about me. I am riding to the church to make an offering to the Holy Virgin."

The smile quickly faded from María's face. "With the gold from the stagecoach?"

Carlos dropped his eyes uncomfortably. It had been nearly a week since he had stolen the heavy ironbound box from the stagecoach, and still it lay hidden in the stable loft, not a single gold coin disturbed. He had stolen the gold because he did not want his first-born to come into the world penniless. There were so many things which María and the infant would need that cost money, and the gold had been so tempting. But María, though she had never before objected to his stealing, refused to use even one small peso for herself or the unborn child.

"You are sorry you married a *bandido*," he mumbled at the ground.

"I married you because I loved you," María answered quickly. "But offering stolen gold to the Virgin would be an evil omen for the little one."

Carlos could not see why the source of the gold should matter to the Virgin, but he knew that María was much wiser in these matters than he.

María touched his hand and said hesitantly, "You will not do it, Carlos?"

"No, *chiquita*. Not if you say it is wrong."

LONG after María and Inés had gone to bed Carlos sat in front of the stove meditating.

His thoughts turned again to the idea of gaining the Holy Virgin's favor by making an offering. Other than the gold, he had no money. Without asking María, he knew that neither his gun nor his knife would be an acceptable present. The only other precious things he owned were the fine silver spurs which he had inherited from his father, a tough sorrel stallion, and a sleek gray mare. All these he loved nearly as much as he loved his wife. And of what use, he asked himself, would the spurs or the horses be to the Virgin?

Carlos thought suddenly of his younger brother Juan, who lived not a great distance away, on the American side of the border. Carlos had a great respect for his brother. Had not Juan gone to the Americano schools and learned to read and write? Was not Juan well versed in the more modern ways of the gringos?

With a feeling that a great load had been removed from his heart, he got up and buckled on his gun belt. He would send for Juan.

José the schoolteacher lived in a two-room house on the outskirts of Corazón del Oro. Leaving the sorrel which he had ridden to town in the deep shadows of the building, Carlos drew his gun and slipped warily up to the window. He was not sure just how much the rurales knew about the stagecoach hold-up and he intended taking no chances. It would be an evil omen indeed if he were in jail when his first-born arrived.

Peering in at the window, he saw José sitting near a lamp, reading a book. Carlos felt a sense of awe at the schoolteacher's ability to read.

With his gun held ready, Carlos moved around to the door and quietly slipped into the house. Startled, José looked up.

"What do you want?" he bristled.

Carlos waved the gun. "Do not be afraid. I only desire you to write a letter to my brother."

"You can pay? The price is ten pesos."

"I will pay you *mañana*."

José shook his head. "Then I will write the letter *mañana*."

"You do not trust me?" Carlos hissed. "Perhaps this gun will change your mind."

José shrugged. "Go ahead and shoot me. Then who will write your letter?"

Carlos scowled. The schoolteacher, he realized, was not a man to be influenced by threats. And he did not have ten pesos. Uncertainly he holstered his gun and rubbed his chin. Looking down, his eyes fell on the silver spurs buckled on his boots. Quickly he stooped and took them off.

"You may keep these until I bring you the ten pesos."

The schoolteacher inspected them doubtfully. "They might be worth ten pesos."

"Name of a name—they are worth a hundred!"

"All right, I will write your letter." Going to a table on the other side of the room, José found paper and pen. "What do you wish me to say?"

Haltingly Carlos dictated the letter. When it was finished he had José read it to him, told him to make certain changes and add a postscript, then had the schoolteacher read it again. José read:

Juan, My Affectionate Brother:

A matter of much importance has appeared, so I am writing to beg of your assistance. Some time ago I secured myself a fine wife named María, and now, much to my happiness, a young one is about to arrive. But as María has had no experience at this sort of thing, I am very worried. We have no assistance but an old Yaqui servant woman, and I think she is a witch. You being an influential American citizen, I ask your help to find an intelligent woman to assist in this matter and that you should bring her here at once.

The weather is fine and my health remains of excellence, although my business does not prosper so well since the rurales armed themselves with the new repeating carbines.

Begging your kind assistance,

CARLOS IBANEZ—X [His mark]

P.S.: I have paid José the schoolteacher to write this for me. If he has not said it right, tell me and I will shoot him.

"Well," asked José, "does that suit you?"

"*Sí*," Carlos answered. "You will send it at once?"

"On the midnight stage. Your brother will receive it tomorrow morning."

THE next day was an anxious one for Carlos. María did not feel well, so Inés took charge of the household, forcing María to stay in bed and ordering Carlos around as though he were a child.

"Go outside and stay there," the Yaqui commanded, as she brought María a cup of evil-smelling dark-looking tea which she had brewed. "This is a matter for women."

Carlos started to protest, but María smiled wanly and told him to do as Inés said.

All day Carlos dawdled around the stable, carrying on a worried monologue with the disinterested sorrel stallion and the affectionate but mute gray mare. He recalled all the tales he had heard of how Yaqui nurses had cast spells upon their Mexican mistresses, which did little to soothe his fears. Anxiously he gazed along the dusty trail leading northward, hoping that his younger brother would understand the

(*Continued on page 58*)

IT'LL BE THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY

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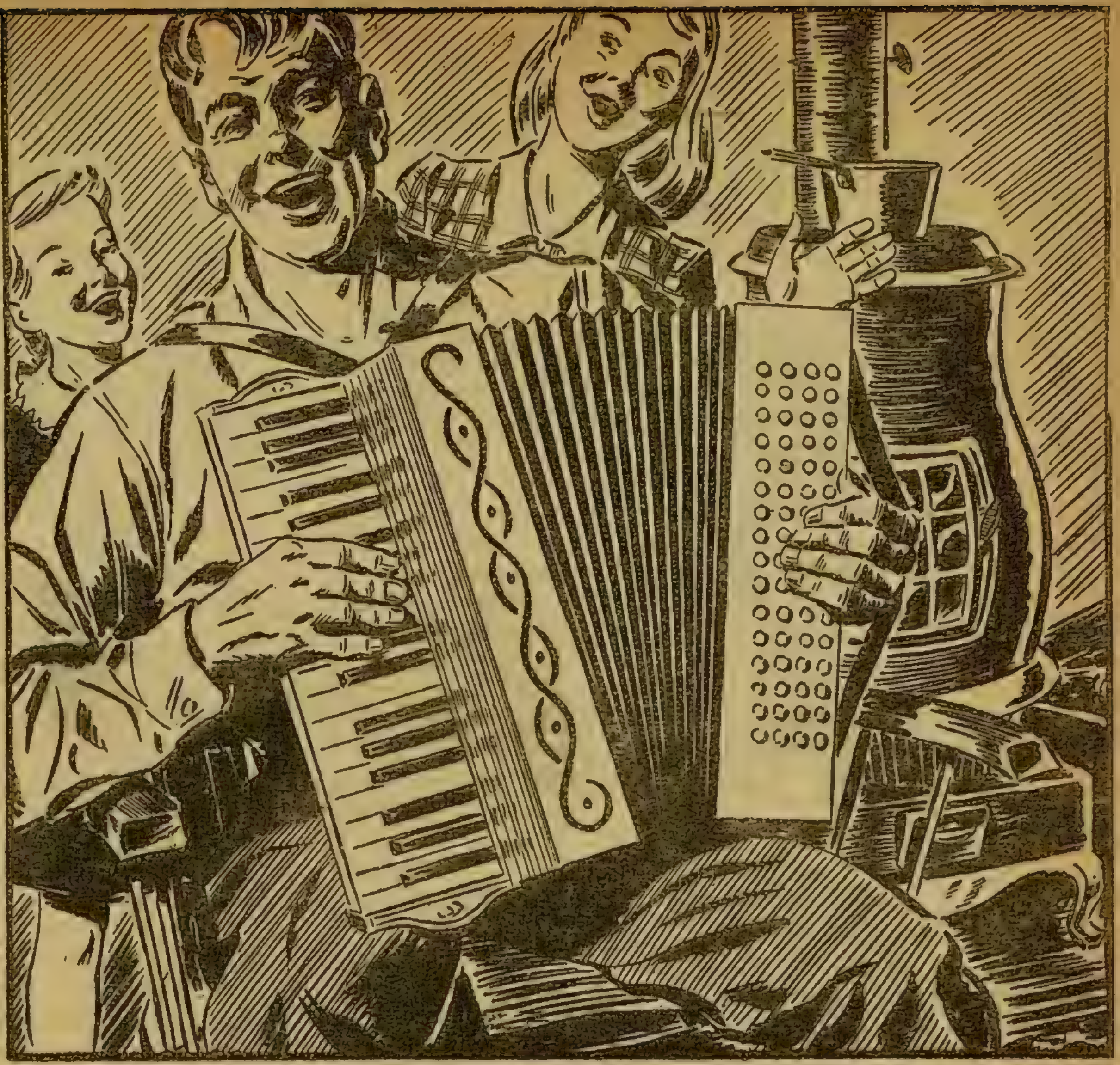
BY AMBROSE FLACK

Bringing his wife to a rural paradise after his hitch as a combat flier in China, Curley met the uproarious Otter family—who soon made upstate New York as exciting as the Burma Road. This delightful novel has been widely acclaimed for the rich humor and beauty it evokes from the stuff of everyday life.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

FAMILY *on the* HILL

How to Cook a Carp

I FIRST met the Otter family during a rainy spring excursion in the country.

Katy and I had come out to paint woodwork at Red Maples, our new house, but my fishing tackle was in the back of our car. We soon put down the pails and brushes, and drove along narrow dirt roads that cut through deep evergreen forest. I got out at every bridge and dropped my line to the water below.

The countryside was etched with a network of creeks and brooks, all of them having a good share of native trout. One rocky stream looked so alluring, I jumped down the bank and followed it. Presently, in a clearing near a deep pool, I came upon a tall handsome boy dressed in ragged blue overalls and heavy rubber boots, several sizes too big for him. One of his feet rested on a mossy log, his elbow was on his knee, and his chin in the cup of his right hand.

I sat down on a rock and studied him appreciatively. Even on such a gray day, his blue eyes were full of sun. His blond hair, cut very short—almost in convict fashion—showed a beautifully shaped skull. He was tall and muscular. I wondered if he belonged to one of the foreign families which had settled in this obscure northern New York State community, where land was very cheap; many of them had come from the near-by towns and cities where numerous factories had closed since the depression.

He came over and sat down on a log opposite my rock and ran his eyes over me—almost with compassion. My fishing equipment was elaborate, but there was nothing to show for my elegance in the fine willow basket, ostentatiously strapped over my shoulder. I thought that, while I became acquainted with this boy, I might just as well try my luck.

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No sooner had I dropped my line into the pool and put down my pole to light a cigarette than the pole shot into the air and the boy caught it just in time to save it from being dragged into the water. What I pulled out a few minutes later wasn't one of the big trout which lurked in the deep holes of the stream, but a monstrous carp—the most repulsive of fresh-water fish. I felt rather chagrined before the boy, having never really overcome a boyhood notion that it is a disgrace to catch nothing but a carp.

I didn't know what to do with the fish, and I wished I hadn't caught it. Then it occurred to me that since the natives hereabouts dined on the woodchucks which were so plentiful and made such excellent shooting, they might also relish a dish of carp.

"Would you like it?" I asked the boy. "I've heard they're good to eat, cooked properly—but my wife doesn't know how. Or perhaps you could use it for fertilizer."

The boy's cornflower blue eyes became serious.

"Oh, no, mister," he said. "You keep it yourself. Carp make good eatin'. I'll tell ya how mum usta cook 'em in the old country. She says everything tasted better there, anyway. All ya gotta do is clean the carp and stuff it with bread crumbs soaked in cream and melted butter. Garnish it with cel'ry and parsley, salt and pepper it, and then nail it on a board and stick it in the oven. When it's baked good, take it outta the oven, throw away the carp, and eat the board."

While I was sharing the boy's irresistible laughter, a woman's voice—deep powerful contralto like a Valkyrie's—called, "Geoff, oh, Geoff!" A foghorn couldn't have penetrated the misty countryside more rousingly, and the boy bestirred himself at once. "Well, I gotta go now. That's mum callin'. We got trouble in our family. My brother Calvin ran away las' week and we don't know where he is."

The boy leaped over the log, then turned abruptly to face me once more. His face flushed red with excitement—he had suddenly made a tremendous discovery. His eyes blazed with the questions he wanted to ask, but a kind of delicacy, rather than shyness, forbade. Finally he gulped and blurted out, "Say, mister, I think I know who you are. Your name's Curley, ain't it?"

I admitted that it was.

"And you jist came home from China, and you're gonna live in Red Maples. I thought your face looked kinda familiar, but I didn't rekanize you without your medals or your uniform on." He paused, not because he was out of words but because he was out of breath.

"We read all about you," he went on, almost panting now. "You usta be a Flyin' Tiger, guardin' the Burma Road. The Japs went an' shot you down and took you prisoner, but you escaped and got back safe after all kindsa excitin' a'ventures. Then you got some bad water and come down with the typhoid feeber an' your wife hadda go alla way to China to fetch ya home. You were dec'rated by the Chinese gover'ment."

The boy's admiration was so evident, I began to feel like the celebrity I didn't look.

"Well, so long again, Mr. Curley," he said. "I'm gonna tell the folks I met cha. Hope to see you again real soon."

The dripping bushes swallowed him and I heard the crash he made in the underbrush. Thick drops commenced to fall, and, forgetting all about the carp, I hurried to the car. Katy was sitting in it, waiting for me. I climbed in and told her about the adventure I had just had.

"I think he must be one of the Otters," said Katy. "They live up on that big hill. You can't see their house now, but it's visible when the trees and vines are bare. I met one of the boys, Alix, last winter, and had him in the house—fed him everything left in the pantry. He seemed famished. Later I heard they live for weeks at a time on potatoes and macaroni."

"What's their nationality?"

"Czechs," said Katy. "I suppose the name Otter is some Americanized version of the original."

Family Portrait

"Well, I learned all their names," I told Katy when I got home after my second visit to Otter Hill.

"And what are they?"

"Well, there's William and Calvin, the two oldest boys. They're not twins, yet they were both born in the same year: William in February, on George Washington's Birthday, and Calvin in December, for a Christmas present."

"They should have named William George," said Katy.

"They didn't know he was born on Washington's Birthday until he started going to school," I said.

"How old is Mary?"

"She's sixteen. Geoff's thirteen, Walter's twelve, and Alix is eleven. Rosie and Rolf, the twins, are eight. Jennie's seven and Mickey's six. Davy and Dennis, the other pair of twins, are five. Molly's four, Tessie's three, Nannie's two, and Coo-Coo's the baby. She was born last November, on Thanksgiving Eve, for a Thanksgiving present."

William, the oldest boy, looked four or five years older than he really was. That was probably because he had always worked so hard and suffered so many hardships. All his life he had been compelled to take things very seriously. Mary was sweet and utterly unspoiled, and so pretty, one scarcely noticed the outlandish clothes she wore, at which the village belles, behind her back, poked so much fun.

"Three of the boys I can hardly tell apart when I see them on the road," said Katy, scraping away at a carrot. "One of them is the Alix I had over here last winter."

"They're Geoff, Walter, and Alix," I said. "William calls them the Three Musketeers."

These boys were all engagingly blond and blue-eyed, handsome little vikings indeed.

"One of the girls is a tomboy all right," said Katy. "Every time I see her she's up in a tree."

"That's Rosie, Rolf's twin."

Rolf was the best athlete in the family. He could climb the highest trees and make running jumps across Otter Creek in some very wide places. Rosie, because she was his twin, thought she ought to be able to do anything he could do.

"Which one is Jennie?" asked Katy.

"Oh, she's the dainty one. Poor little thing, she tries so hard to keep the kitchen clean. But the odds against it are overwhelming."

I never saw Jennie with a dirty face or hands. I often saw her sitting on a rock in the creek, washing out clothes. How she treasured an embroidered handkerchief she'd found on the road!

"But Mickey's the most amusing one of the lot," I said. "He can swear like a trooper when he gets mad."

Davy and Dennis were the fraidy-cats and wept upon the slightest provocation.

Molly was the first of a string of little golden girls that went right down to Coo-Coo. Molly quickly became my favorite.

Molly didn't *look* out of her eyes at one; she peered from them, as from behind a veil. Her piping little voice was a greater charm even than those curiously veiled blue eyes. It made me think she was born with a miniature calliope in her throat.

Tessie was a human whirligig; chips of blue and gold flew off her as she danced and reeled around. Nannie was very bashful, always clinging to Mrs. Otter's skirts, trying to hide herself. Coo-Coo was fat and yellow as a butterball. Her only plaything was the stove handle. She never cried, even when ants crawled over her, and when bees, attracted by her daffodil yellow curls, buzzed and swarmed over them.

"Mrs. Otter must be about forty," said Katy. "I saw her go down the road yesterday calling 'Rosie, Rosie.' She's quite a Junoesque person."

Certainly the Otters were the happiest family I had ever known. They never quarreled among themselves. Each boasted of the others' accomplishments and didn't mention his own. The bigger boys faithfully tended the babies, and the little girls, like Molly, were capable beyond their years in looking after themselves. It never occurred to me to pity the Otters.

"What's Mr. Otter like?" asked Katy. "I haven't seen him yet."

"He's quite youthful in appearance—could almost pass for William's older brother. He has thick black hair, delicate features, and a fine complexion. He looks like a poet."

Mr. Otter usually said very little, and listened with apparent pleasure to Mrs. Otter when she talked. She talked almost constantly, saying, "me go" and "me no go." She had decided opinions on everything.

But she was a great worker as well as talker. She worked in the fields as well as cooking, baking, and mending for her big family. In spring she plowed and planted. In summer she cultivated. In fall she reaped. She got up at four every morning of her life. The very sight of the children stimulated her. When they were performing in the front yard, one of them perhaps on the roof, one in the thorn-apple tree, another straddling the calf, she was able to watch them all at once, and she could tell at the quickest glance if any were missing.

A Man For All That

One afternoon I watched a cluster of the children scramble down the hillside carrying tin cans full of bait and armed with their fishing poles. I began to wonder where my own tackle was when Mickey Otter rapped at our kitchen door. "Hello," I said. "Want to borrow some hooks and sinkers?"

"No," he replied solemnly. "Ma wants to know if you could borry William an old suitcase that ain't much good."

"Does William need the suitcase right away? I don't know where we keep our bags. I could bring it over later."

"He don't need it until tomorrer noontime."

"All right then, let's see how Geoff's making out with his fishing." Mickey trotted down to the bridge with me to where Geoff stood knee-deep in the pool, fingering his line attached to a short willow pole.

Geoff looked very gloomy. "William lost his job in the pottery," he said, "so there won't be no more money comin' in from him. It's a good thing fishin's free, or maybe we'd stop eatin'. If it ain't one thing it's another."

"William got fired," said one of the children. "He knocked a big guy out."

William was a tall strapping fellow, but quiet and peace-loving; hardly the type to go around knocking people out. "An' mum's decided, long as he's outta work, he might jist as well make himself useful and go up north an' find Calvin," Geoff went on.

William came over that evening for the suitcase—a little reluctantly, I could tell by his approach.

William was very proud of his family, and I knew he didn't want them to be exploited or to become the source of amusement to a stranger. I only wished I could have shown him how much I enjoyed my talks with his mother, the company of his small brothers and sisters, and how greatly I was indebted to all of them. It is true, they put their cows in our pasture, used our barn; we sent over food and clothes and gave them things we didn't want or need—but they were the great donors. They were helping restore my health. They had turned out to be exactly the medicine, the diversion, which I had been ordered to find.

My small part in the war in China had left me physically and nervously sick. I hadn't slept naturally for months; woke out of drugged slumber with a heart racing and pounding against unidentified fright. Now the family was helping me regain my balance. There were so many Otters, and all of them, from the baby up, looked at the world out of such clear fearless eyes. Every time I left Otter Hill I was a better man and a stronger one. That is what the Otters were doing for me. . . .

William looked about our sitting room with quiet appreciation. He seemed perfectly at home without being too much at home. We had a drink. That helped loosen his tongue. He seemed quite ashamed to be out of a job and, to put himself in the correct light, anxious to explain how he had come to lose it.

It was like this: William preferred farming in spring and summer and fall, but in the wintertime he worked for fairly good wages in the village pottery. He had given his age to the employment manager as twenty-five; that meant a better job and better pay. The pottery accepted him as a man of the age he claimed.

The light work at the pottery was performed by girls, most of whom were quiet and ladylike. There were, however, a number of formidable specimens among them who boldly besieged the young men for dates, and were often rudely refused. William, having been gently reared by Mrs. Otter, looked askance in their direction. He had never taken one of them out, and this was considered curious in such a husky young fellow who ought to be thinking of nothing but the girls and good times with them.

"What's the matter?" sneered Rip Pizzica, an ex-pugilist and wrestler. "Lookit your kid brother, Calvin. He gets in trouble and then beats it before he's marched to the altar. Now that's what I call smart. All the men in your family ain't deadheads."

"Calvin doesn't have to marry anyone," said William.

"Is that so? I heard different," sneered Rip.

William took a healthy swing at Rip (who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds) and knocked him out. The superintendent, making his departmental rounds at the time, witnessed the incident and William was discharged.

"Well, you showed Pizzica you were a good man just the same, William," I said as he rose to say good night.

History Is Made at Night

I drove to the village the next day to put William on the Watertown bus and to see old Father Justin. Father Justin gave me his version of the reason for Calvin Otter's disappearance.

The old priest usually kept a boy in his house to do odd jobs around the place. The last incumbent had been Calvin, whose fate certainly was different from that of his predecessors; *they* usually went from their jobs to a seminary. Calvin's room in the priest's red brick house was cozy and comfortable, and the meals the housekeeper served were epicurean compared to those Mrs. Otter gave him at home. His venerable employer was always making nice presents to him, too: clothes, a camera, holy pictures, books. Calvin became very fond of the old man.

Father Justin was very popular in the village, with Protestants and Catholics alike. Past seventy-five, his figure was still erect and he walked with strident vigor. He gave generously to the poor from his private means. Father Justin looked after everybody like the benevolent old tyrant he was.

On the village fringe, within sight of his red-brick dwelling, he had long ago planted a row of honey-locust trees, and, his years declining, watched them grow into green-golden maturity. The grassy promenade under the gracious honey locusts was called Lovers' Lane, a spot much frequented by village sweethearts. On moonlight nights the exchange of kisses was so constant and so honest they could be heard above the whispering treetops. Father Justin was an amateur astronomer, but when he watched the phases of the moon, it was not always with a purely scientific eye; it was rather with an anxiety as to how its glimpses of the earth might adversely affect the morals of his youthful flock.

On nights when its witchery was fairly irresistible—and on other nights as well—he patrolled the lane like an archangel at the gates of lost Eden, with his old cherry cane for a fiery sword. When he observed a couple he knew to be unmarried sitting under a tree on the grass, he gently shook his head and soberly approached them. Then, upon the shoulders of the young man (and supposedly potential seducer) he placed his liver-spotted old hands—it was such a disarming gesture—and earnestly exhorted the pair to return at once to their respective homes lest they succumb to the temptation that was so patently abroad.

One night that spring Father Justin, patrolling the lane, stumbled and fell. The next morning his ankle was swollen and he had to nurse it. The following evening there was a full spring moon, a very seductive moon, and he could not protect such of his flock as were exposed to its current witchery. But he could send somebody out as his emissary—he could send out young Calvin Otter.

Calvin had come into the priest's service with the reputation of being a wild young fellow. He was the best dancer in Smoky and near-by Happy Valley. Not only the country girls loved him, but the village belles as well. Headstrong, stubborn, impulsive, generous, careless, Calvin was the antithesis of his brother William, so quiet, sober, and trustworthy. But Calvin, realizing he had much to live up to as Father Justin's protégé and a member of his household, conscientiously reformed in many of his old wild ways.

Father Justin dispatched Calvin to the lane that moonlight night. No doubt the boy hated his assignment. Everybody except Father Justin knew he was keeping company with a fast girl whom he had met at a dance in a roadhouse. The young couples he attempted to send away laughed at him. "Trying to clear out the place so you can have it all for yourself and Red, Calvin?" asked one young man.

AFTER midnight, Father Justin put down his book, turned off the light. Then it occurred to him that he hadn't heard his boy come in. He forgot about his ankle, found his cherry cane, and hobbled down to the lane.

Father Justin sent away half a dozen couples with great dispatch and then came upon a pair half sitting, half lying on a rock, locked in each other's arms.

The priest briskly tapped the rock with his cane as a signal of his presence, and the young couple, startled, turned to face him. They were Calvin and his redhead.

Father Justin collared the boy, dragged him from the rock—Calvin fell in an abject heap at his feet. The girl was cool and impudent. When Father Justin recognized her to be the loose daughter of a notoriously loose mother, he became very angry and soundly applied his cherry cane to Calvin's back. Father Justin marched Calvin to the house, formally dismissed him from his service, sent him to bed with the promise that next day he would return to Otter Hill in disgrace.

William said he guessed the prospect of facing his gentle mother under such a cloud was more than Calvin could bear. That very night he wrote a note to William and ran off.

"And what became of the redheaded girl?" asked Katy, after I had told her Calvin's story.

"I don't know where she is now, but I found out where she came from originally. Believe it or not, she was born in this very house. And by the way, it would seem that Red Maples is appropriately named. It used to have a very shady reputation. People coming and going all hours of the night, mysterious lights in the windows, hushed noises, soft music, revelry, nobody ever visible in the daytime—perhaps that's why it was vacant so long. Katy, the place used to be a sort of roadhouse—or worse.

"About twenty-five years ago a man named Corry bought the place. He was the principal of the high school and president of the board of education. He had been embezzling the school funds, and meanwhile, evidently to protect himself, signed Red Maples over to a very enterprising daughter of his. Things caught up with him and he was sent to jail for three years. When he got out of jail, his daughter wouldn't let him in the house. Perhaps she thought his presence would interfere with the successful business she had established here—the one I described. Old Man Corry eventually lost his mind and went around threatening to burn the house down. He floated around the north country for years, becoming quite a character in some localities. Early this spring he turned up in this neighborhood again after an absence of nearly twenty years—still mad, looking for Red Maples so he could apply the torch."

Katy tried to look alarmed, but merely succeeded in looking astonished.

"What became of his daughter?"

"She lives up north somewhere—in one of the lake resorts. She's rather well known. She had a daughter, born in Red Maples, who lived here until she was four or five. She, too showed up in the village this spring, although she isn't aware that old Corry is her grandfather. The name isn't the same and she'd been told by her mother that the old man was dead. But they call her Red, and she's the girl who helped Calvin Otter go astray."

"How extraordinary!" said Katy, putting down the flatiron. "Will you sleep nights knowing about the old man and his intentions?"

"Of course. What crazy, completely disoriented old man would recognize a house he hadn't seen for about twenty years? He might have passed it a dozen times without recognizing it. He *has* passed it, Katy," I admitted. "I've seen him go by a dozen times. Next time I'll call you."

"Do," said Katy cheerfully.

River Lena

We were having lunch and looking out of the window when the twins, Davy and Dennis, trotted past our house calling, "Rosie, Rosie, come home, come home!"

Katy snatched a bag of candy and ran outside to give it to the twins. Shifting uneasily on their bare feet, they thanked her gravely and said, "We hafta go now. Rosie's lost, and we been lookin' for her all day. We think she mighta got drownded in the swamp." The twins were very timid, and they quickly went off. Geoff or Mickey ordinarily would have stayed for a visit.

"Rosie's lost, and may have drowned!" cried Katy, as she came running in. "They've been looking for her all day. That's what all the commotion must have been about on the hill. Why don't you go over and see what you can do? Wait a minute; I have something for them, although they probably don't feel like eating."

But there were two Rosies in the Otter family. When I had climbed up the hill, I learned that it was Rosie the cow that was lost—not Rosie, Rolf's twin. She had wandered away in search of greener pastures no doubt. Happily, Geoff soon found her on the edge of the big tamarack swamp, evidently bent on crossing it, and everybody was overjoyed when he came leading her up the hill.

I wished Katy had been along to watch her cakes disappear. I sat on the chopping block, enjoying the spectacle of the family at which I had not yet ceased to marvel—and never would. Walter was reading a book—he was the quiet, studious one—and Alix, crazy about birds ever since anybody could remember, was drawing a picture of an eagle attacking an osprey with a fish in its talons. Davy and Dennis were wrestling in the grass, and Geoff had climbed up into the chokecherry tree. He hung from a limb by his knee, playing Tarzan, and every little while he let out a long, blood-curdling "Oeeeeooooeeeee!" Fluffy began to bark, and Mickey, who was stringing up the wash line between the thorn-apple tree and the lilac bush, called out, "We got comp'ny. Here comes old Corry."

"Corry's an old man," explained Walter. "He used to live in this house before we did and we let him stay."

"When he sees you, he'll be a little scared," Geoff explained. "He'll think you come here ta put him back in the crazy house."

"In that case I think I'd better be going," I said.

"No, no," remonstrated Mrs. Otter. "He be little scare at first, then awright."

When the old man espied the cluster of Otters on the lawn, his steps quickened. He joyfully approached the family; it must have been like coming home. There were so many Otters, he did not at once perceive a stranger in their midst.

The Otters resumed their various activities without paying further attention to old Corry. Presently he commenced to peer at me out of old blue eyes that were watering now, but it took him a long while to make out that he had not seen me before. Then, actually aware of the presence of a stranger, he commenced to shake violently. "Who is this man?" he asked.

Mrs. Otter put a reassuring hand on his arm. "Never mind, Corry. Mr. Curley good friend. Do you no harm. Geoff," she said briskly, "fetch Corry glass cider, make him feel good."

"Thank you, thank you," said the old man in his childish treble. "That I will gladly accept. But I am confused and frightened, and will draw apart a little to reflect. The noises in my head were very bad last night, and I did not rest well."

Corry withdrew to the veranda, where he sat in Mrs. Otter's rocker and drank the glass of cider Geoff gave him. His eyes were intent on my back, and I could hear him talk to himself in a fuzzy querulous way.

Geoff climbed up into the chokecherry tree again and resumed his Tarzan role. Geoff could see farther than anybody else. "Bet nobody kin guess who's comin' now," he cried, his voice charged with sudden excitement.

"Who?" cried the Otters, and a dozen necks were stretched to see.

"William!" shouted Geoff, scrambling out of the chokecherry tree.

"Has he got Calvin with him?" cried Walt.

"Not unless Calvin's dressed up like a girl," snapped Geoff.

"Gee, it is a girl, ain't it?" said Mickey, for now two figures could be seen over the curve of the hillside.

William was carrying my suitcase and leading a girl up the hill. They came very slowly, evidently with great reluctance, and obviously uncertain as to their welcome. Nobody ran to meet them, which was strange. The Otters stood and stared, struck dumb with amazement. The girl was badly frightened, and William held his mouth tight. I fancied he was going through a terrible ordeal. People being led to the guillotine must have looked like William.

"Where's Calvin?" demanded Geoff, at once taking his big brother to account. "Mum sent you up north to bring *him* back."

"Didn'tcha find him?" demanded Mickey.

"No, I didn't," said William quietly.

"Whatcha bring her *here* for? Does she plan on stayin'?"

"I want her to," faltered William.

HE put down the suitcase and looked appealingly at his mother, who was watching him almost timidly. I am sure this was the first time William had ever failed his family in anything. His dark blue eyes were almost black with emotion.

"This is Lena, mum," he said, in a way which suggested an apology and a vast plea.

Lena watched Mrs. Otter with enormous blue eyes. Her mouth was tremulous and she looked fascinated—fascinated and frightened—as if her life depended upon what was going to happen to her within the next few minutes. She was a limpidly lovely thing with her wind-blown hair, frightened eyes, and tremulous lips that suggested invisible kisses. The children stared at her, not in the friendly way they had with strangers. William had no business bringing back this girl instead of Calvin. Nobody could take Calvin's place.

Mrs. Otter continued to regard William searchingly and tenderly, but did not acknowledge Lena in any way.

"Is she really gonna stay here?" demanded Mickey.

"If mum lets her," said William.

"One more mouf ta feed," said Mickey.

Lena's mouth fluttered; she tried to speak but the words didn't come. She looked about her wildly, as if she wanted to run away—run down the hillside she had just climbed. William held her hand more tightly and drew her closer.

It was only because of their crushing disappointment in William for having failed to bring Calvin home that the Otters had all joined, for a few moments, in this reproach. Had Calvin not gone away, they would have welcomed the girl gladly as William's friend.

Mrs. Otter gave out a little hiss which silenced the small Otters, and then, after taking a sweeping look at the girl, which quite repudiated her, she put one hand on William's arm, meeting the look of supplication in his eyes. He made an appealing boyish figure. The scene was such a private one, I picked up the cake plates, shook hands with William, gave the girl a smile—the only one she'd received since climbing up the hill—and said good-by.

Not to Read But to Have

Katy was a little shy with strangers and in new places. I had been trying to get her to call at Otter Hill, and she hid her timidity under a pretense of formality. She said it was Mrs. Otter's social obligation to call at Red Maples first, since we were newcomers in the neighborhood.

But one day about that time, she met Mr. Otter and William on the road. They were on their way home from a country auction, where they had purchased a bookcase and a dozen white Leghorn hens. Katy must have found the encounter a pleasant one, for her eyes were doubly bright when she told me about it.

"Mr. Otter said he wished there had been a piano at the auction, too," she told me. "It seems that the girl William brought home—Lena—plays. And Mary wants to take lessons."

Katy had just come out of a roadside meadow, with a basket full of wild plants and small shrubs and evergreen seedlings she had dug up for a garden she was planting. Mr. Otter and William, recognizing her, had bowed in courtly fashion and she was moved to forget her timidity and speak to them. "They must be great lovers of books to carry that monstrous bookcase over three miles of country roads on such a hot day," added Katy enthusiastically.

"It looks to me as if they bought the bookcase purposely to fetch the hens home in."

"I prefer to believe they bought the hens so they could fill up the bookcase with books they buy with the egg money," returned Katy. "Evidently they're very nice people, and I'd like to do something for them."

"And what would you like to do?"

"I'd like to fill up that bookcase with books. We have too many as it is. Good books we don't even look at any more."

It turned out that Mr. Otter was much interested in Katy's projected wild-flower garden. He brought many fine, and some rare plants, most of them showing little green shoots; the season was still early.

Katy, as a return compliment, gave Mr. Otter books for his bookcase, which he shyly accepted. Katy said she thought at heart he was an intellectual.

The day Katy told Mr. Otter there was no room in her garden for more plants, he told her there was no room in his bookcase for more books. It contained a good collection, not only the classics we had resurrected from our attic, but stacks of modern novels, children's stories, history, adventure, nature, biography.

"I can see Mr. Otter reading to the children sitting around the fire this winter," said Katy warmly.

KATY and I visited her mother in Montreal that spring, but the middle of June found us on our way home. Katy was not disappointed in what had happened in her garden during our absence. The blue flag was out, the grass starred with forget-me-nots, and pink lady's-slippers twinkled on little hummocks.

Katy found half a dozen species of violets—Canada white, Selkirk's, marsh blue, smooth yellow, woolly blue, and bird's-foot—twinkling in the grass, growing out of soil placed in hollow logs, between flagstones, and in rock crevices.

Certainly Mr. Otter had succeeded in imparting to Katy's garden the cool moist flavor of the woodland.

"I give Mr. Otter a few old books I don't want myself, and he brings me kingly gifts like these," she murmured humbly.

Next day Katy called on the Otters and, since it had become a habit, she took a book along for Mr. Otter. "He found more room in my garden for flowers. I will find room in his bookcase for another book," she said, taking her departure.

But she came home much too soon. There was something very wrong. I knew it even before she got in the house.

"Well, what's the matter?" I said. "Has Mr. Otter decided to use the bookcase for a hen roost, after all?"

"No, the hens are in the hen house," Katy said. She paused and gave a sniff. "And the bookcase is in the parlor, full of books." Katy looked at me out of tragic eyes. "I never dreamed it, and I practically forced it out of him. I embarrassed him terribly; I'll never forgive myself. Mr. Otter can't read."

Katy was so upset about having forced Mr. Otter, whom she considered a distinctly intellectual type, to admit that he couldn't read, she cried her eyes out.

Mr. Otter wasn't particularly ashamed of the fact that he couldn't read, but he bitterly regretted having put a lady in a position which caused her so much mortification. One day when I met him on the road he explained that he felt he ought to return the books, since he had accepted them under false pretenses.

"But the children can read them," I said.

"And I read them some day too," he told me stoutly. "I am not always dumbbell. Lena, she says she teach me how to read."

My heart warmed toward Lena. Obviously Mr. Otter had grown to like her. I did recall, however, something Molly had whispered to me the day before, when I saw her at the bridge. "Mama never talk to Lena, only make faces at her, and look mad all the time."

I STOPPED up to see the Otters a few days later. "When I was in the village I stopped at the drugstore and asked Mr. Wagnalls to drop a couple of quarts of fresh strawberry ice cream here on his way home," I said. "It'll be all packed. I guess he's on his way up the hill now; a car just stopped down below."

But it wasn't the proprietor of the village drugstore, a summer resident of Smoky Valley—it was Calvin Otter who, a few minutes later, came pushing his obviously weary feet up the hill!

The Otters stared as if he were a ghost; then starry-eyed glances were exchanged among them. "It's Calvin—Calvin's coming home!"

A flock of children flew to greet him. Mrs. Otter's face glowed like the face of a figure on a church window when the sun strikes it.

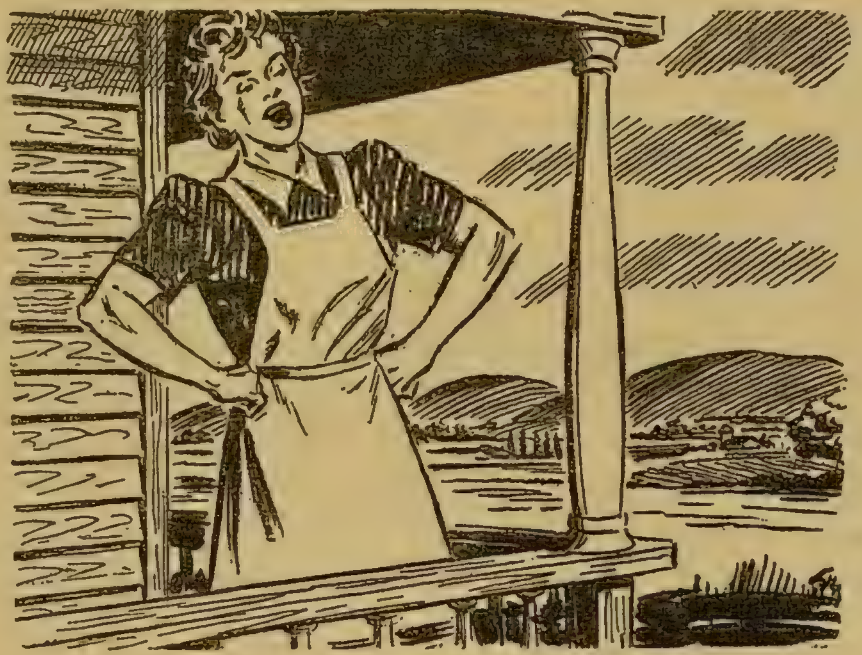
Calvin, whose approach had been impeded by a flock of young Otters clinging to his arms and legs, came across the lawn. Everything about him was downcast; Adam himself on his expulsion from Paradise couldn't have made a more eloquent figure of shame. Calvin broke away from the youngsters and flew into Mrs. Otter's arms.

The Otters were an emotional family, but with this difference: they stood firm against their tribulations, but their joys they submitted to. Again I told myself I had no business being here, a stranger, gazing upon this intimate home-coming.

Some of the babies were crying now, as they always did when a grown-up cried. Even Geoff's eyes were a little red, although he tried to look scornful. I only hoped that now Calvin had come home, William and Lena would be forgiven. When William brought Lena up to Calvin, the girl seemed frightened out of her wits. She couldn't talk.

As for Calvin, he acted as though her astonishing looks had stunned him. He sat down on the chopping block, as if in a state of collapse, and looked about dumbly, giving his head foggy little shakes. Mrs. Otter poured him a drink of water and he took it thirstily. "Best water in the county, mum," he muttered. After he had hidden his face behind the big dipper for a moment, he regained his composure. He did not look at Lena again.

Calvin was a fine-looking boy with his dark eyes, glistening black hair wet with rain, his tall slim figure. His shirt was in tatters, and one could see the brown, smooth skin underneath. His trousers hung on his long legs like stovepipes and some of his toes stuck out of the canvas shoes he wore. He looked famished, and judging from the wisps of dry grass and hay sticking on his clothes and hair, he must have been sleeping—and starving—in empty lots and haylofts.



"Is Calvin as handsome as William?" asked Katy when I got home and told her all about it.

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Curley, and when he saw Lena, he nearly swooned. Evidently he's just as susceptible, too."

A Little Belle Waiting for a Ring

Early summer scented and ornamented Smoky Valley. Chokeberries crimsoned the hedges, water lilies starred the hedge along the low shores of Aspen Pond, and orioles and bluebirds enlivened the roadside trees.

Davy and Dennis, Jennie and Molly and Tessie romped in the fields by the hour. Sometimes the children followed me on my favorite path along Otter Creek. If I decided to have a nap on the warm rocks, the little boys and girls would go away or play quietly by themselves. One afternoon when I woke up with my hat over my face (one of the children had thoughtfully put it there, to keep away mosquitoes), I heard, mingled with careening songs of blackbirds and babbling voices of the creek, the sound of weeping.

I got up and peered through the bushes.

It was Lena. She had come to have a good cry in private. I couldn't very well get away without revealing my presence to her, and I knew she would feel much better if she had her cry all out. I hung back and waited until she had wrung out the very last tear. Lena rinsed her handkerchief in the stream, squeezed it dry, dashed cold water on her face and wiped it off. She got out her lipstick and reddened her mouth. She seemed satisfied when she surveyed herself in the mirror the clear water made.

I waited a little while longer, then crashed through the bushes. "That rock's covered with poison ivy, Lena," I said. "You won't be so pretty if you catch that stuff."

Lena flung me a blue defiant look. "I've often been tempted to dash a bottle of vitriolic acid over my face. Then perhaps I wouldn't get myself and other people in so much trouble. As for poison ivy, I don't catch it. Besides," she added, a little spitefully, "I think William would like me even if I wasn't pretty."

I wasn't prepared for a blast like that.

"I'd like to speak to you," said Lena in a low voice. She picked up a stone, a small smooth one, and nervously clapped it from one hand to the other.

"Are wedding bells going to ring for you and William?" I asked, sitting on the rock a few feet away from Lena.

"If she'll let them."

"Who? Mrs. Otter?"

"Yes," gulped Lena. "But no matter how much he cared for a girl, William wouldn't marry her unless his mother liked her too." Here there was a note of pride rather than reproach in Lena's voice. "It's all family with him. He thinks the world of his home, of his mother and father, sisters and brothers. I would too, if only Mrs. Otter would let me. But she thinks I'm no good."

Picking a daisy that was nodding over the stream, she brushed it against her lips and then started biting down the stem. "Do you know," she said in her well-spoken way, "that even some of the little boys think I'm bad. One day Mickey asked me if all bad girls had red hair."

"I used to think that myself when I was a little boy," I said. "Then, when I grew up, I married a redhead."

"Yes, you're grown up now—not a little boy like Mickey—and you, too, think I'm not good enough for William, don't you?" said Lena quite desperately. "It's your opinion that I shouldn't have come, isn't it—and that perhaps I ought to go away?"

"Well, Lena," I began, lamely enough, "it's only fair to tell you that I can't understand why a girl as lovely as you, as well dressed, as well-spoken, who's obviously had some kind of background suggestive of luxury, culture, should come to Otter Hill—should want to stay—could be satisfied to share the future of a simple country boy who has nothing at all of the world's goods to offer."

But that wasn't what I really thought. I had about decided that it was because Lena's former life had been so poor in many things in which Otter Hill could be held rich that she was able to endure the low standard of physical existence on the windy hilltop. Fond of the Otters as I was, and picturesque as I found their domain to be, I myself could never have started existence as an adult in a house where eighteen people did most of their living in the kitchen.

LENA sat watching me with a bitter smile. "You don't think the police are after me and that Otter Hill's my hiding place?"

"I think a girl like you could honestly get almost anything she wanted out of life. Beauty's a happy gift, you know."

"That's what you think," Lena retorted. "I've found it a terrible cross. William brought me here so his mother could grow to like me. If I was homely and skinny and sickly, she *would* like me. Couldn't a homely, skinny, sickly girl be bad, too? And you wonder what it is I want at Otter Hill and why I should like to stay there. Well, I enjoy Otter Hill perhaps for the same reason you do. And you spend about one third of your time there. You think I mind the food and the appearance of the house? I love the farm and this valley."

That was enough for me. But Lena went on: "Besides, I really haven't a home to go to, not a nice one, anyway. My mother's up in Montreal at present, looking after herself, and she doesn't care much about having me around. Right now I might be something of a rival to her. And as for William, he isn't a simple country boy. If he's simple, he's intelligently simple, and that's fine. But I'll tell you why I really fell for him—he was practically the first man I ever met who treated me decently right from the start. I couldn't get over it, and I would live in a pigpen with him," finished Lena vehemently.

For a mere girl like Lena to have been so shaken because a male did not instantly attempt intimacy with her brought home to me the kind of life she must have been part of.

"I met William up in Watertown, where he was looking for Calvin," she said. "He didn't have a car, and I drove him around in one I borrowed—from another man." Lena gave me another one of her defiant looks. "After I'd known him four or five days, William asked me if he could kiss me good night."

Lena smiled softly and forgot for a few moments that I was alive. "The other boys took kisses for granted," she continued, "right from the beginning. But William treated me as if he thought I was just as nice as his sister Mary." Lena's mouth trembled the least bit when she said this. "Getting to know William was the sweetest thing that ever happened to me. I'd hated almost everything about men. But mother had brought me up to believe that popularity with men was very desirable and worth almost anything they asked for it. I didn't know any better. William liked me just for myself. He was content to hold my hand.

"I won't say I've been an angel," Lena went on. "But now that I know the Otters, I realize how hateful the kind of life my mother leads really is and I don't want it for me. But what can I do if Mrs. Otter sends me away? It's William I want to be good for."

"Why don't you go away together?" I said—to my instant regret, because it seemed like disloyalty to Mrs. Otter.

Lena spoke with the air of one who had given the matter serious thought. "If I got William to go away with me, he'd leave so much of himself behind at Otter Hill. I could get him to do it, I think, but he'd really hate to marry a girl his mother didn't like. No, I don't want it to be like that."

I LOOKED at Lena appreciatively, thinking that she was being wonderfully generous. Almost any other girl would have been delighted to separate the man she loved from a mother who disapproved of her.

Lena went on and told me something about her life. Her father had been a bootlegger, operating boats on the St. Lawrence River, plying between Canada and the States. Her father's river career had been an exciting one, and Lena, at a tender age, had had great experience of men and affairs—on boats, in hotels, courtrooms, jails, barrooms, trains, restaurants, and roadhouses. Her mother, not a domestic woman at all, liked to dine out, and Lena remembered closing her heavy eyes and falling asleep long past bedtime with her head on many a glass-topped restaurant table.

If they happened to be on the boat together, Lena's mother and father quarreled almost continuously. Lena's father was finally killed by revenue officers and her mother took up an itinerant sort of existence, dividing her time between Quebec, Montreal, Alexandria Bay.

"Now and then mama and I would go to a movie," Lena said, "and right from the first I enjoyed pictures showing nice family life, children's parties, everybody around the Christmas tree or the Thanksgiving turkey, and that sort of thing. I wanted nice things too, and when I saw William up in Watertown he seemed just the sort of man who epitomized them for me. Believe me, I went after him in a big way," admitted Lena quite unashamedly.

I had to laugh at that, but Lena was quite serious. "Papa put some money in a trust fund for me, and every month I get fifty dollars out of it. I could find a job and with what I earn and the little I get each month from the trust fund, William could go to aviation school. And I'd be as fit a wife as anybody."

"Of course you would, Lena," I said warmly.

"William's so lovely and so pleasant," said Lena, sitting back against the rock and relaxing a little. "Like some of the lines in the Song of Solomon. How do they go?"

" 'Yes, he is altogether lovely. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven—' "

"That's right," said Lena eagerly. "Say some more, please."

"'His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars'."

As I walked home, my head was a pleasant jumble of Lena, Mrs. Otter, wood ducks, the Song of Solomon—all comfortably stewing in the conviction that everything would come out all right.

Holy of Holies

It was music that helped bring Mrs. Otter and Lena together after their unhappy start. Lena played the piano very well, and nature had designed the Otters to be a musical family.

They had talent but no instruments to play on, except for Mr. Otter's battered old accordion.

Four-year-old Molly had the little silver calliope in her throat that piped every time she talked; Mr. Otter nursed a tenor, pleasing if not very strong; Mary sang soprano in the church choir; and Mrs. Otter owned a husky contralto.

Mr. Otter was a magician with his accordion. After a few glasses of cider had moved him to give a recital, his entire family gathered around to listen with appreciation. Mr. Otter played Czech folk songs, Old World waltzes, snatches from the operas, and when he improvised, with his eyes fixed dreamily on the lovely countryside spread like a fan below Otter Hill, what strange reedy melodies the man plucked from the accordion keys and sent dancing across Smoky Valley! Mr. Otter often remarked that it was his dream to have a piano in his house—a dream he never expected would be realized.

But one morning in mid-July, a heavy truck containing a huge rectangular box chugged up Otter Hill.

Not long afterward little Jennie came flying down the hillside like a yellowbird, completely out of breath when she reached my side in the garden. All she could do was look mutely at me out of starry eyes in a face transfixed by joy. After she had caught her breath, she begged me to come right away, "to see what came for us in a great big box."

Jennie's excitement was very infectious. I took her hand and we marched down the road. Neither one of us said a word. I could feel Jennie's pulse beat in her wrist. She led me up the rickety veranda steps, through the kitchen, into the cavelike front parlor.

There stood a brand-new very shiny upright piano, with Lena playing on it, a piano that couldn't have looked more out of place had one come across it in the middle of a tamarack swamp.

Lena was playing The Song of the Evening Star, from Tannhäuser. The entire family (except Mrs. Otter, who was bustling in the kitchen, trying to look indifferent) was gathered around, their faces blooming radiantly in the tremendous experience of it.

There was something almost sacramental in the atmosphere. The moment was so precious to the Otters, no outsider, like myself, should have been present. Old Corry was sitting in a corner drinking a cup of tea Mrs. Otter had given him, which he presently put down to rub his hands together in delight. "I have always found a cup of tea a soothing thing," he said, "yet the sound of the piano so excites me, I cannot hold the cup. The girl plays well," he added, catching Mrs. Otter's eye. "She has great feeling for the song."

I praised the piano for being lovely to look at and having a fine tone, and Mr. Otter modestly remarked a thing like that was much too good for them and their shabby old house. As I walked back to Red Maples, I wondered if the presence of the piano in the shack would have some kind of sociological effect on the family. I had noticed that the parlor in which it stood had just had the first good cleaning I could remember.

In the succeeding days things began to happen to the shack on the hilltop. The Otters determined to live up to the piano, to attempt to create for themselves a new standard of existence commensurate with what its ownership implied.

Mr. Otter, in a fit of enthusiasm, painted the trim—as it stood it was no fit tabernacle for the holy of holies that graced the front parlor. Mrs. Otter, likewise inspired, gave her dwelling the first good cleaning it had received since the family moved in, winding up by papering the walls and painting and varnishing the woodwork.

Mary made curtains out of material secured in King's General Store. Lena, accompanied by Jennie (who, during this siege of house cleaning and interior decoration, walked around looking as if she were in heaven), caught rides to the village, sometimes two and three times a day, coming home with chintzes, pictures, bowls, vases, and other ornamental knickknacks for the shelves and tables.

William attended another country auction, and for seven dollars secured a three-piece green plush parlor suite. The roof was covered with tar paper so that rain would not leak upon the piano. With improvements like these, and a bowl of fresh flowers on it most of the time, that piano gradually came to seem less astonished at finding itself in the shack on Otter Hill.

It was going all the time, too—there was usually a cluster of Otters waiting for their turn on the revolving stool; to play Chopsticks, Mary Had a Little Lamb, and Robin Ree, on a Tree, Saw a Cherry One Two Three. The children carefully washed their hands before touching the keys, a condition which often spread to their faces. I viewed the situation not without concern, because the little Otters did not seem altogether natural when they were overclean. I had always considered that part of their charm lay in the rose-dye shining through the scum on their faces. But my apprehension that the Otters, and with them their residence, were about to lose the picturesque distinction which had so endeared them to me was groundless.

One day, after the piano had been in the family about a month, the Otters invited me to spend an afternoon with them. They wanted, pardonably enough, to show off their home as they had fixed it up, and for me to view the piano in its new setting. I left Red Maples full of pleasurable anticipation; but as I made the steep ascent of the hill, I heard sounds of lamentation coming through the windows instead of the usual music and song.

Molly was sitting on the chopping block, crying hysterically. Davy and Dennis lay under the thorn-apple tree mixing the salt of their tears. Geoff sat on the veranda roof in stony silence—away from everything. Coo-Coo in her high chair parked on the lawn was screaming at the top of her lungs, although she couldn't have known what it was all about.

Mrs. Otter let me in the kitchen; she, too, was highly distressed about something.

Mr. Otter, usually so cheerful, seemed very crestfallen. Mary's eyes were red, and William looked deeply humiliated. The little girls, in a damp huddle behind the kitchen stove, had just stopped crying, but it looked very much as if they were going to start in again. In a hurried check-up, I accounted for them all as being intact and uninjured, and knew I wouldn't have to send home for my first-aid kit. It was something else.

THEN Mrs. Otter, a little reluctantly I thought, asked me to sit in the parlor, where they entertained their company, and at once I knew.

It was gone—it was gone! Acutely aware of my discovery, the Otters did not know where to look, and neither did I. Poor Mary wept without shame now. Mrs. Otter didn't seem to know how to begin.

Trying to keep the chagrin out of her voice, she explained the situation. After purchasing the piano from Flag's Department Store, they hadn't been able to keep up the weekly payments, and so the store had sent out their driver in a big truck to fetch it away.

Late that afternoon, Lena spoke to me when we met on the red iron bridge. "It's all my fault," she said bitterly. "Mary got a job in the village, tending a baby for the summer. She always wanted a piano, so I gave her enough money to make a payment on one, without letting Mrs. Otter know about it."

Lena fished for her handkerchief, a lacy one. "But the piano made a hit with Mrs. Otter right from the beginning. She was really all ears whenever I played, although at first she pretended not to be listening. Her manner toward me, by the way, is becoming friendlier all the while, even if she hasn't spoken to me directly yet. Yesterday I heard her ask Davy where Lena was—I can't tell you how flattered I felt to hear her use my name. But the family whose baby Mary tended moved away from the village and she lost her job. Mrs. Otter hadn't an extra penny, and neither had the boys, and what with the wrist watch I bought for William—that's a secret, too, from Mrs. Otter—I wasn't able to help with the payments that Mary expected to take care of herself. So they took the piano away. But," finished Lena vehemently, "some day I'm going to get them another one, if it's the last thing I do in this world."

When the holy of holies departed from the tabernacle the front parlor had become, that room gradually reverted to its former squalor. Nobody, excepting little Jennie, seemed to care how it looked any more. Mrs. Otter commenced to use it for a storeroom again and the plush sofa on which she put the baby to nap soon became spotted and stained. Because it was the coolest room in the house, she often did her washing and ironing there. Even the chickens, flying through on their way to the back yard, realized that old times were back again.

Sometimes I met little Jennie on the road, looking desperately unhappy. Her face flushed, her eyelids twitched, her mouth became convulsive when she spoke about the piano. She was always thinking about it. She hadn't loved it only for itself, but for what it stood—an era of better living at Otter Hill. Now that the piano was gone, Jennie realized the new era had gone with it, probably never to return.

A Garden Begins to Grow

The small Otters spent as much time in Otter Creek as they did on the surrounding dry land. "There ain't no dry-land ducks in this family," Mickey told me one day.

It was fun to sit on the railing of the red iron bridge, overgrown with woodbine and clematis, and some poison ivy, and watch them perform aquatic stunts. The babies went in naked, and the little girls wore nightgowns for bathing suits. They survived duckings and even prolonged immersions, accidental or otherwise, with shouts and laughter.

One steaming morning in July I found Lena sitting on the railing watching the children churn up the water into liquid mud. She looked radiantly happy as she dropped pebbles down on their heads and they shouted up at her.

"She smiled at me this morning," Lena told me happily. "It was the first time."

"Who smiled at you? Mrs. Otter?"

"Yes, there was no doubt about it," replied Lena. "Nobody else was in the room. She really began to like me, I think, when I commenced giving Mary and Jennie piano lessons. My, I'm grateful to you and your wife for that secondhand piano you gave us. Now, to tell the truth, I think she's going to speak to me first," finished Lena happily.

Lena was as gay as a bird that morning. She hummed a tune and blew a kiss to young Rolf who was looking up at her adoringly. The girl's country sojourn had warmed her skin and emphasized the crops of freckles on her nose.

It was a miracle, considering her residence (Lena lived in the barn as much as in the house), how she managed to look as if she were staying at the Ritz. Seeing them together now, it was obvious that Mrs. Otter, whose resentment had vanished, was beginning to enjoy having a girl like Lena around.

Certainly she was taking pleasure in the girl's beauty, her lovely clothes, and the natural vivacity which, so long hidden away, was now sparkling like a precious stone held in the warm sunlight. It was touching, the way the eyes of the little boys would light up when Lena showed herself in a pretty new dress, something bright and colorful for them to admire.

Lena kept me posted as to the various stages of Mrs. Otter's recognition of her. At first Mrs. Otter had felt very shy, and spoke to Lena only when the others were around, and never directly. She began by saying good morning and good night, and Lena was wise enough to accept such evidence of favor as though a queen were bestowing it. She was even careful not to presume upon the intimacy after Mrs. Otter called her Lena for the first time.

Her attitude was a proper combination of demureness and humility. Then, almost overnight, the pair became the best of friends and couldn't say enough to each other. When the children found Mrs. Otter accepting Lena at last, their pride in her, which they had at first concealed, simply became enormous.

It was good to come upon Lena surrounded by a cluster of the children, reveling in the attention she gave them, admiring her rings and bracelets and necklaces, smelling of her perfumed handkerchief, and begging her to remain at Otter Hill "for good."

Calvin was the only Otter who wouldn't give in to her. I often caught him on the side, watching her suspiciously, and responding curtly, and rather sourly, to the bright remarks and smiles she dropped him. He would walk away and sit down on the chopping block or drop in the grass, with an odd resentful look in his eyes.

Lena planted a garden that summer, the first one she had ever had. It was pleasant to watch her excitement in it. William dug up a plot of ground which Mrs. Otter said she might have, but the girl would allow no one to help her put in the seeds.

Mrs. Otter's admiration for Lena when she discovered this latest ornament in the girl's character knew no bounds. Anybody who loved to plant a garden and tend green growing things was a kindred spirit. Lena's garden had commenced to grow.

Next Door to Heaven

A representative of the Otter family was usually in attendance at Red Maples, even if it was only Rosie the cow.

We were never lonely. If some of the children weren't solemnly holding down chairs in our living room, enjoying what they thought was splendor, or sitting in our kitchen hopefully waiting for cookies or a dish of cereal, they were playing in the barn, having a game of croquet on the lawn, or weeding our vegetable garden.

During our absence they kept an eye on our place, watered the garden if necessary and hoed the potatoes.

The Otters had such great respect for the possessions of others, I often wished they had a better house of their own. Mrs. Otter longed to own a good house and a fine barn.

This ambition was not long in being realized.

Early one morning while I was in our garden, Geoff Otter, walking very fast, turned into our driveway.

He was talking to himself—I could see his mouth work. He had news for me that just couldn't wait, and he was already rehearsing it. When Geoff saw me, he gave a whoop and started to run.

"Say, d'ya know what?" broke out Geoff, his eyes sparkling, unable to contain himself another minute.

"No, what?" I put down my stakes and twine, prepared to be entertained. I don't think I'd ever known a boy who could be so miserable when he was miserable, and who could cram so much happiness into his face when he was glad.

"Well," he was all out of breath and panting, "did ya see Lena and William and Mary drive off a little whilst ago?"

"Yes, I did, and wondered where they were going." I lit a cigarette and sat down on the bench, prepared to receive Geoff's latest revelation. "They're not going to be married, are they—that is, William and Lena?"

"No, but it would be a smart thing if William did marry Lena and keep all that money in the family," said Geoff stoutly. "They're going up to Watertown on business."

Geoff closely watched for the effect of this intelligence on me, and I did not disappoint him. "Came a letter for Lena yesterday," he went on, "and guess what it said? It said there was some money for Lena up in a bank in Watertown. You know, her old man—her father—useta be a bootlegger and he put money in different banks under different names so's the gover'ment couldn't check up on 'em. Well, they jist found out he rented a safety-deposit box in a bank in Watertown under another name, and when they opened it up they found five thousand dollars in it, all in cash. Now, what d'ya think of that?"

"I think it's very nice for Lena, don't you?"

Geoff grinned, and I guessed what he was thinking. He knew it was very nice for his family too. Lena was so generous, they would all benefit by this windfall.

"Well," Geoff went on, "Lena hadda go up, of course, and see the family lawyer. Her mother'll git half the money and Lena'll git the other half. After she pays the tax she'll have almost twenty-five hundred dollars. And d'ya know what she's gonna do with it? She's gonna spend it on the farm. Mum says she won't let her, but Lena says mum jist can't stop her."

The Otters spent the next two days in a fever of impatience and curiosity, waiting for Lena and Mary and William to come home "with all that money."

I was at Otter Hall the evening they came back.

Mrs. Otter kissed Lena affectionately, and I was again glad they had become friends before Lena came into the money. The girl had bought gifts for the whole family, and she distributed them at once.

Watching the scene with pleasure, I noticed a look of apprehension suddenly erase the smile in which Geoff's face was wreathed.

"Gee, Lena, have ya got any o' that money left?"

Lena laughed excitedly. "Don't worry, Geoff, I didn't spend it all on presents."

Out of her purse, which she turned upside down into her lap, tumbled a pile of wealth—hundred-, fifty-, twenty-, and ten-dollar bills. Truly the sight of it stimulated almost to delirium the chronically hard-up Otters. All the children wanted to hold it—to know how it felt to hold so much money, besides just look at it.

Mr. Otter alone had felt badly about accepting help from the girl, in contrast to Mrs. Otter's eagerness. He had held out against Mrs. Otter in this, but she finally won him over. "Kids grow up, everybody work, we save money and pay you back, Lena," he said huskily.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Mrs. Otter without too much conviction, "we pay back." Mrs. Otter was a wise woman, and she must have seen how happy Lena was in making her money a gift to them.

That money was put to work at once.

Mrs. Otter had spent hours planning what she would do with the place if she had the means. She would, naturally, think more about her barn than about her house. Timber bought secondhand was drawn to Otter Hill, and the boys brought bags of cement from the village, and gravel from near-by sand pits. Mr. Otter, William, and a man hired for the work tore down the old barn and put up a new one—so quickly I could almost see it grow.

It couldn't grow fast enough for the Otters, however. They were in a perfect ferment to have everything done at once. Mrs. Otter pitched in and helped, working just like a man. The little boys fetched tools and carried water and pulled rusty nails out of old timbers, straightening them out to be used again. Some of the timbers from the old barn were put into the new, and others were sawed and split for kindling. The roof of the new barn was laid over with a sheeting of tin, and the whole thing painted red trimmed with white.

The barn off her mind, Mrs. Otter got after the house. The rotting moss-eaten veranda was torn off the house and a new and larger one added, with a brick sidewalk, and a flight of red brick steps leading up to it. Water coming through the roof every time it rained was not a pleasant thing, even to a pioneer family like the Otters. A new roof was put on the house.

A cement floor was laid in the cellar and many repairs were made on the inside and outside of the dwelling. The floors were propped up and straightened out.

The hens had always roosted in the barn, spending their nights with Rosie the cow. William built a new hen house with a capacity of five hundred chickens. One morning four fat Guernsey cows were welcomed by the family like so much royalty and put into their separate stalls in the new barn.

A good barn, a fine house with a cement floor in the cellar, a herd, flocks—Mrs. Otter now had them all. This meant that she had everything she wanted and wouldn't have changed places with the Queen of England.

Mrs. Otter was so grateful for everything, she decided it was time to give thanks to the Lord.

A mission was conducted by Catholic fathers in the little church near United Settlement, and every morning Mrs. Otter rose at four o'clock and walked two miles to attend the five o'clock Mass. She told me there was nothing so fresh and calm as the countryside at four in the morning and heartily advised me to get up one day at that hour and find out for myself.

Mrs. Otter brought blessed candles, and a bottle of holy water, every drop of which Molly had drunk half an hour after Mrs. Otter put it down on the kitchen table. Molly became frightened and wept when she learned that the water was holy water and that her insides were now blessed. Mickey refilled the bottle from the well, and the children agreed not to tell their mother.

The Pillar of Fire

Lightning played in the storm clouds the wind was driving across the sky over Otter Hill, and the Otter family was trying hard not to be blown away.

The high winds had the ring of annihilation in them, and Mrs. Otter was anxiously trotting around in her bare feet, propitiating the heavens by sprinkling what she thought was holy water on the veranda, and lighting blessed candles to place in the windows.

Some of the windowpanes were already broken, so the candles went out, and as I came up the hill, Mickey told me that since it wasn't really holy water that Mrs. Otter had sprinkled around, it wouldn't do any good.

"Gee, this is gonna be a humdinger," shouted Rolf, his voice sounding miles away. I wanted to get home before the rain fell, and the wind all but picked me up and carried me away.

The storm reached its greatest velocity at noon. The two red maples on our lawn were uprooted in a twinkling of the eye. Every pane of glass on the north side of our house crashed through. As we were mopping up the torrents of water that came in through the broken windows, I found myself worrying not so much about ourselves as about the big family on its hilltop home. They were so much more exposed to the storm than we were.

I tried to go outside, to take stock of the damage on our grounds, but I couldn't open the front door, because a tree had crashed against it. It was sad to see our ravished garden and the damage that had been done to the trees and shrubs. I quickly forgot all about that, however, when I saw a thick column of smoke curl over Otter Hill.

As I climbed the hill, old Corry, drenched to the skin, came hurrying to meet me. "Fire and death have struck!" cried the old man, the tears running down his cheeks. "The barn, which poor Mrs. Otter prized above her dwelling, is in ruins. The cattle are all dead." I took the trembling old man by the arm and led him up the hillside. No—the house hadn't been torn from the landscape, but the wind had ripped off the new roof and scattered it in pieces over the hillside. A huge tomahawk couldn't have done a neater job.

Beyond that, I was to discover the thing which, as old Corry had suggested, was even worse: the smoke rising in thick columns from the remains of the barn.

The hen house, which had adjoined the barn, was also in ruins. It had gone up more quickly than the barn, and all that was left was a charred heap of debris containing roasted goose, turkey, and chicken the Otters would never eat a sliver of. True to an old habit of hers, Rosie the cow had wandered off that morning after milking, and when the storm came up had taken refuge under a big pine tree. Walter came leading her up the hill and she was received with tears of gladness by the family. At least Rosie had been spared!

"I can't understand how the barn went up so quickly when it was raining so hard," said Walter. He was arranging his books on a rock to dry out. They were all wet and quite spoiled and I could see that the boy felt miserable about them.

"The hay caught on fire," said Geoff. "The inside burnt out and then the framework fell in. And we jist sent for a lightnin' rod yesterday and the barn wasn't insured!"

William and Calvin wasted no time in idle regrets. Their mouths set tight, they went on cleaning away debris, and I pitched in to help them.

Mr. Otter had been in the village during the storm, and I shall never forget the look on his face when he came up the hill and saw the devastation. He made no comment at all, but just sat down on the chopping block and stared. Mrs. Otter, giving him a brave smile, slipped her arm around his waist.

Old Corry commenced to show signs of acute illness. He was breathing as fast as a kitten and making spasmodic gestures with his hands. His eyes rolled. "The beetle, the beetle, mum!" cried Mickey. "It's gettin' ready to crawl round in Corry's brain. I kin tell. That's the way he acts." Old Corry collapsed on the ground. The big boys picked him up and put him on the sofa, which had been carried out of doors to dry. Mr. Otter held the old man firmly but gently and the family looked with their anguished eyes from old Corry to the roofless house to the charred remains of the barn.

But perhaps the unhappiest one of them all was Lena.

Her face was drained of every vestige of color and she was wringing her hands. "Oh," she moaned, "this is terrible. Mrs. Otter loved the barn so much, she wanted to sleep in it."

Lena looked around to make sure nobody was in hearing. "Do you know," she said, almost whispering, "that on hot nights Mary and I used to make beds in the hayloft. The hay smelled so sweet, and when it rained, the sound of the raindrops on the roof was so lovely and soothing. I loved it. But when I got up this morning I left my purse in the barn, on one of the rafters where I thought it would be safe. It had all my money in it."

Lena's tears poured freely. When she was able to talk, she continued, "The money burnt up with the barn. Over two thousand dollars." She looked at me out of eyes full of anguish and incredulity. "And none of this stuff is paid for yet. I settled with the carpenter for his time, that's all. I still owe nine hundred dollars for the timber and material that went into the barn, the new roof on the house, the cement floor, and the cows and the fowl. Oh, what am I going to do?"

Some coherent words were struggling through old Corry's lips. "How is it?" muttered the old man, "that the Lord permitted Rosie to escape and destroyed the new herd? Is it because Rosie was come by honestly?"

"Listen to him," said Lena. "Like everything he says, it seems to have a grain of sense in it."

"Well, Lena," I joked, "if Molly hadn't drunk up the bottle of holy water—"

But Lena couldn't smile and didn't want to hear jokes. "Something else happened because of me," she mourned. "It happened last night, in the barn. Between William and Calvin. They had a fight. They rolled over on the floor, punching and hitting each other. If Mrs. Otter had seen them, it would have broken her heart. If she'd known they were fighting because of me, I'll bet she'd have sent me away flying. Calvin told William he knew all about me, that I was no good, that I was only buying my way into a respectable family. He said if I stayed much longer he'd clear out. I don't know—" Lena's voice trailed off in an anguish of silence.

"Don't tear yourself apart like this, Lena."

"I spoke to William after the fight," she sobbed, "and he said that Calvin and he had just been having a little wrestling match and that Calvin got a little rough, that was all. But I think he realized I knew what it was all about. And now he's sad, too."

Mrs. Otter came up and laid a comforting hand on Lena's shoulder. And even if a dream of many years had just been swept away, Mrs. Otter found a thought for Katy and myself. "Storms do plenty of damage, eh?" she said, adding anxiously, "Your house all right? Me see two red trees fall down in front."

I took half a dozen little Otters home with me. Poor things, it was such an adventure for them to spend a night in somebody else's house, even if it was because their own had been wrecked.

Mr. Otter's Temporal Welfare

Short-legged, golden-haired Mickey Otter reminded me of a plump yellow duck trying to go fast. One afternoon a few days later he came waddling and puffing up our driveway, locomoting with such difficulty that I thought it a pity he couldn't swim over like the fowl he resembled. I shouldn't have been surprised to hear him greet me with an anxious quack! quack!

"Pa's awful sick," he said. "He fell in the ditch and ma thinks he had a heart attacked. She wants ya to come right over. He don't answer us when we talk ta him and ma's 'fraid he's gonna die if we can't git the doctor."

In the kitchen at Otter Hill Mrs. Otter was drying her cheeks on her apron. It was the first time I had seen Mrs. Otter so terribly frightened, or Mr. Otter when he wasn't feeling "fine, fine." I took Mr. Otter's pulse and pronounced it normal, but Mrs. Otter said piteously, "My Florian never sick like this before. No can walk, no can talk, no can stand up. Have so much trouble, house get damaged, barn burn up, he have heart attacked. Please get priest for my Florian," Mrs. Otter beseeched me.

I was sure Mr. Otter hadn't had a heart attack, but I drove as fast as I could. Dr. Barney was out, and I left word at his office. A few minutes later I found Father Justin inspecting a fresco in the vestibule of the new church he was building in the village. He tried to find his assistant, without success, and at length decided to make the sick call himself.

Father Justin greeted the Otters. Back in the kitchen I found that a change, hardly discernible, had come over them all. The babies had stopped crying and were quietly playing in a corner of the room with wooden blocks which William had cut out and painted for them.

There was a secret contained look on Molly's face. The other children had regained their composure, and Mrs. Otter seemed not so much frightened now as nervous. Mr. Otter lay propped up on the couch, his face slightly distorted, but he was conscious now and he smiled at us wanly.

"We think he's got somethin' ketchin', father, so don't go too clost to him," said Geoff; and Mrs. Otter, who once told me she did not believe in germs, nodded her head in vigorous affirmation. With a courteous gesture, she took the priest by the arm and put him in a rocker some feet away from the couch on which Mr. Otter lay. Mr. Otter groaned, a healthy enough groan, and rolled his eyes. "Feel like angel and devil they make monkey business in my stomach."

FATHER Justin spoke gravely: "Do you wish to make your confession now? It may be possible to exorcise the devil of which you speak."

"Oh, no, no, no," groaned Mr. Otter. "I cannot think about my sins now, my head she is too weak, it does not work good. Some other day, please, when I feel better."

Father Justin looked at the patient reflectively. "He seems too upset to make his confession, yet he is not ill enough for the extreme unction. In that case, I should hurry back to my church. I am greatly behind in my work."

Mrs. Otter spoke apologetically: "Yes, Florian feel better, no need sacrament. Besides, me no got bread in house, no got holy water, blessed candle. Molly drink up bottle."

Father Justin glanced around the room. Calvin and Lena were not present, but William had come home, and he was sitting in a corner with Coo-Coo in his lap. Like everybody who came here, I could tell that Father Justin was charmed by the sight of Mrs. Otter's handsome boys, her pretty girls, and her fat golden babies.

Father Justin's eyes softened, and I think for once he forgot about his church—but William soon reminded him.

"What style is your church, father?" he asked. "I can't tell by looking at it from the outside."

The Otters were all watching and listening so closely I got the impression that they were biding time. Father Justin's face lit up beautifully and he gave William a look of respect. When he spoke now, his voice sounded like a bell: "It is thirteenth-century Gothic, a style at once exquisite, dignified, and scholarly. It makes them who say the Gothic is a dead style look very foolish."

Mrs. Otter kept smiling and nodding, as if she understood every word of this learned architectural discourse. Certainly she wished the priest to go right on talking, even if it was over her head.

Father Justin, full of his church, and inspired by a receptive audience, went on: "You must realize the task of designing a church varies greatly from any other which faces the architect. A church must live and breathe. Every line must be designed to lead to the high altar, which is the true climax of the church—indeed, the only reason for its existence."

"Oh, yes, sure," said Mrs. Otter, as if in all this her own deep convictions found confirmation.

Father Justin remained in the kitchen two hours, speaking about his church almost constantly. Mr. Otter woke and dozed by turns, and so did the babies, but Mrs. Otter and William and his brothers listened to the priest with flattering attention. Finally Mr. Otter shook himself, sat up and said in a lugubrious voice, "Maybe father like a drink of cider, make good talk about church, just like prayer book. Wet whistle for him."

The Otters looked shocked, but Father Justin, acting as if he had not heard, rose and blessed the patient, shook hands with everybody, and promised to come again. We stood on the veranda chatting with Mrs. Otter when Dr. Barney (who had brought at least half a dozen Otters into the world) drove up the hill with Lena at his side. He had met her on the road. Dr. Barney looked very gay for an old man.

When Lena saw Father Justin, she flushed crimson and then turned pale. Father Justin, for his part, seemed astonished by her presence at Otter Hill—he looked as though he couldn't believe his eyes. She slipped away without greeting him. But Dr. Barney shook the priest's hand vigorously and offered to give him a lift back to the village if he could wait a little while. Father Justin then turned to Mrs. Otter, remarking with dismay on Lena's presence at Otter Hill—and Mrs. Otter only shook her head in perplexity. Lena sneaked upstairs the back way.

In the kitchen, Dr. Barney opened his bag and at once proceeded to examine the patient; but Mrs. Otter, who, I suspected, was unwilling to pay out three dollars for a sick call, refused to give him time to make the diagnosis, which she pronounced herself:

"Papa not sick. Papa just drunk, that all."

Dr. Barney did not seem displeased. "Papa ketch ride home from work with boss," Mrs. Otter explained. "See hull case of whisky drop off truck on road. Pick him up, sample him good. Papa not used to whisky. First get drunk, then get big cramp in stomach. Me think he have heart attacked, send for priest. Me no want tell priest papa drunk—that big disgrace in fambly."

"Did you send for Father Justin before you sent for me?" asked Dr. Barney gruffly.

"Oh, no, we sent for you first," said Geoff.

Dr. Barney's eyes twinkled. Geoff was a great favorite with him. "Well, I'd rather find your dad drunk than dying, any old day. I don't know about Father Justin, though."

"Father Justin's a very good man, doctor," said William gravely.

Mrs. Otter squeezed Mr. Otter's hand. "Poor papa," she said. "Devil and angel stop fighting in belly?"

"I think devil win," said Mr. Otter meekly.

"Cheer up, pa," said Mickey. "You'll be as good as new tomorrow."

After Dr. Barney had given Mr. Otter some medicine, Mrs. Otter fetched the big brown jug and poured the doctor a good drink of cider. Before he left, he produced a half dollar which he told Geoff to put in his bank. Then, looking extremely affable, and without mentioning a fee, he said good-by to the family and went out.

I FOUND an almost hysterical Lena waiting for me on the roadside, at the foot of Otter Hill. She had come down the back way, she told me, so nobody could see her, and she had hidden a traveling bag in the bushes near by. She was ready for flight. "Yes, I'm going," she half sobbed.

Of course I had guessed Lena's secret.

"Don't, Lena," I said. "It won't make any difference to Mrs. Otter now that they've all learned to love you—"

Lena wouldn't listen. "I deceived you, too," she said darkly. "I might have told you the truth, at least. *I* was the girl Father Justin found Calvin with that night in the lane near his house—the girl he said was the worst girl who had ever visited the village. And he's right."

"Don't talk that way, Lena."

She paid no attention. "Last spring I came down to the village and saw Calvin at a dance. Do you remember I told you how nice William had been to me? Well, Calvin was nice to me too—treated me just like a perfectly respectable girl—and I said to myself, 'I'm going after that boy for fair. I didn't know there were any boys like that.' It wasn't hard to make Calvin like me," Lena went on. "We generally met in the lane near the priest's house, and that's where he caught us that night. Whatever might have happened was mostly my fault, I guess. After Calvin ran away, I determined to go and find him. I was looking for him, just like William was, when I met William up in Watertown, and I threw myself at William just like I had thrown myself at Calvin. But William fell in love with me and I fell in love with him. He was more serious than Calvin."

Lena sighed and went on: "I like serious, sober men—I'd met so many playboys and drunks and silly old fools through mama. But of course I was afraid to tell William that I'd known Calvin, and that it was because of me Calvin had lost his job with Father Justin. I just figured, when I made William bring me here, that I'd be able to win Calvin over—and keep him from telling on me. Well, he didn't tell on me, didn't let the family know who I was, but I couldn't win him over again, and I don't blame him. When Father Justin recognized me this afternoon, I hid on the side of the house and I heard him tell Mrs. Otter I had no business here, and that I wasn't fit company for the children. I don't know what she thinks of me now, and I'm not going to wait and find out. I really can't face it, together with what they'll all feel when they learn I let my purse burn up in the fire and that I can't pay for the barn, the new roof, and the cows—" Lena's voice trailed off in a sob.

"Nonsense, Lena. You'll find out—"

But Lena wouldn't let me get in a word. "Mrs. Otter thought I was bad enough when I first came, and now that she knows about me and is going to find out that I can't pay for what I made her buy, what's she going to think? And if somebody doesn't pay for all that stuff—even if it's all gone now—she'll lose her home. It's up to me. I'm going north—and see if I can earn, beg, borrow, or steal some money. I'll send it to Mrs. Otter if it's the last thing I ever do and even if it means I can never come back here. I left a note for William in his room, telling him everything I hadn't the courage to tell him to his face."

"Let me drive you to the village anyway, if you must go, Lena," I said, hoping to hold her some way.

"No, no," she said, drying her eyes and opening her bag to apply lipstick to her mouth. "Here comes a ride now. Watch me get it. You've never seen me in action." Lena pumped my hand and turned away.

There seemed to be only one other way of holding Lena, and I decided to use it. "Lena, please don't go. Come and stay with Katy and me, at least until you've thought things over. Red Maples is your home, you know, in a way. You used to live there when you were a little girl."

Lena stared at me a long time, then collapsed on her suitcase. "That house—mama—when I was a little girl—" her voice came in whispers.

"Yes, you used to live in Red Maples when you were a little girl. Katy found a doll up in the attic that must have been yours; we want to give it to you. And here comes old Corry down the road to keep you from going, Lena. He used to live in Red Maples, too. Can you guess who he is? He's your grandpa. Your mother probably told you he was dead."

"So I've got a grandpa," said Lena, "and I almost had a nice big family. But it's too late." Lena got up, a little unsteadily. "Here's my ride."

Then, on the spot, Lena seemed to put on a mask. Suddenly she stopped being like the girl she had turned into since she came to Otter Hill. She looked at me hard—looked at me as if I were a stranger. "Be nice to the harmless old man," she said, "and see that everybody else is. I'll pay you, too."

Lena flung a wild provocative smile at the truck driver that made him jam on the brakes. It was the kind of smile that would have stopped a thousand trucks. The beefy unshaved fellow looked stunned at the spectacle of a beauty like Lena on the roadside, then fatuously delighted when he realized she wished to be his passenger. He jumped off the seat and took her bag and helped her get in. Lena did not look at me again as I stood by, watching her go. But I heard her laugh boisterously as the truck rumbled down the dirt road. . . .

I SAT down on a big rock waiting for Corry to come up. But he did not stop when I called to him. Breathing heavily, groaning a little, he passed me by and disappeared in the woody path. I went home wondering what was wrong with the old man. Nearly everyone seemed to be ailing one way or another that day.

Katy was ailing, too. "Corry left here a little while ago!" she cried. "And in what a state! I met him on the road in all the heat and he asked if he could stop for some water. While I was in the kitchen, I heard a series of horrible exclamations, and when I returned—there was Corry in our little sitting room."

Katy looked at me guiltily. "Can you guess?" she said.

"He recognized the room, I suppose."

"Yes, he knew where he was at last. He recognized the pictures, and the divan, and the mirrors—I could tell he recognized everything. You know, the room's exactly as it was when he lived here."

"What did he do?" I said.

"He began to shout 'sin' and 'damnation', and then he rushed out of the house. He shrank away from me. I actually believe he took me—for one of the girls Red's mother used to keep here," said Katy, not looking at all displeased.

"Well, there's been more than one dénouement hereabouts today, Katy," I said. "Father Justin recognized Lena this afternoon. She's the girl Calvin got mixed up with when he was living at the priest's house. Lena's the girl we've always called Red."

The Music of the Flood

The north country was deluged with cloudbursts late in August, and Otter Creek went on a big spree.

A flood surged through Smoky Valley, Geoff Otter went into a unique business as the result of it, and old Corry was brought back to Otter Hill.

The cloudbursts occurred in the village and above it over a period of a week. Modest Nine-mile Creek, of which Otter Creek was but a tributary, and normally a shallow pebbly stream, became a raging torrent.

One morning Geoff Otter came over in his high boots and asked if he might borrow our tennis net. "But this is hardly tennis weather, Geoff," I said, after I had fetched it. "Do you want some balls and rackets, too?"

"No, we ain't gonna play tennis," replied Geoff, grinning. He thanked me for the net, threw it over his back, and without explanations went across the lawn, which was under two inches of water. I soon found out what the youngster was up to.

Geoff had been sitting on a big rock hanging over the creek, watching the flood sweep past. He had the type of mind that sought to turn all things, even natural phenomena, into financial profit. The creek was then at its highest flood level, almost even with the floor of the red iron bridge. Geoff saw a kitchen chair—one of which Mrs. Otter was badly in need—come floating downstream.

If a kitchen chair came through, perhaps a kitchen table would come along next. Accordingly Geoff, with the help of his brothers, stretched our net across the creek, weighing it down with chunks of scrap iron and tying the ends to trees on each bank.

Every evening just before it got dark, Geoff and his brothers would stretch the net across the creek and bring in their catch next morning. In the second haul they got a spinet desk, a cradle, an ironing board, and a big wash basket. Mrs. Otter enjoyed the fun as much as the boys, and she was quite as excited as they.

The Otters kept the news of their netting a secret from outsiders. It was Geoff's great fear that someone who lived upstream might hear of his sport and copy his idea. In that case, Geoff said, they would catch everything and he would get nothing. Certainly he didn't want that to happen. He told me he didn't believe that the climax to his netting had yet come. He felt sure that he was still to catch some strange, wonderful, and perfectly unexpected thing.

One morning, while Alix and Walter were helping me carry buckets of mud out of the cellar, Mickey came running over and down the back steps. He was so frightened he stuttered when he asked me to come over right away. I feared one of the children had finally drowned in the swollen creek, but Mickey shook his head and said no, it was something Geoff had just caught in our tennis net.

We put down our buckets and went over in our high boots, to find the Otters assembled on the creek bank.

Geoff tried to grin when he saw me, but without success; he was really quite white under his tan. I had exercised my imagination to the utmost on the way over, but I wasn't quite prepared for what I did find. "Well, what did you ketch, Geoff?" asked Alix, while I looked from one subdued Otter to another.

"A man," replied Geoff in accents of awe; and Mrs. Otter nodded her head in halfhearted affirmation.

"Well, let's call Dr. Barney," I said. "He's the county coroner, you know. But first I'll get on the raft and take a look at the man." I'd seen too many dead men in China to be upset by one who had merely drowned.

THE tennis net had broken away from the opposite bank and been swept into the middle of the stream. Tangled strong in its folds was a body and a small uprooted tree. I pulled at the net cord, and the mass, consisting of a tree, tangled net, and human body, moved slowly toward the raft. I was able to examine the body closely. It was old Corry.

Dr. Barney arrived two hours later in the coroner's wagon. He greeted the Otters in his good-naturedly crabby way, and at once singled out Geoff, his favorite. "Well, Geoff, who's been drinking this time?" he boomed.

"You drink, doc!" cried Mrs. Otter, plainly showing her anxiety to be on the right side. "Me get you glassful cider." She opened the trap door and disappeared into the cellar.

"Nobody's been drinkin', doc, and pa ain't here. We ain't jist got a drunken man on our hands this time. D'ya remember when you was here last, you said you'd rather find a drunken man than a dead one? Well, sorry to disappoint ya. This time it's a dead man. I caught him whilst I was fishing. And these are some of the things I caught." Geoff made a sweeping motion, indicating the loot lined up on the lawn to dry in the sun.

"Well, let's have a look at him," said the doctor. He ran his eyes over some of the items the Otters had fished from the creek. "Mrs. DeBanks will be glad to get that old table back, Geoff," he said. "Her great-grandfather made it, almost a hundred years ago."

Geoff brightened a little. I had a notion he would emerge from this debacle a hero. The Otters trotted down to the creek, following the doctor and his assistant, who carried along their cider glasses. Dr. Barney lifted the blanket to examine the body, and the assistant searched old Corry's clothes for identification. None of the Otters admitted they had known the demented old fellow.

The assistant coroner produced a small lady's bag from one of old Corry's cavernous coat pockets. It was a beaded bag, and the Otters recognized it at once. "Lena's bag," gasped Geoff, "that she thought was left in the barn and that she thought got burnt up." Geoff went on in whispers: "Old Corry had it all the time. He musta stole it from the barn the day it got struck by lightning."

The bag was water-soaked, of course. When the young man opened it, under the eyes of the Otters, it was found to be crammed with money—water-soaked money, but quite reclaimable. There were all Lena's hundred-, fifty-, and twenty-dollar bills.

"Old Corry was probably gonna throw it away," said Geoff. "Maybe in the creek. Then he fell in himself and maybe stayed there until the flood picked him up and brought him downstream." Geoff summed it up like that.

"So Lena's money didn't git burnt, it got drowned," said Mickey.

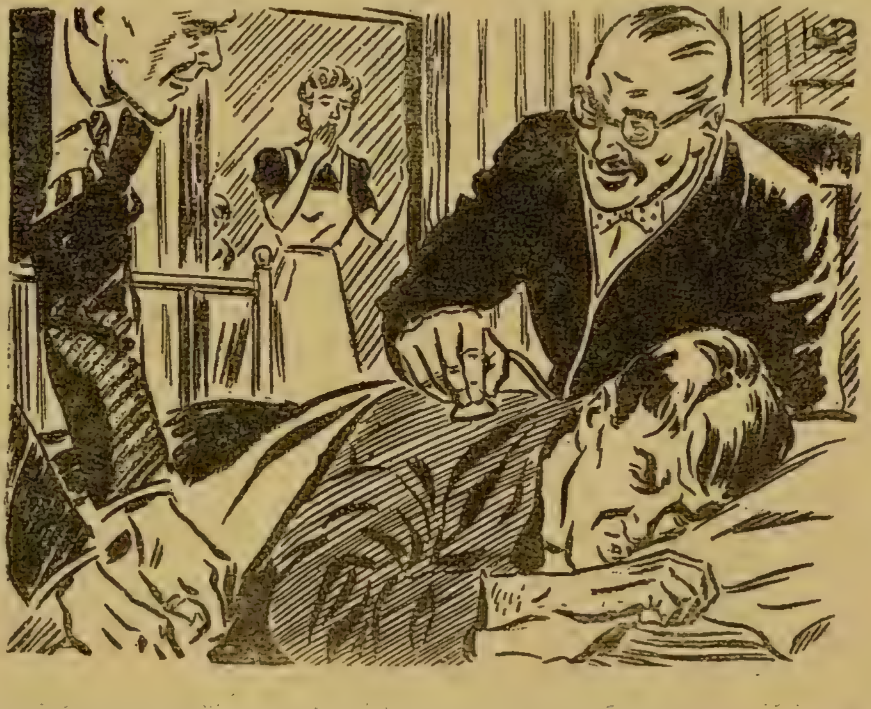
Burnt or drowned, the Otters did not profit by it. Dr. Barney took it in charge, saying he would ask Father Justin to help him locate the girl or her mother.

Mrs. DeBanks gave Geoff a ten-dollar bill for the return of the old kitchen table Dr. Barney had recognized. Outside of that, none of the other stuff Geoff had caught was claimed by the rightful owners. Before the flood subsided, half a dozen families, many of them very respectable folk, had stretched nets across Otter Creek in Smoky Valley.

Christmas Cactus

The Otters were mourning over their Christmas cactus plant as if it were a dear corpse.

Molly, thinking the pink buds might taste like the candies they resembled, had picked and eaten every one of them and now the plant was quite denuded.



"I don't think Christmas is gonna amount ta much round here this year," Geoff said, quite pleasantly. "I guess the big bad wolf hangin' round our door'll scare old Sanny Claus away for good."

Mrs. Otter, who was baking that day, washed the bread dough from her hands and spoke cheerfully as she turned to the window, gazing down upon the desolate splendor of the snow-choked valley that lay below Otter Hill.

"Well, it *look* like Christmas, anybody," she remarked. "Everything nice and white, plenty of snow for Sanny Claus to drive reindeer."

"Mum's got twenny-five dollars, but Mrs. Merino's comin' today ta collect," said Geoff. "Then we'll be practically broke, because pa don't git paid again till after Christmas. William either."

Mrs. Merino came in at that moment.

Mrs. Otter merely nodded to her and then stepped into the woodshed, returning with a pitcher of fragrant cider, which she practically waved under the Italian woman's nose. Fetching a tumbler from the shelf, she removed a bunch of keys, several buttons, safety pins, and clips for which it had served as depository, filled it up with cider and placed it, without a word, at the table next to Mrs. Merino—whose face immediately assumed a very crafty expression.

"Oh, no, Meta Otter," she cried. "You no make me drunk *thisa* time. Fool me oncet but no fool me twiced."

"Maria Merino," said Mrs. Otter, "this Christmastime me need some change for buy presents for children. Maybe sober, maybe drunk, but you take twenny-five dollar from me this month, you take from my dead body."

Mrs. Merino commenced pounding the table so hard it shook the house, and the children watched her with great interest.

"Meta Otter," she cried, "you giva me twenny-five dollars thisa month or I pitcha you and kid out in middle of ditch!"

"And what happen then?" returned Mrs. Otter easily. "House fall apart. At least me keep him together for you. Yes, me keep twenny-five dollars this month," said Mrs.

Otter evenly. "You wait for money this time, get it New Year's maybe. You rich like Rockefeller anyhow, Maria Merino. Have money to burn."

"That will be vera nize, vera nize," purred Mrs. Merino, looking dangerous. But at the moment William came in from the parlor, where he had put a log in the stove, and she immediately changed the purpose of her visit.

"William," she boomed, "pretty soon it tima for you taka wife. My Angeline, she maka good wife for you. She gotta five hundred dollar in bank, and I give her lot for bungalow."

"Oh, shucks, Mrs. Merino," cried Geoff, promptly declining the proposal for his brother, "William gotta stay home for a long time yet and help mum round the place. He don't go out much with girls 'cept when he's feelin' a little sociable. Besides, William had a girl oncet that had twenny-five hundred dollars. Five hundred ain't so much."

"You keepa big mouth shut," hissed Mrs. Merino. "William speaka for himself. Plenty old enough."

"I think Angelina's a nice little girl, Mrs. Merino, but there's somebody else I like better," said William.

"You mean that Lena?" snorted Mrs. Merino. "Well, you taka from me, that girl do you biga favor when she go away. Chase after her, you damn fool. She plant the flower, she water the flower, play the piano, do the fancywork, afraid to get hand dirty. That no kinda wife for man to have."

WILLIAM picked up Nannie and put her in his lap. "I'm old enough to pick out my own women, Mrs. Merino," he said, "but thanks for being so interested."

"Say, Mrs. Merino, if William marries your Angelina and takes her offen your hands, will ya cancel the five hundred dollars mum borrowed from you? After all, it would all be in the family. How 'bout it?" cried Geoff.

Mrs. Merino threw back her head and roared. Cold-blooded bargaining like that suited her.

Mrs. Merino's trips to Otter Hill, like mine, were always adventures. Sometimes she got her money and sometimes she didn't, but she always had a lot of fun. She was really very fond of the Otters, and I'm sure she would have canceled their obligations to her gladly, and made a generous mother-in-law if one, or both, of the big Otter boys married into her female-ridden family.

Mrs. Merino fixed her glittering eyes on William. "Anyway, you taka Angelina to dance Saturday night in grange hall?"

William looked at Mrs. Merino with eyes that smiled, but his lips were serious. "I'd like to take Angelina to the dance, Mrs. Merino, but, you see, dad's jaloppy won't hold out that far. The tires are all shot."

"Maybe Calvin'll take her," said Geoff hopefully. "He ain't so particular who he goes with, anyway."

"Calvin or William, it maka no difference who take Angelina to dance," cried Mrs. Merino, glaring at Geoff. "Angelina, she not so particular either." The Italian woman turned to her hostess. "You keepa twenny-five dollar thisa month, buy new tire, and William taka Angelina to dance. Don't you forget that, William Otter," shouted Mrs. Merino, shaking her finger at the youth in what was almost a threatening gesture.

"Maybe Calvin and I both will take her, Mrs. Merino," said William smoothly. "And I think that'll please her very much, don't you?"

Mrs. Merino drained her tumbler, and then, as if she already regretted her generous concession and was unable to remain longer at the scene of it, got up and flew to the door, overcome with emotion. She had succeeded in working herself up into a very enjoyable rage. Without further farewells, she went out and slammed the door.

"Well, William, we saved the day," said Geoff. "Now we got twenny-five dollars ta spend for Christmas. After all, we only live oncet, and it's a shame ta let Christmas go by without enjoying it."

"And who knows what next Christmas will bring?" said the scholarly Walter.

"Me spend every penny of twenty-five dollars on Christmas, by golly," cried Mrs. Otter recklessly. "We have nice Christmas, maybe last one on Otter Hill anybody, before Mrs. Merino take him away from me. We have turkey *and* goose: one bird not big enough for eighteen mouths. Eat plenty for Christmas, even if me starve in New Year."

As I was saying good-by to them the kitchen door flew open and Calvin burst in.

Calvin put a letter in Mrs. Otter's hand. "Met the postman at the foot of the hill," he said.

"That's Lena's handwriting," shouted Geoff, and the family gathered around.

Even Calvin looked interested. Mrs. Otter tore open the blue envelope and gave the letter to Mary to read. "Read it out loud," said Mrs. Otter, while the family collectively held its breath.

Lena's letter was brief, almost businesslike. She simply said she was very well and that she hoped the Otters were well, too. There was a piece of blue paper in the letter—a postal money order. "Enough to cover everything," Lena had written, "and some left over. I wish Mr. Otter would buy four new tires for his car, so he doesn't have to change them so often on the road. It's too cold to do that now. The tires will be my Christmas present to him. Sincerely your friend, LENA."

Mrs. Otter's face was glowing. "Me tell you Lena not forget us," she said.

"Where does Lena live?" piped Molly.

"We don't know, do we?" said Alix. "There's no address on the letter. The envelope is postmarked Montreal."

"When's she comin' home?" asked Davy.

"She didn't say when in her letter."

William had crossed over to the window and was looking out on the snowy scene that lay below Otter Hill. The babies were all quiet now and there was a little hush in the kitchen. Over the wave of radiant happiness there rode the tiniest cloud.

"William, now you won't hafta go out with Angelina if you don't want to," said Geoff, breaking the silence. "Mum kin pay Mrs. Merino and tell her to go to the blazes. You, too, Calvin."

"What's this?" said Calvin.

"We stalled off Mrs. Merino this month by promisin' her you'd take Angelina to the dance, or maybe William. Besides, what would Hilda Greenwood say if she knew you went out with Angelina Merino?"

Calvin grasped Geoff under the shoulders and, big as he was, lifted him clear up to the ceiling in his powerful young arms. All the children started clamoring "Me too, me too!" and Calvin lifted them all up and down while they shrieked with joy. "It won't be a hardship to take Angelina to the dance, Geoff," he said. "That girl can dance like a fool. And don't you worry about Hilda. I can take care of two girls at once all right."

"And first thing we know, he'll be married to one of 'em," said Geoff flatly. "Well, Hilda's not so bad, but Angelina's got an awful disposition, jist like her mother, even if she has got five hundred dollars in the bank. Don't you ever bring her here, Calvin. You wouldn't ketch her sleepin' in the barn, like Lena did."

"You certainly know a lot about girls, Geoff," said Calvin, winking at me. "How old are you? Thirteen? In another year or two you'll have a girl yourself, and I'll bet you'll pick out a beauty."

"Oh, mum's the only girl I ever want," said Geoff, and Mrs. Otter flushed with delight. "Still, I like Lena. Poor girl," he added. "She don't know we found that money she thought got burnt up on old Corry and that it's on deposit in the village bank. I hope she didn't hafta go out of her way to get this blue slip."

I DROVE through the frozen countryside, wondering if William, who had turned his face away while Mary read Lena's letter, suspected that Lena might have had to go out of her way to get that money.

The only consolation I felt was that there would be happiness for Lena in that the family which had inspired her to do a thing like that would always stay with her, be a part of her life. People do not make great sacrifices unless they love very much. Whatever happened to Lena, whatever she became, she would often return to Otter Hill in her thoughts, to be refreshed and consoled.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

WHEN **Santha Rama Rau** was leaving Bombay to go to college in America, she tells in **Home to India**, her grandfather gave her a solemn warning about the perils of a land so desperately overrun with gangsters. "I have read about them and seen them, too, in the motion pictures," the old sage assured her.

Grandpa's picture of America as a community with a slinking gangster on every corner is no more absurd, Miss Rau points out, than our notion of India as a land of pathetic child wives, fabulous wealth, and mumbo-jumbo mysteries.

Santha Rama Rau

Miss Rau was first taken from India at the age of six, when her father, a member of the Indian diplomatic service, was assigned to London. Returning at sixteen, she was able to see her country and her people in a keen perspective.

East and West have some volatile meetings in this book. When Miss Rau's sister was considering one of her swains as a possible husband, their mother was all for consulting an astrologer. Then, as the girl smiled, ma added snappily, "It's cheaper than a shotgun."

Another of Miss Rau's quotations from her mother is worth bearing in mind when Western pundits shake their heads over the racial and religious dissensions of India:

"We have a far longer history of unity and tolerance than any of the Western countries. More than two hundred years B. C. we had a great emperor, Ashoka, who united India and preserved religious freedom for all his subjects . . . . Whenever we are given the chance, we do act as a nation to institute a unified government."

Published by Harper & Brothers, N.Y. Price $2.50.

"HIS exploits have become almost legendary throughout the Central Pacific area," says one of the numerous citations of **Commander Norman M. Miller, U. S. N.**

The plane of which "Bus" Miller was skipper scored hits against sixty-six enemy ships and fifteen planes. His experiences, told to **Hugh B. Cave** and published under the title **I Took the Sky Road**, throw into clear focus some of the most stirring chapters in the history of the war.

Com. Norman M. Miller

Told in an amiably matter-of-fact style, this story has some anecdotes worthy of Bill Mauldin. One of them tells of a Marine sergeant who had been through the six months' campaign on Guadalcanal.

"Toward him strode a resplendent, newly arrived Army colonel. As they passed, the sergeant's salute was not to the colonel's liking.

"Snapped the colonel: 'Sergeant, this island is United States territory now! We have the usual formalities to observe!'

"Replied the Marine, rubbing a trouser leg worn thin by six months of intimate contact with the jungle and the Japs: 'Now look, bub, we got something real good here. Let's don't louse it up.' "

When the men of Commander Miller's squadron called him "the old man," they really meant it, for he was supposedly past the age of a combat flier when he was making life interesting for the Japs at Truk and Iwo. (He is now thirty-six.)

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. Price $3.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

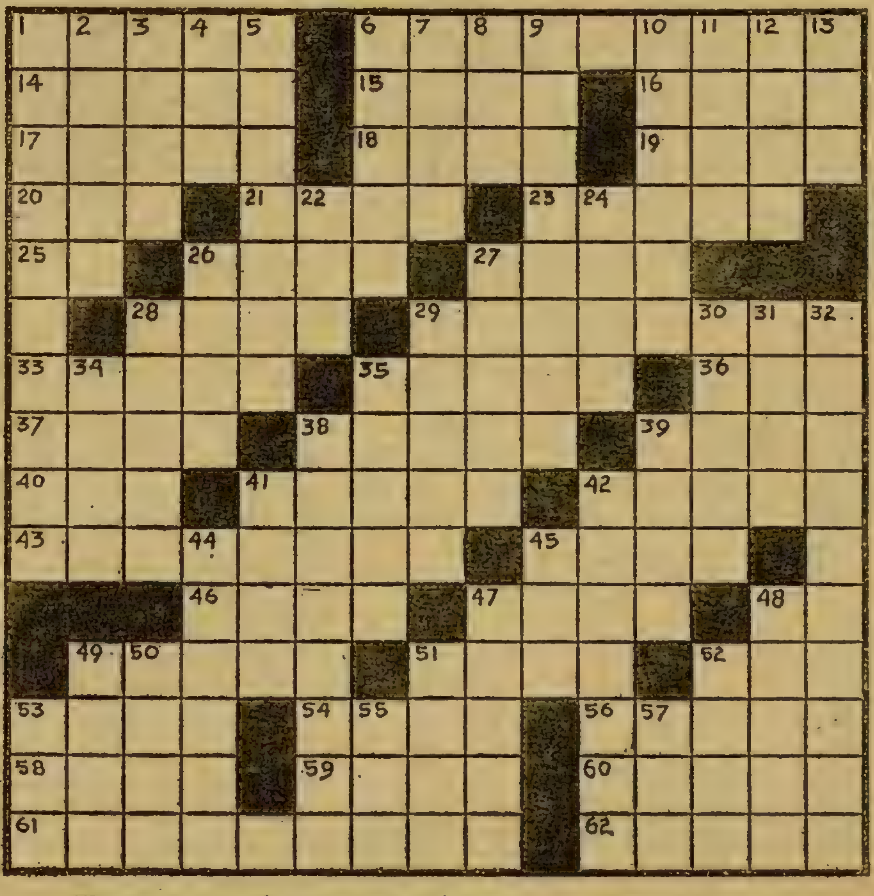
1 Pussycat with a secret weapon
6 Any seaman who gets wrapped up in this spineless, gooey thing is bound to get stung
14 With a twist of the wrist, this can be converted into a submarine
15 Nita is against things
16 Silkworm
17 Conjecture Ozarkially
18 Thpeak in a thilly fashion
19 Ohm-made currents contain this
20 Many a guy in the groove is really in this
21 Small c
23 Kind of dough no use crying over
25 Brooklyned the bread, beans, and baloney
26 How vague is this Vague dame?
27 Best thing to do to thickening wits
28 What Hoop, Sr., was to Hoop, Jr.
29 "I'm nobody's sweetheart now," sings this lady waiter
33 The end of Ole King Coal
35 One smacker
36 Old-fashioned weed killer
37 What bums are urged to hit
38 Give a kid ten smacks to smarten him up
39 Crosby's Bingos (quite a foursome)
40 Flop that fizzled out in the Army
41 High point in religion
42 Every hot dog says the this is yet to come
43 Has-beens; meatless persons
45 Nasty puss
46 What Hawaiians neck you with
47 One-hosspower vehicles
48 Emma Upsilon from Greece (abbr.)
49 He makes faces for a living
51 Jumpy little thing, goes on long hops around wet places
52 Shun this and get a share
53 The Man from San Obispo, Calif.
54 Irish raboomdeay
56 A killer of a movie heroine
58 Terrible skinny thing
59 Arcs persists for the longest times
60 He fiddles around and manages to scrape up a living
61 Gilbert and Sullivan's most rationable character
62 Nonracial bias

VERTICAL

1 Best sellers at the ball park (two words)
2 State of the German state
3 Onesome
4 Negative opening
5 Nut factory hands
6 Mazo de la Roche's meal ticket
7 Dine with a dame
8 Shavetails (abbr.)
9 Chief ingredient used in smear campaigns (on every woman's lips)
10 What hotheaded folks suffer from
11 What hot mamas do on Tuesday
12 Dirty mattress for a river bed
13 A silly thing on a woman's mind
22 Gold is where you find it
24 One of the less violent reds
26 Locked horns and pushed
27 Your head sits on one end, you sit on the other
28 Curtain that comes down when the lights go on
29 They shine in Technicolor
30 Here's a sticker for you
31 Years and years and years, *ad inf.*
32 Place where folks wait more than the waiters
34 Water through which vegetables have been dragged
35 International snoops
38 Here's a guy with a hot foot who goes places fast
39 What a lawyer does in his dreams
41 Mishmash
42 Cute little things gals walk down the street with
44 Where naughty youth spends its darkest years
45 Mermaids Industrial Organization (abbr.)
47 On contacting a $1,000 bill, it's best to do this to it
48 One of the Two Black Crows
49 This bird is nuts (so's Shane's spelling!)
50 Flying fuzz
51 Kraut, feminine gender
52 What the catty thing said to her mother on walking into her smelly household
53 All Hahvahd men said it stinks
55 Hunka O
57 What Japan wanted and what it will give up

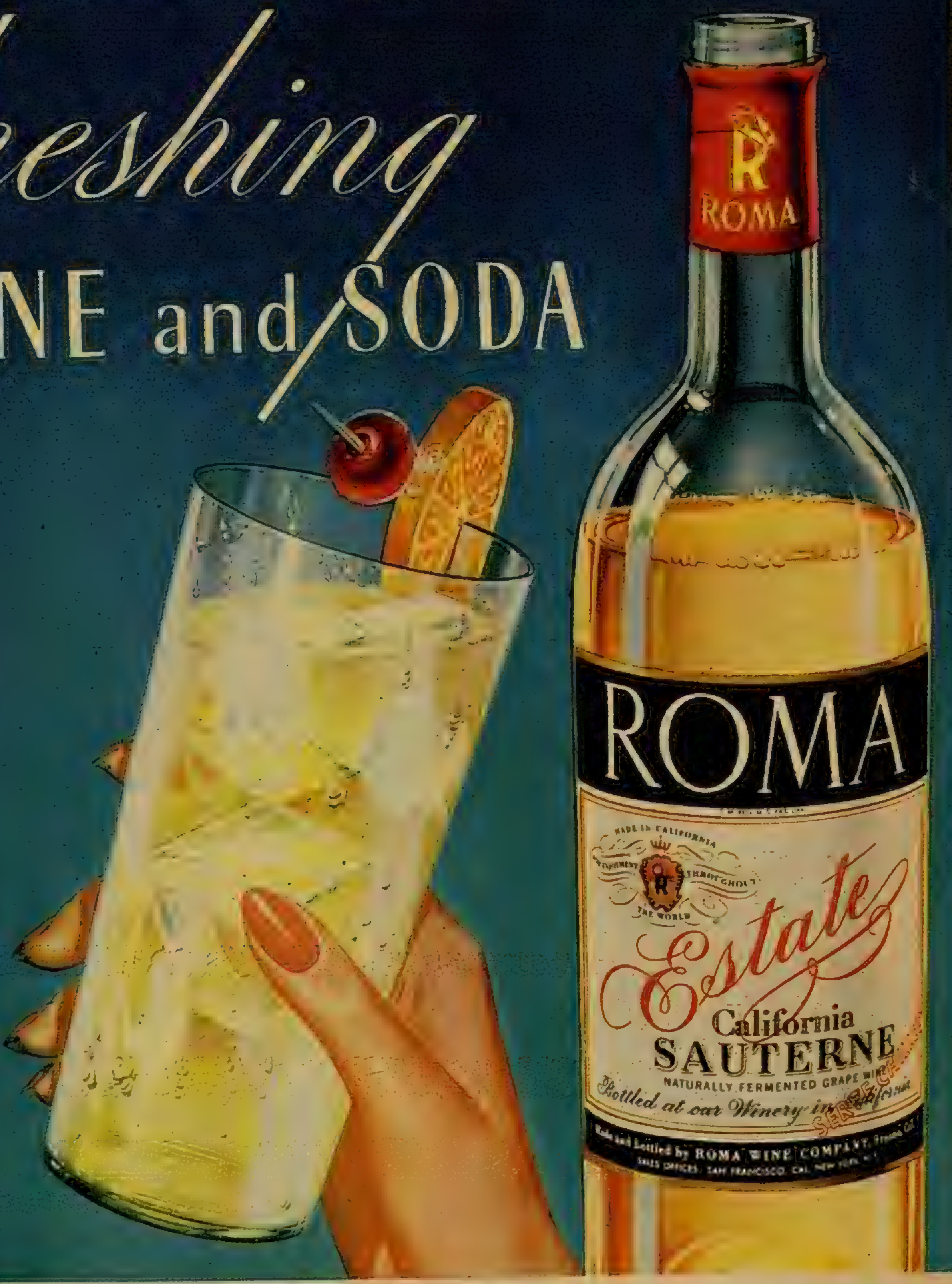
K	I	M	B	E	R	L	E	Y	■	A	P	E
A	R	A	B	■	A	U	K	S	■	L	A	D
M	A	D	■	R	I	C	E	■	B	A	R	E
I	■	D	R	U	N	K	■	K	O	R	A	N
K	L	I	E	G	■	■	C	R	U	M	B	■
A	I	N	T	■	T	R	O	U	T	■	O	M
Z	O	G	■	S	O	O	N	G	■	M	L	I
E	N	■	C	E	N	T	S	■	P	E	A	S
■	T	E	A	R	S	■	■	B	A	S	S	O
C	A	L	E	B	■	P	R	O	P	S	■	G
O	M	E	N	■	P	A	I	X	■	I	C	Y
L	E	G	■	P	I	N	G	■	A	N	O	N
T	R	Y	■	S	T	E	A	K	E	A	S	Y

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Try America's smartest, coolest drink—
Refreshing
ROMA WINE and SODA



ROMA
ROMA
Estate
California
SAUTERNE
NATURALLY FERMENTED GRAPE WINE
Bottled at our Winery in California
Made and bottled by ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Cal.

ROMA California

Sauterne and Soda

NEEDED: Roma Sauterne (or Burgundy), sparkling water and sugar (if desired).

METHOD: Half fill tall glass with Roma wine. Add ice cubes and sparkling water. Stir slightly. For sweeter drink, add sugar and stir well before adding water.

ROMA California

Burgundy Lemonade

NEEDED: Roma Burgundy (or Sauterne), lemons, sugar, sparkling water.

METHOD: Dissolve 1 tbsp. sugar in juice of ½ lemon. Pour Roma Burgundy over ice cubes in tall glass till ¾ full. Add sparkling water. Stir slightly.

ROMA California

Cobbler (Sherry or Tokay)

NEEDED: Roma Sherry or Tokay, sugar, lemons.

METHOD: Dissolve in tall glass ½ tsp. sugar. Add 4 oz. Roma Sherry or Tokay. Then, 2 tbsp. lemon juice. Fill glass with cracked ice. Stir well.

For dressing up ROMA "refreshers," serve in frosted glasses. Garnish with slices of fresh fruit—cherries.

Says ELSA MAXWELL: *"It's smart, 1945-style American hospitality"*

America's distinguished hostess—Elsa Maxwell suggests: "Hot? Then enjoy the taste-thrill of long, cool—and truly moderate—ROMA Wine 'Refreshers.' A smart way to entertain . . . a sure way to cool off!"

ROMA Wine "Refreshers" are all truly *delicious* because they *begin with delicious* ROMA Wines . . . from the finest vineyard areas of California . . . their goodness and flavor perfected by the care and ancient wine-skill of famed ROMA Wineries. That's why they're *unvaryingly* fine, *always* good. Yet, ROMA Wines are inexpensive.

Roma California Wines include Sauterne . . . Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel . . . Sherry, Muscatel, Port, Tokay . . . Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy. ROMA WINE COMPANY. Lodi, Healdsburg, Fresno—California.

BUY
WAR
BONDS

ROMA ESTATE *Wines*

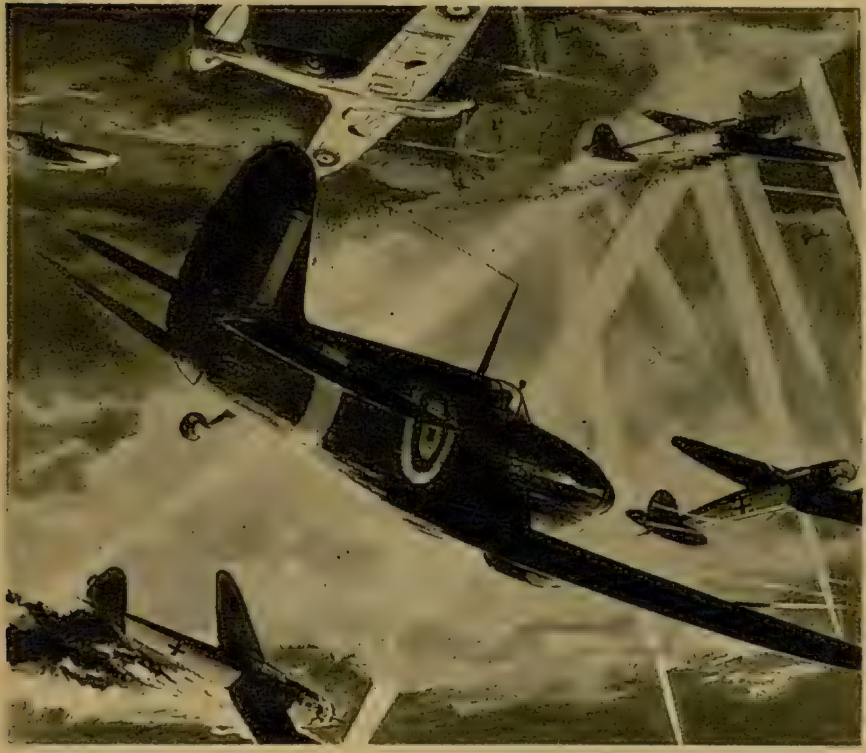
MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE

Never forget the A B C of

THE NATION that "freezes" the design of its military planes can write off its Air Force as inferior and second-rate.

And, before too long, that nation can write off its Air Force altogether . . . for no second-rate Air Force can long control enemy skies, or even its own.

The Luftwaffe, for example, was beaten because of two things: first, because of overwhelming Allied aircraft *production* . . . and second, because Germany was too late in learning the ABC of Air Power . . .



What is the ABC of Air Power?

The ABC of Air Power is a technique introduced in this war by the Army and Navy and the American aircraft industry.

In simple language it is the technique of making frequent changes in design, during mass production, so that the planes we send into combat *tomorrow* are consistently better than those in combat *today*.

Because America has in this way kept its plane designs fluid, instead of freezing them, our Army and Navy Air Forces, from week to week and month to month, cannot be matched by those of any other nation.

Here's how it works

A company such as Consolidated Vultee starts mass production of a long-range super-bomber—the B-32 Dominator, let us say . . .

The first Dominator to be accepted by the Army Air Forces is probably known as the B-32A.

But if in a matter of months—or perhaps weeks—so many changes and improvements should be made in the design of the Dominator, subsequent models would be known as the B-32B.

Then come more changes . . . and the B-32C would be born. This goes on, right down through the alphabet.

The joker in Air Power

This miracle of constant improvement during mass production—often accomplished **while stopping the assembly lines only momentarily** — sounds like an ideal way to keep an Air Force at peak efficiency. And it is.

But there's another factor to be reckoned with—a factor most people didn't know about in prewar years, or simply overlooked.

That factor is TIME . . . the length of time that elapses between the day a new plane is designed and the day the first model goes into production. And *that* is the joker in Air Power.

The fact of the matter is this: **It takes anywhere from 3 to 7 years for a war plane to progress from drawing board to combat action.**

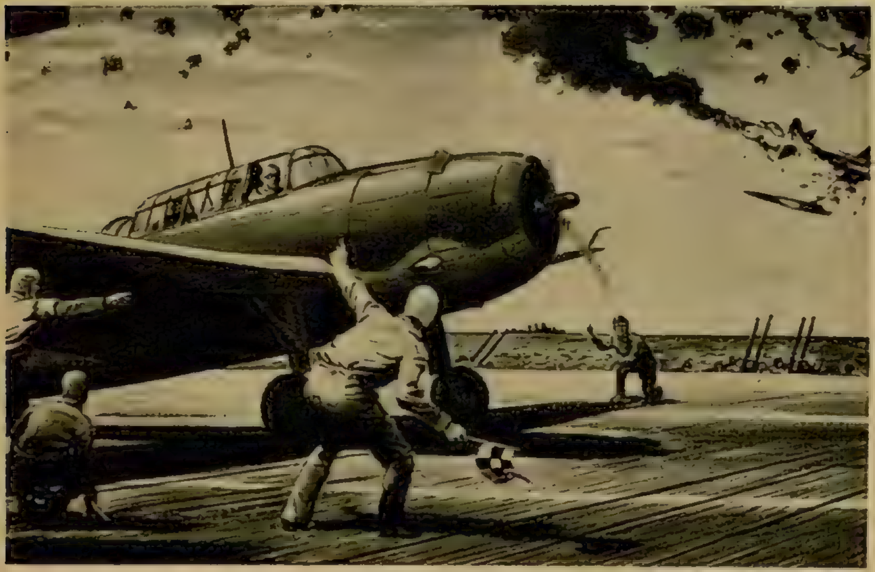
We were caught napping when World War II broke out, because the nation as a whole was unaware of this joker in Air Power.

But, thanks to a few far-sighted Army and Navy officers, and a few members of the aircraft industry itself, we were not caught *totally* unprepared.

Air Power!

A lesson worth remembering

Long before Pearl Harbor, it was obvious that if we ever did go to war against Japan it would be a war in which mobile, floating airfields—flat-tops—would play a dominant part.



So, starting as far back as 1927, the Navy and the aircraft industry began to experiment with carrier-based dive bombers. In 1939—**12 years later**—the plane born of these experiments was approved for mass production. **But even then, it wasn't ready for combat until 1943!**

Similarly, our finest Navy fighter planes saw combat action for the first time **2 years or more after Pearl Harbor** — even though they had been in various stages of development and undergoing test flights long before Japan struck.

It must be clear to every thinking person that when it takes so many heart-breaking months and years to perfect a plane for combat, America must never again invite disaster by lagging behind **any** nation in aeronautical research and development.

Air Power is Peace Power

Today, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.

In a world so small, there can be no peace, no security, unless we are prepared to defend ourselves against attack from the air.

That is why constant and continuing **aeronautical research and development**—on the part of the Army, the Navy, and the aircraft industry—is an insurance policy on the life of the nation.

And we must not let a single premium lapse!

LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG IN THE AIR!

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

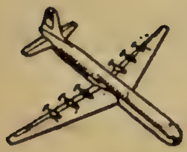
San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.

Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.

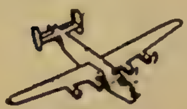
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.

Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.

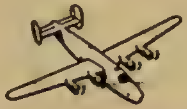
Miami, Fla.
Member, Aircraft War Production Council



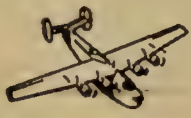
CONVAIR MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper



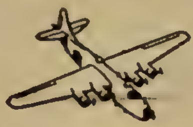
LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber



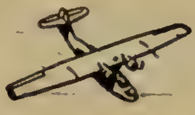
LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport



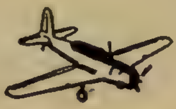
CORONADO
patrol bomber



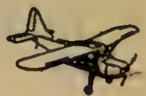
PRIVATEER
search plane



CATALINA
patrol bomber



VALIANT
basic trainer



SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"

THE PENANCE OF CARLOS IBANEZ

Continued from Page 37

urgency of the letter and come at once.

Evening was approaching when in the distance he saw a buggy coming along the trail flanked by a lone rider on horseback. As they drew near he saw that the buggy was driven by a young woman, and that the man riding alongside was Juan.

When they drew up before the hut, Carlos greeted them joyously. Dragging Juan off his horse, he embraced him and exclaimed, "Juanito, my little brother! It gives me much pleasure to see you!" He glanced at the woman. She was slim and young, with a well-molded capable-looking face and fiery dark eyes. "I see you brought the woman. Is she an expert on such things?"

Juan introduced the woman, but all Carlos caught of her name was Rosita. She stepped briskly down from the buggy and asked, "How is María?"

Carlos took off his tattered straw hat and wadded it in his hands. "All right, I think. But Inés says it will be soon now."

"Who is Inés?"

"An old Yaqui woman. She claims to know about such things, but I think she is a witch and has cast a spell over María."

"Such foolishness!" Rosita exclaimed. "I will go in and see María."

"Is there not something I can do?"

Rosita sniffed disdainfully. "You will do as I say and keep away from the house until I send for you. I want no awkward men in my way."

Carlos rubbed his chin uncertainly. This Rosita seemed to be a capable person. Juan took his arm and said, "Come, we will take care of the horses."

They took the animals to the stable, and after they had been fed and watered Juan made himself comfortable in the warm hay on the floor. He did not look worried, thought Carlos. But then he knew nothing of how frail and delicate Maria was.

"I am worried," Carlos confided to his brother.

"Perhaps you would like a drink," Juan said. Carlos heard a cork come free with a pop.

HE squatted down beside Juan, pleased at sight of the bottle of tequila. *"Bueno!* My stomach is filled with restless grasshoppers."

Juan smiled and said, "You should not worry. Everything will be all right."

"I do not trust the Yaqui," Carlos said gloomily. "All this past week she has made chants and mixed potions. Who can say what these things will do to poor María? Perhaps the young one will be born a coyote or a wolf or some wild animal."

"That is not possible."

"But it is! Often have I heard the tale of how the young one of a friend of our third cousin on our mother's side was turned into a wolf cub by a Yaqui she-witch. Each night after it ran away the wolf would come to the hilltop above the house where it was born and howl."

"I do not believe it."

"Truly, it was so. With my own eyes I have seen the wolf."

This indisputable evidence seemed to impress Juan. He was silent for a time, then said, not too convincingly, "Rosita will not let anything evil happen!"

Carlos took a generous swallow. "She has had much experience with these matters?"

"Of course. Why, when Señora Gomez had twins, the doctor took Rosita along to help him."

Carlos scowled. "The doctor? Had Señora Gomez' husband been shot?"

"No."

"Perhaps one of the other children was sick?"

"Foolish one! The doctor was for Señora Gomez herself."

"Ho!" Carlos laughed scornfully. "It is you who are foolish. Women do not have doctors for babies."

"In my country they do."

Carlos lifted the bottle and took another swallow. He had a great respect for his younger brother's knowledge. "Indeed, this is a strange custom. Do the Americano doctors recite chants as do the Yaqui medicine men?"

"Do not talk stupidness!"

"But doctors are only for sickness or to patch up bullet wounds. This I know, for once when I had an unfortunate meeting with the rurales—"

"Listen," Juan interrupted impatiently, "and I will tell of the things which doctors do."

Carlos listened with interest while Juan enlightened him upon the ways of modern medicine. "Name of a name," he muttered, "this is truly wonderful! We should have a doctor."

"Are there none in Corazón del Oro?"

Carlos scratched his head, musing, then said, "Once my friend Pancho—who is dead now, curse the rurales—had need of a doctor and I rode with him to Corazón del Oro to get one. His title was impressive —El Doctor Sardino, *Veterinario.*"

Juan helped himself to another drink. "What is a *veterinario?*"

"Some special kind of doctor, I think. He did excellently for my friend Pancho."

"What was wrong with Pancho?"

"His horse had a bad leg."

Carlos took a thoughtful pull at the bottle. If what Juan had told him about doctors were true, he mused, then he should get this Dr. Sardino for María. But doctors, Carlos knew, charged enormous fees. Had it not cost Pancho twenty pesos merely to have the doctor repair his horse's leg? Carlos thought of the gold-filled box in the stable loft above. It contained money enough to purchase the services of a thousand doctors. But María had said it would be an evil omen for the unborn one if Carlos should offer stolen gold to the Virgin. He did not know if it would also be a bad sign to give the gold to the doctor, but without María to advise him he could not take chances. Better to leave the box untouched for the time being.

Getting to his feet, he said, "I am riding to Corazón del Oro to get this Dr. Sardino."

Juan volunteered to go with him, but Carlos shook his head and said it was best that he stay here. "The rurales are not friendly with me. Besides, he rides fastest who rides alone."

DARKNESS had fallen by the time Carlos reached town. He made his way warily to Dr. Sardino's office, which was in a small adobe building just off the town's main street. Dismounting, he saw a light burning inside, and quietly entered before the doctor, who was sitting at a desk with his back to the door, was aware of his presence.

At the sound of the door closing, the doctor turned and regarded him. "Well?" he snapped.

"I have need of your services," Carlos said. "You will saddle your horse and ride to my *casa* at once."

"I cannot. My wife is waiting supper on me. I will come tomorrow."

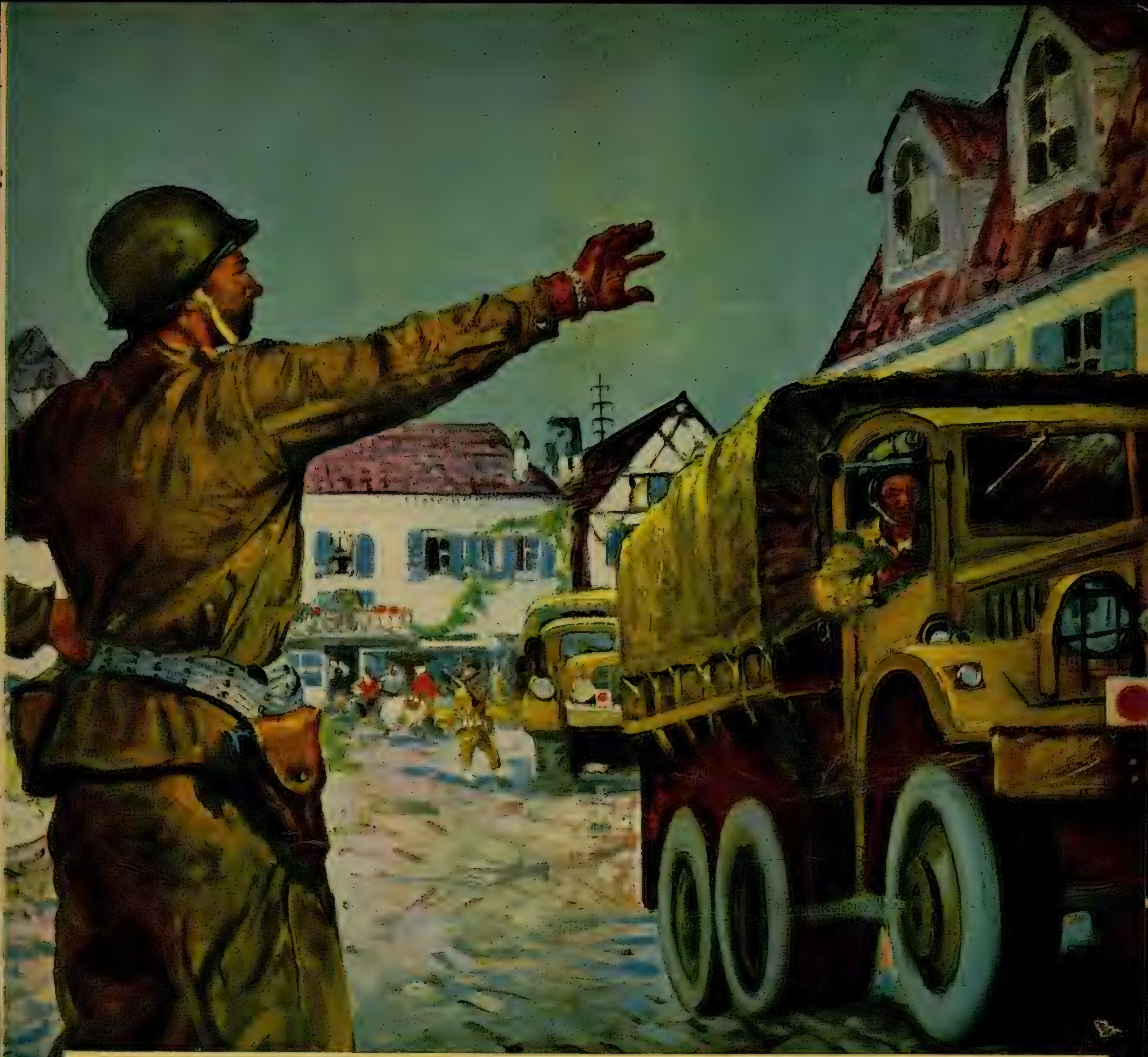
"Mañana will not be soon enough. You will come now."

"But my wife—"

(*Continued on page 60*)

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"The captain'll be furious! All it's got in it is a note!"



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(*Continued from page 58*)

Carlos seized the doctor's shirt front, drew a glittering knife and waved it under his nose. "Perhaps your wife would like to be a widow?" he growled.

Dr. Sardino grew very white. "I—on second thought, perhaps I could come." Carlos released him and the doctor mopped his perspiring brow while he regained his calm. "What is it?" he asked. "A delivery?"

Carlos nodded.

"Why can't the cursed things be born in the daytime!" the doctor grumbled. Giving Carlos a sharp look, he said with poorly concealed contempt, "I suppose this will be a charity case."

"I can pay," Carlos answered.

"Fine. The price for a night call is thirty pesos. In advance, please."

Why was it, Carlos wondered, that no one trusted him? He thought wistfully of the gold, but firmly pushed temptation out of his mind. "I do not have thirty pesos," he said, "but I have two good horses. You may have the gray mare until I get the money."

"H'mm," Dr. Sardino said. "I have seen the mare. She might be worth thirty pesos. All right, the deal is closed. Let's go."

Carlos wondered, as they rode back toward his *casa,* if he were not being a fool. Unspent gold was good to no one. Already he had parted with his precious silver spurs and his fine gray mare, merely because he hesitated to use the stolen money. How he would get the forty pesos to redeem these articles he did not know, and it would break his heart if he did not get them back.

Because Carlos was inexperienced at being a father he questioned the doctor at length. "Young ones need special care, do they not?" he asked.

"Not particularly," Dr. Sardino answered. "They learn to look out for themselves in a few months. You should be careful that the floor they sleep on isn't drafty."

"My young one will not sleep on the floor," Carlos said proudly. "I will make it a fine bed."

The doctor laughed. "That's not necessary. But you might get some clean straw and put it in a box for it. On cold nights you can toss an old blanket over it. Be sure and keep it penned up while it's young so that it won't run into the hills where the wolves will get it."

"Madre de Dios!" Carlos breathed. "Never would I let that happen!"

"If it should catch cold," Dr. Sardino continued, "rub it with kerosene and turpentine. A dose of castor oil will help. A half pint or so is about the right amount."

Carlos jotted all these things down in his mind. "I will remember," he said.

WHEN they reached the house, Carlos hurried to the stable, roused Juan and asked him if anything had happened. "Nothing," Juan answered with a yawn. "I have heard no sound from the house."

"Then we are not too late," Carlos said. "Come, doctor, I will take you to the house."

Dr. Sardino, who was standing at the stable door, frowned. "House? Surely you don't keep the horse in the house."

"Name of a name!" Carlos exclaimed, "can you think of nothing at such a time but your payment! I told you I would give you the gray mare. Come, you must see María at once."

The doctor seemed bewildered as he followed Carlos around to the front door of the hut. "Who is María?" he asked.

"My wife, of course. You must enter alone—Rosita and the Yaqui will not permit me to come in."

"Your *wife* is having a baby?"

"Who else?"

"But I—I thought—the horse—"

MARRIAGE
LICENSE
BUREAU

"When we want your advice we'll ask for it."

Impatiently Carlos thrust open the door and pushed the doctor through it. *"Por Dios,* do not stand there talking of horses! I will be waiting in the stable."

Juan had gone back to sleep. Waiting alone was an almost unbearable task for Carlos, but though he would have liked to wake up Juan so that they could talk he did not.

He wondered if everything was all right with María, and for a time anxiety was so great in him that he felt sick inside. To ease his mind, he recalled all that he had done to make things right for María and the young one. He had gone to the church each day and prayed for their safety and health. He had parted with his silver spurs and his beloved gray mare in order to bring María a capable nurse and a good doctor.

What more, mused Carlos, could he have done? Sitting there in the faint lantern light, he slowly fashioned a cigarette and lit it, watching the blue smoke curl lazily upward. His eyes followed the smoke as it wafted toward the loft above. Some small still voice inside his breast, inaudible until now but constantly with him for the past week, suddenly seemed to speak in commanding tones. He was a thief. And as surely as that box of gold coin lay hidden in the loft above, the young one would also grow up to be a thief if he kept that gold.

Grinding the cigarette under his boot heel, Carlos quickly climbed up to the loft and brought down the ironbound box. Opening it, he gazed wistfully down at the dully gleaming coins. This was a fortune. It had the power to buy him ease for many years. Without it, he would be only a very poor peon, working from dawn till dark to grub a scant living from the soil, and his son—if God were good and gave him a son—would also be no more than a peon. Silver spurs, gray mare—these Carlos would never see again.

Gently Carlos closed the box. He had a feeling, somehow, that María was very close to him, approving what he was about to do. "Better a honest peon than a rich thief," she would say.

Carlos went to the stall where the soft-eyed gray mare was standing and put an arm around her neck. "Listen, little one," he murmured, "for I must tell someone the vow I make. In the morning I am going to take the gold which I stole to the rurale captain in Corazón del Oro. By the name of the Holy Virgin I swear it. You are my witness. Do you understand?"

The mare nickered.

A sound behind him made Carlos turn. Dr. Sardino was standing in the stable doorway, regarding him kindly. Carlos' heart stopped beating.

"It—it has happened?"

The doctor smiled. "Yes. You are the father of a fine son."

"María—she is all right?"

"Come and see for yourself."

Carlos was not conscious of walking to the door of the hut, for his heart was pounding so that it seemed near to bursting and in him was a great joyous singing. As he was about to enter, Dr. Sardino touched him on the arm and said, *"Un momento.* I have something to explain to you. You see, when you first mentioned the horse—"

"The mare is yours," Carlos interrupted gratefully. "Anything I own is yours."

"You do not understand. I am trying to tell you that I am not a doctor of people. I am a *veterinario*—a doctor of animals."

"But you took care of María—"

The doctor shrugged. "I have some knowledge of such things. But my license does not permit me to practice on human beings. So I cannot accept the gray mare as a fee, and I would be grateful if you would not tell anyone what I have done."

Carlos was confused and preoccupied, but he nodded and said he would keep the secret. Then he went into the hut.

His eyes first sought out María and found her regarding him smilingly from the bed. Clumsily he stooped at the bedside and took one of her tiny hands in his and kissed it. *"María! María!"* was all he could say.

She reached out and rumpled his hair with her free hand. "Foolish little one! How worried you have been."

"The gold, María *mia,*" Carlos blurted—"I made a vow to take it back, that the young one might not have a thief for a father."

María's eyes shone with happiness. "How good you are to me—sending for Juan and Rosita, bringing the doctor, returning the gold. And now do you not wish to see your son?"

Carlos had forgotten about the new heir. Getting up, he blinked uncertainly. Then Inés approached carrying a bundle which appeared to contain nothing but blankets. She pushed aside a fold of the blankets and gave him a brief glimpse of a very small, very red little face. He stared at it doubtfully, for to him it did not look at all as he thought it should. Name of a name, he wondered, where was its nose?

HE looked questioningly at Rosita, who stood near by. "It—it is all right?" he asked haltingly.

"Of course," Rosita answered with a smile. "Never have I seen a more perfect baby."

Though Carlos still was a bit doubtful, he was willing to accept the judgment of the doctor, María, and Rosita. The Yaqui was slowly rocking the bundle back and forth in her arms, and Carlos regarded her closely. Somehow she did not look like a witch now, for her leathery worn old face was creased with a gentle smile. But this did not convince Carlos that all his efforts to forestall her witchcraft had been in vain. *Por Dios!* What evil spells could withstand all the influence for good he had brought to bear?

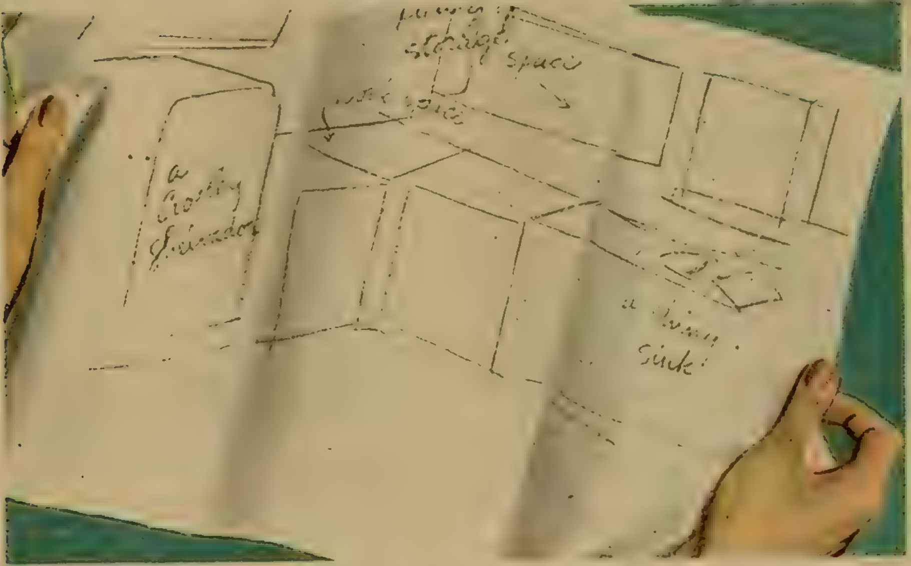
Suddenly the infant gave a muffled tiny sound which sounded to Carlos very much like a sneeze. Anxiously he took another look at it, trying to recall all the advice the doctor had given him.

"It is catching cold," he announced in a fatherly tone after a scientific examination. "I will go out to the stable and get some turpentine and kerosene with which to rub it."

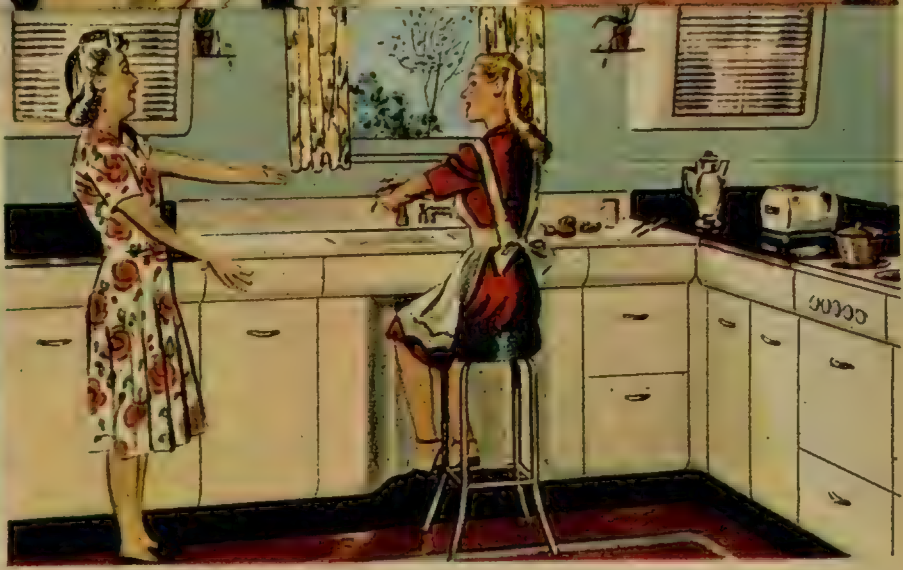
THE END

"This string is all I need to plan my NEW kitchen!"

Mother couldn't believe her ears until I proved that a piece of string was all I needed to measure for my new kitchen—*our* kitchen—for Jack and me.



LIKE MY PLAN? I made it from my string measurements. Mother says it's a marvel of arranging—and she ought to know, with thirty years of housekeeping! Notice how my work flows along just like a war-plant assembly line. And thanks to Crosley I can realize my plan, step by step.



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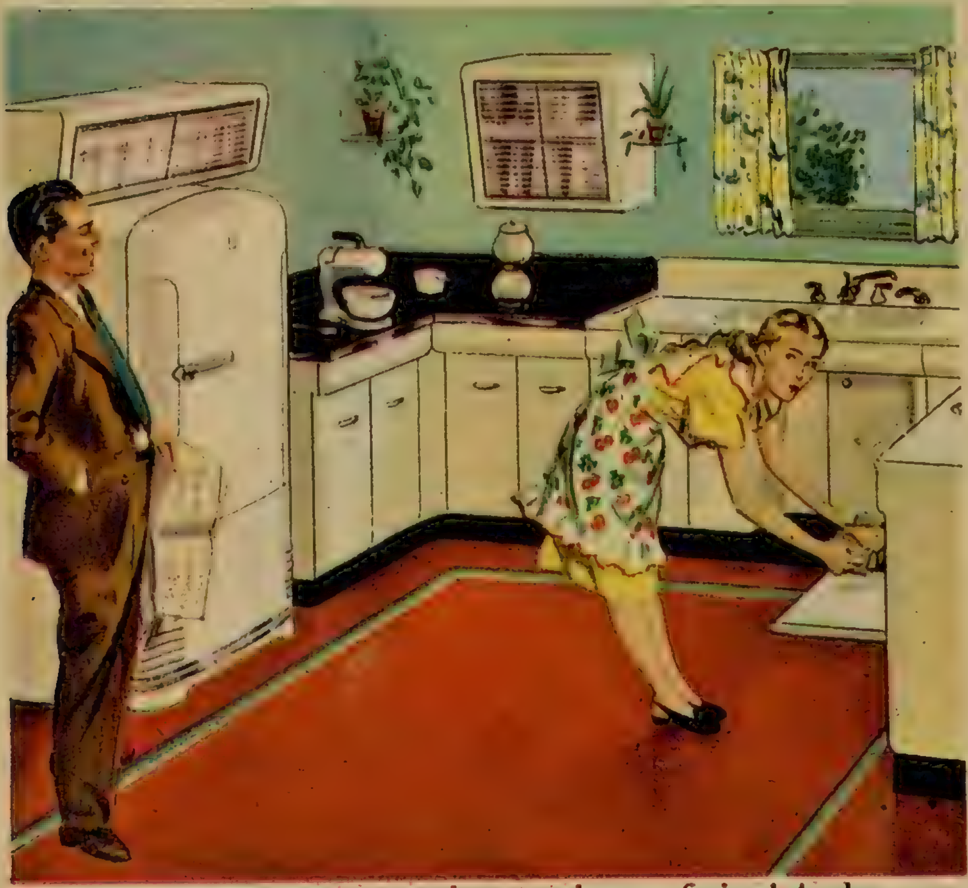

ALL WITHOUT exact measuring, cutting or fitting! And one wonderful day when Jack comes home to me at last, we'll have our dream kitchen—truly the heart of our home.

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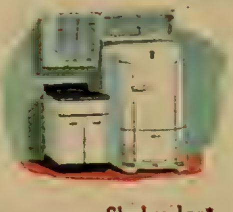

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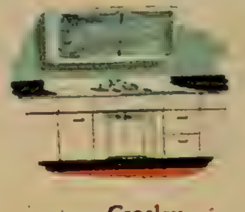

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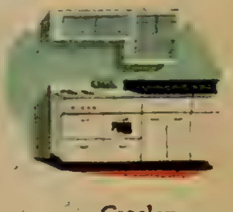

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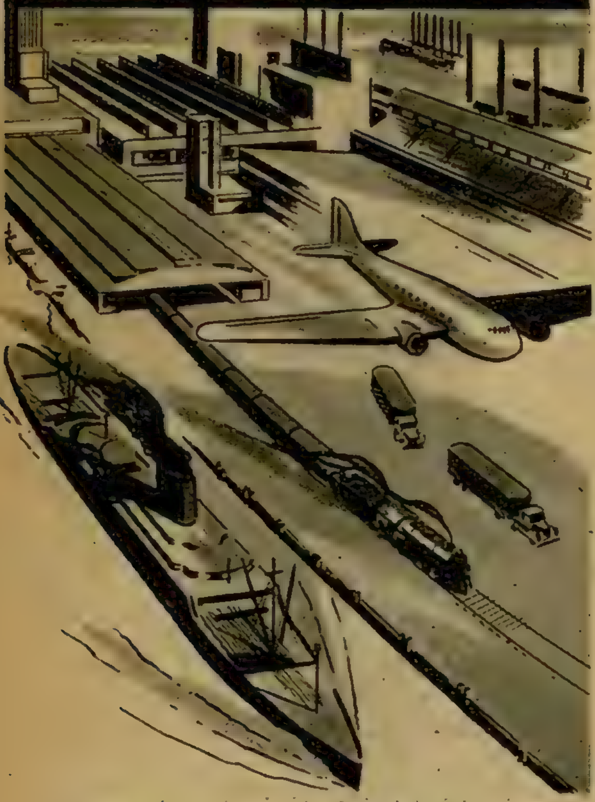

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HONEST WORKING GIRL

Continued from Page 35

on English and French literature, was boring the daylights out of everyone with his pompous opinions. "May I say something?" Barbara interrupted. The producer nodded graciously. "Nuts," said she, and left the party.

Next to Bette Davis, she is probably the best-read star in the film colony, even though she was sitting on one of Mr. Ziegfeld's elephants in a few strings of beads when most girls her age were being exposed to Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot. One of Bob Taylor's first gifts to her was a subscription to the Book of the Month Club. "What she needs," he complained later, "is a Book of the Day Club."

Annoyed with giving his girl books she had already read, Bob turned to jewelry. She had never worn any, maintaining always that she didn't like it. Bob designed a clip for her in rubies. It went over big. Since then he has loaded her down with rubies, and Barbara loves them.

When he enlisted in the Navy two years ago he decided to cut down on his Christmas present to Barbara. After all, when Uncle Sam is paying your salary instead of Uncle Louis, it makes a deal of difference. "What do you need?" he asked Barbara. "I can't spend money foolishly on something you don't need." "Frankly," said Barbara, "I need a ruby bracelet." "What in heaven's name do you need a bracelet for?" demanded Bob. "For borders," replied Barbara sweetly. "You see, comes the Revolution, you have to cross borders. So you slip the man a bracelet and he sneaks you across. I know. I've been reading about it in books." Bob went out and bought a bracelet.

SHE was born Ruby Stevens, youngest of five children, in a tenement section of Brooklyn on July 16, 1907. Byron Stevens, her father, and Catherine McGee Stevens, her mother, were Irish. "I come by my Black Irish moods honestly," says Barbara. Her parents died when she was four, and her eldest sister Mildred took charge of her. But Mildred was in vaudeville, and every time she went on the road she had to board her baby sister out. "I never felt I belonged to anybody," says Barbara. "I was a lonely kid." Her two escapes were books, which she got from public libraries, and movies. "I'd do anything to get money to go to the movies. I tended children, I washed dishes, I ran errands."

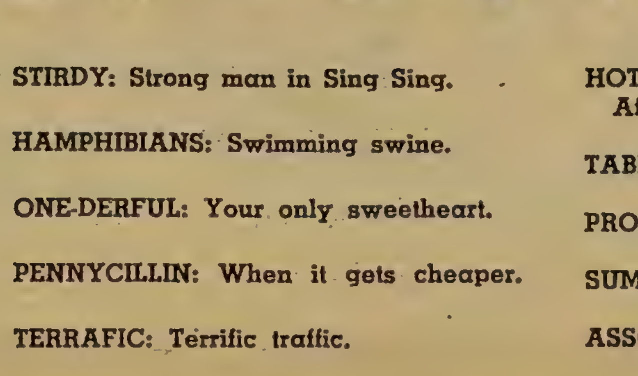
When she was fourteen she went to work in the billing department of the Telephone Company at thirteen dollars a week. After that she worked as bundle carrier in the basement of a Brooklyn department store, and then in the pattern department of a publishing company. Patterns were then and still are a complete mystery to her. "I was asked for my resignation," she says, "before I even found my way to the ladies' room."

The ensuing years were pretty hectic for Ruby Stevens. She danced on the Strand Roof, at the Everglades, the Club Anatole, and the Silver Slipper, but not at Texas Guinan's. She hung from a living chandelier for the Shuberts. She worked her way up to a forty-dollar-a-week chorus girl in In Gay Paree. But she longed to go legitimate.

One night at his Tavern, Billy La Hiff (Nancy Carroll's uncle) introduced Barbara to Willard Mack and suggested he give the kid a dramatic bit in his new play. The Noose flopped at the out-of-town tryout. But Mack hastily rewrote it, switched the plot around to give Barbara the lead, and after a twenty-four-hour rehearsal brought it into New York. When the curtains went down on opening night he knew he had a hit—and a star. Barbara edged over to him after the performance, hoping for a few kind words of praise. "Ruby Stevens will never do for a name for a star," was all he said. Together they looked over old programs in the greenroom of the theater. Jane Stanwyck, an English actress, had played there some years before; Barbara Frietchie had been a successful play; so Ruby Stevens became Barbara Stanwyck then and there. When her family came over from Brooklyn to see the play the next day, on complimentary tickets, there was no sign of a Ruby Stevens in the program or in the lobby. "Poor little Ruby," they sighed; "fired already." And went home without seeing the play.

When The Noose finally closed its long Broadway run, Barbara was promptly costarred with Hal Skelly in Burlesque, playing the dramatic role of Bonny. The critics exulted over Barbara. Naturally, Hollywood talent scouts and directors came knocking at her door. "She just threw things at us," said Archie Mayo.

In 1928, during the run of Burlesque, Barbara married Frank Fay, who was enjoying a plushy period on Broadway at the time. Persuaded by "Broadway's Fa-



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

STIRDY: Strong man in Sing Sing.

HAMPHIBIANS: Swimming swine.

ONE-DERFUL: Your only sweetheart.

PENNYCILLIN: When it gets cheaper.

TERRAFIC: Terrific traffic.

HOTTENTAUGHT: An educated South African Bushman.

TABEL: What Cain's brother sat at.

PRODUCKTION: Raising mallards.

SUMTIMES: The old arithmetic days.

ASSQUIRE: A male asscourt.

vorite Son," as he called himself, she signed a contract with Joe Schenck to star for United Artists in The Locked Door. Hollywood had never heard of the pet of Broadway, and Barbara got a rough pushing around. She made nine tests. One producer told her she had no sex appeal, and another that she was washed up. "At twenty-two," says Barbara indignantly, "they had me on my way to the Old Ladies' Home." She was pretty well fed up with the whole thing when she bumped into a young unknown director on the Columbia lot. "Miss Stanwyck," he said, "I would like to have you make a test."

"Listen, son," said Barbara. "I won't make another test in this damned town if I never work again."

Frank Capra was so startled by her independence that he immediately gave her the lead in Ladies of Leisure—which picture established him as a top director and Barbara as a dramatic star. Some of her best pictures were made under the Capra direction: The Bitter Tea of General Yen, Miracle Woman, Forbidden, and Meet John Doe. She thinks the nicest thing ever said about her in Hollywood was Frank Capra's reply when he was asked to name his favorite actress. "Barbara Stanwyck," he said, "has been in five of my pictures."

After six years of being told constantly, "You are so lucky to be married to the Great Fay," she decided maybe she wasn't. With her small adopted son, Dion, under her arm she walked out of their $250,000 mansion in Brentwood one night. And never returned. In 1935 they were divorced, and Barbara definitely did *not* say, "Faysy and I are still the best of friends." She said it was perfectly all right with her if she never saw him again.

By that time Barbara, who had nursed an inferiority complex ever since childhood, was so tied up in knots that Houdini and six psychiatrists couldn't have untied her. On the few times she went out she wore tailored suits, pulled-down felt hats, no jewelry and no make-up. She had one date during that time, with George Brent, who was then between wives. "We sat on opposite sides of the room and stared at each other," reports Barbara. "The next day he sent me yellow roses. I never heard from him again until I met him on the set of The Gay Sisters years later."

HER agent's wife, Marion Marx, finally persuaded her to shake off her reticence and join Marion in a horse-breeding business in Northridge, to be called Marwyck Ranch. Barbara pooh-poohed the idea at first, but when Zeppo suggested that ranch life would be good for Dion, she was sold. She went into it wholeheartedly, as she does everything. She wanted an "all-Irish house, even to a thatched roof," but they talked her out of that by explaining that thatched roofs made lovely bonfires.

Not only did the Marxes introduce Barbara to the soil, but they did even better. At the Trocadero one night in 1936 they presented Robert Taylor, a nice young guy from the cornfields of Nebraska to whom Metro was giving the extra-special glamor treatment. Barbara called him "Elmer" and "Farmer Joe." It made Metro cringe, but Bob loved it. He felt that Barbara was the only genuine thing he had found in the whole fantastic town. They went together steadily for three years before they were married. But during that period M-G-M grew worried. Next to Gable, Bob was their big box-office star. The women fans might not like him to marry. So M-G-M sent him to England to make A Yank at Oxford. That did it. He kept the transatlantic cables hot begging Barbara to take the next boat and marry him. They finally married in San Diego, May 14, 1939.

When the Goldwyn studio heard that Bob Taylor planned to escort Barbara Stanwyck to the preview of Stella Dallas, they ordered a score of cops stationed in the front of the theater to protect Bob from the hysterical fans who had a way of pulling his clothes off him. When the cops saw a rather plainly dressed girl clutching his arm, they forcibly removed her. The Taylor fists started swinging in the direction of Los Angeles' Finest and Barbara had to act as peacemaker. Because of this incident, perhaps, or maybe to please Bob, Barbara started "dressing up." Today she is one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood. Edith Head, Paramount designer, does her clothes, both on screen and off.

Soon after their marriage the Taylors sold their respective ranches in the Valley and moved into Beverly Hills, where they have lived ever since.

Barbara's wartime household consists of Dion, a cook and a maid she has had for years, and her godfather, Buck Mack. Dion, who prefers to be called Skip, goes to public school. Buck Mack, formerly of the vaudeville team of Miller and Mack, was a friend of sister Mildred in the old days, and first met Barbara when she was a wide-eyed kid backstage. Buck markets and gardens and sometimes drives for "the Queen." Barbara and Buck are both scared to death of flying—Bob's great love—but to please him they'll fly with him occasionally. The first time, Buck wore his "laying-out" clothes.

BARBARA has never had a secretary. "What the hell can a secretary do for me?" she asks. No one else has a chance to answer the phone when she's around. She is depressingly punctual. And she never goes to bed at night until she has personally answered the day's mail.

She probably has more real friends among the studio people in Hollywood than any other star. On the other hand, many a hostess has called her "rude," and not without cause. Her charities are numerous and unpublicized. She gives money and time to the Orthopedic Hospital in Los Angeles, and to many orphanages in and around the city. If you accuse her of being a softy, she'll brush it off by saying, "Oh, I'm only buying my way past St. Peter."

Barbara never worries about Bob's feminine fans who seem to want to throw themselves at him. "I'd worry," said Barbara, "if they didn't." And only once has she been even slightly irked by any of his feminine leads. It was during the production of Camille, when Bob was playing opposite Garbo. "Well, how was the Swede?" asked Barbara. He looked hurt. Then, dreamy-eyed, he waxed lyrical for some fifteen or twenty minutes. "Listen, son," said Barbara, who was in no mood for poetry. "I grant you that Miss Garbo is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, and that she is a brilliant actress—but she brushes her teeth in the morning just like everyone else."

Before Bob enlisted in the Navy the Taylors had their share of nuisance "Are-you-divorcing?" calls. Barbara handles them neatly: "Oh, yes, Hedda, How are you? You heard Bob was divorcing me? He didn't say anything about it at breakfast this morning. But wait a minute, I'll ask him." A few seconds later: "He says not today, Hedda. Sorry. Good-by."

THE END

* * *

"I wouldn't believe Adolf Hitler was dead, even if he told me so himself."
—Hjalmar Schacht.

* * *

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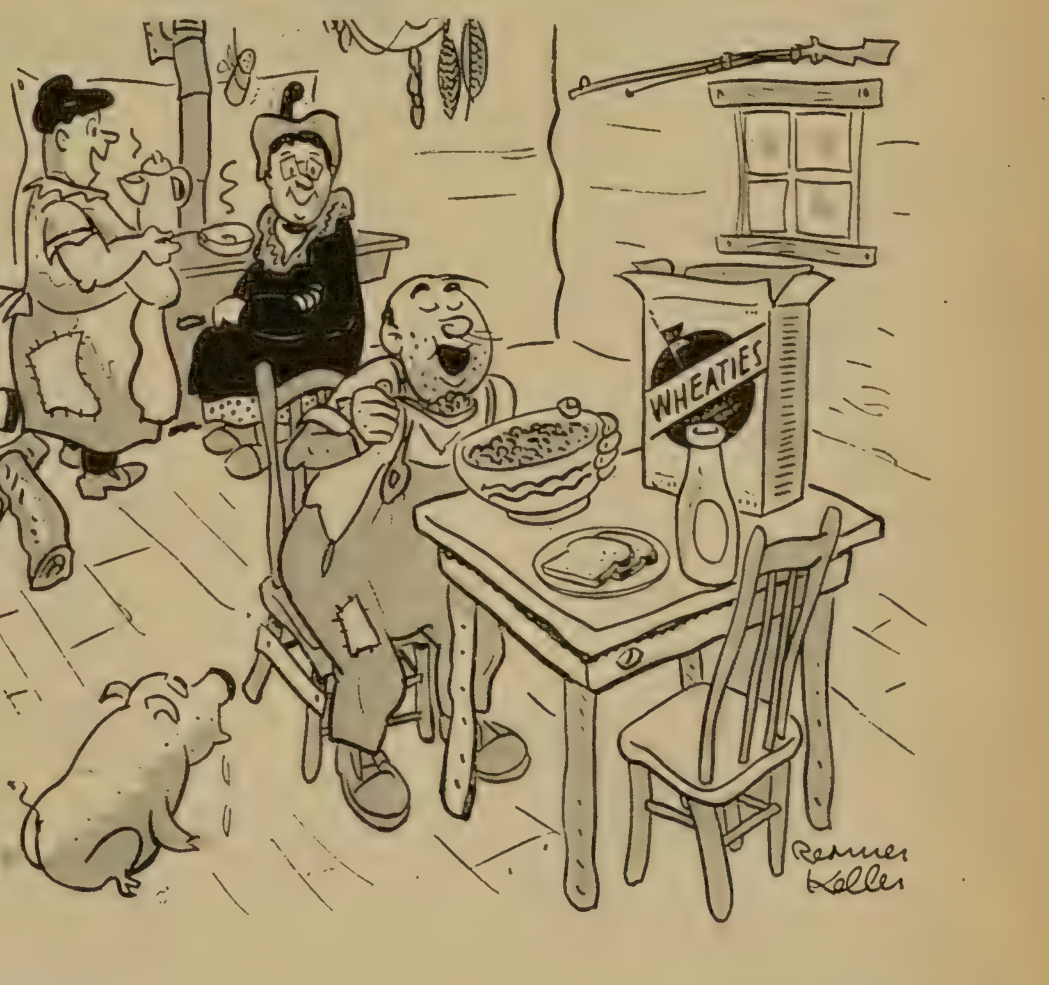

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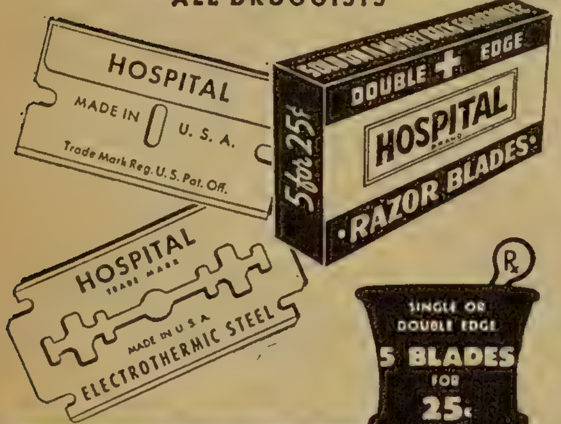

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

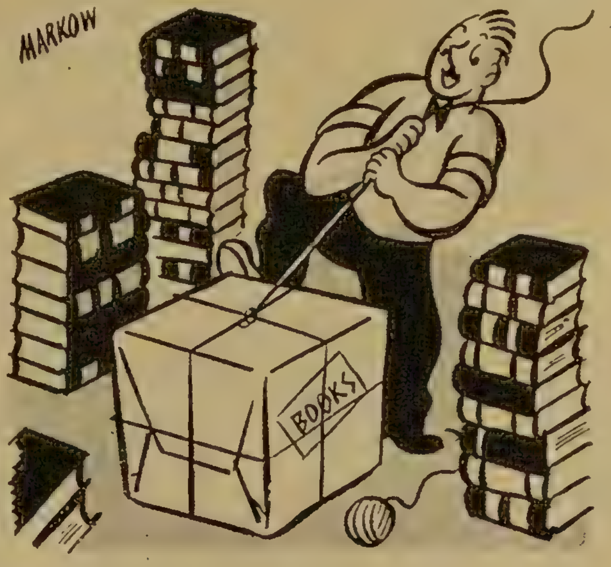
Vivian Hall, Billings, Mont. The new Chief of Chaplains is Brigadier General Luther D. Miller, who recently returned from thirty-three months in the Southwest Pacific. He is married and the father of two children. He is an Episcopalian. Chaplain William E. Arnold, whom he succeeds, is a Catholic.

* * *

S/Sgt. H. B. McG., Italy. The M4 tank which you used fighting in Italy costs the government $45,846, which is a lot of war bonds, bub.

* * *

Mrs. Thomas Jackson, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa. Thirteen American generals have been killed in action, which would seem to disprove any theory that generals keep themselves stationed in safe rear areas.



Wrap well!

* * *

Major G. Goldstein, France. You are right: there have been men who have advanced from private to general. Four-star generals Courtney Hodges (First Army) and Walter Krueger (Sixth Army Group) both went the full military route. General Krueger, incidentally, was born in Berlin, Germany. Possibly the first to make the complete run from private to general in this war will be former film star Jimmy Stewart, now a full colonel in command of a Liberator Bomber Wing in the Eighth Air Force.

* * *

Ex-Cadet, Panama City, Fla. If the Dutch are paying any kind of bonus to Americans, which I suppose is what you mean, no one at A. A. F. H. Q. in Washington knows anything about it. They think, and I agree, that it probably is a bonus for those Dutch citizens who served with the R. A. F. or with any of the Allied nations' armed forces.

* * *

Sgt. R. O'R., New River, N. C. As we said some months ago, enlisted men who win the Medal of Honor are not entitled to a salute from other EMs. You are thinking of the British decoration, the Victoria Cross; any person wearing the V. C. rates a salute, regardless of rank. So far in this war, 233 Medals of Honor have been won; 162 have gone to the Army, thirty-three to the Navy, twenty-seven to the Marine Corps, and one to the Coast Guard.

* * *

Mrs. Ida Miller, Lowell, Mass. I agree with you and with your son that tankers should get some kind of recognition comparable to the Combat Infantryman Badge and the Medic Badge, since everyone who is at the very front line—and certainly the tankers are—deserves the same commendation and reward.

* * *

Westley Dow, Gardiner, Me. If you have fifty books you wish to donate to an Army Hospital, I suggest that you get the World Almanac and look for the one nearest your home. Then wrap the books securely and mail to the Special Services Officer at that hospital. I wish your thoughtfulness in sending books to a hospital could be multiplied by a million, because nothing helps a wounded man like forgetting that he's in a hospital—and there's no easier way to do that than by reading.

* * *

J. J. J., Bisbee, Ariz. The Presidential Accolade is a certificate which goes to the next of kin of all who die in honorable service. It reads: "In grateful memory of —— ——, who died in the service of his country. He stands in the unbroken line of patriots who have dared to die that freedom might live, and grow, and increase its blessings. Freedom lives, and through it, he lives, in a way that humbles the undertakings of most men." It is signed, of course, by the President of the United States.

* * *

M. S., S1/c, Banana River, Fla. The G. I. Bill of Rights concerns benefits for veterans only, and not for those still in the service.

* * *

B. N., Fond du Lac, Wis. Even if you are a registered nurse and your fiancé is hospitalized in a Veterans' Hospital, you may not go on duty tending him unless that particular hospital is willing to give you a special dispensation.

* * *

C. A. B., Wichita, Kans. I think your idea is so good that you should write at once to Secretary of War Stimson. I do not see how he can fail to approve your plan whereby all those men who were honorably discharged become eligible to volunteer for the Army of Occupation, since such a plan would allow the War Department to release those soldiers in Europe who wanted "out." Go to it, and congrats on coming up with the notion!

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

KING OF COAL

Continued from Page 23

pany pays. The biggest item in the cost of a ton of coal to the consumer is transportation. Currently, coal sells at the pit head for something less than three dollars a ton.

More than 60 per cent of this selling price is paid to miners for digging the coal, a proportionate labor cost higher than in any other industry.

Still, nearly every miner you might talk to would voice his emphatic belief: (*a*) that John L. Lewis has saved him from destruction; and (*b*) that miners are still the downtrodden members of the human race, martyrs to the greed and rapacity of the operators—whom he still pictures vaguely as immensely rich, sardonic exploiters of labor.

THE miners seem not to realize that the operators, facing ruin by 1933 and somewhat recovered since, are no longer the feudal overlords who once dominated the coal industry with cruelty and cynicism. The miners still remember, subconsciously if not actually, the callous words spoken in 1900 by George F. Baer, president of the mine-owning P. & R. Railroad: "What do you mean, the miners are suffering? They don't suffer. Why, half of them can't even speak English!"

Most of the important mines have passed into the hands of corporations aware of their responsibilities under a new order. But it's difficult to convince the miners and their families of such a change. The miner takes his information and advice on matters of politics, economy, the problems of his family, from one source and one source only: John L. Lewis.

It is of enormous significance, for example, that OPA price ceilings were never enforced in mining towns. The United Mine Workers, which is to say John L. Lewis, never encouraged the formation of ration boards in the mine towns, never told the housewives to insist on ceiling prices in the stores—and 80 per cent of mine families buy their food from independent, not company, stores. The U. M. W. ignored the whole subject.

Inflation was let run in the mining towns. Lewis had a good case when he offered figures to show that the cost of living for miners was high. He had a good case when he showed in May that the anthracite miners couldn't get meat, and were striking because of it. He had done nothing at all to keep the prices down, to co-operate in the national effort to distribute meat evenly. An isolationist from the first, he never changed his tune except with grudging words which he swiftly forgot; apparently he never gave a thought to the men dying overseas when he called his strikes—four of them in six months.

It is difficult to blame the individual coal miner, who is in our times the chattel of John L. Lewis, for his mental and moral mistakes during the war. His physical and intellectual isolation from the rest of the American community has been emphasized. The physical isolation is the result of his occupation. The mental isolation has been carefully preserved by Mr. Lewis. The miner has struck, hoping to gain a few dollars, because he simply did not know what was going on in the world. He has chosen not to listen to people who could tell him.

There was nobody to tell the coal miner that soldiers far away on bloody fields were viewing him as the symbol of greedy American labor, or picturing his leader as an archenemy of the nation.

In West Virginia some miners were asked

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THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

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TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS

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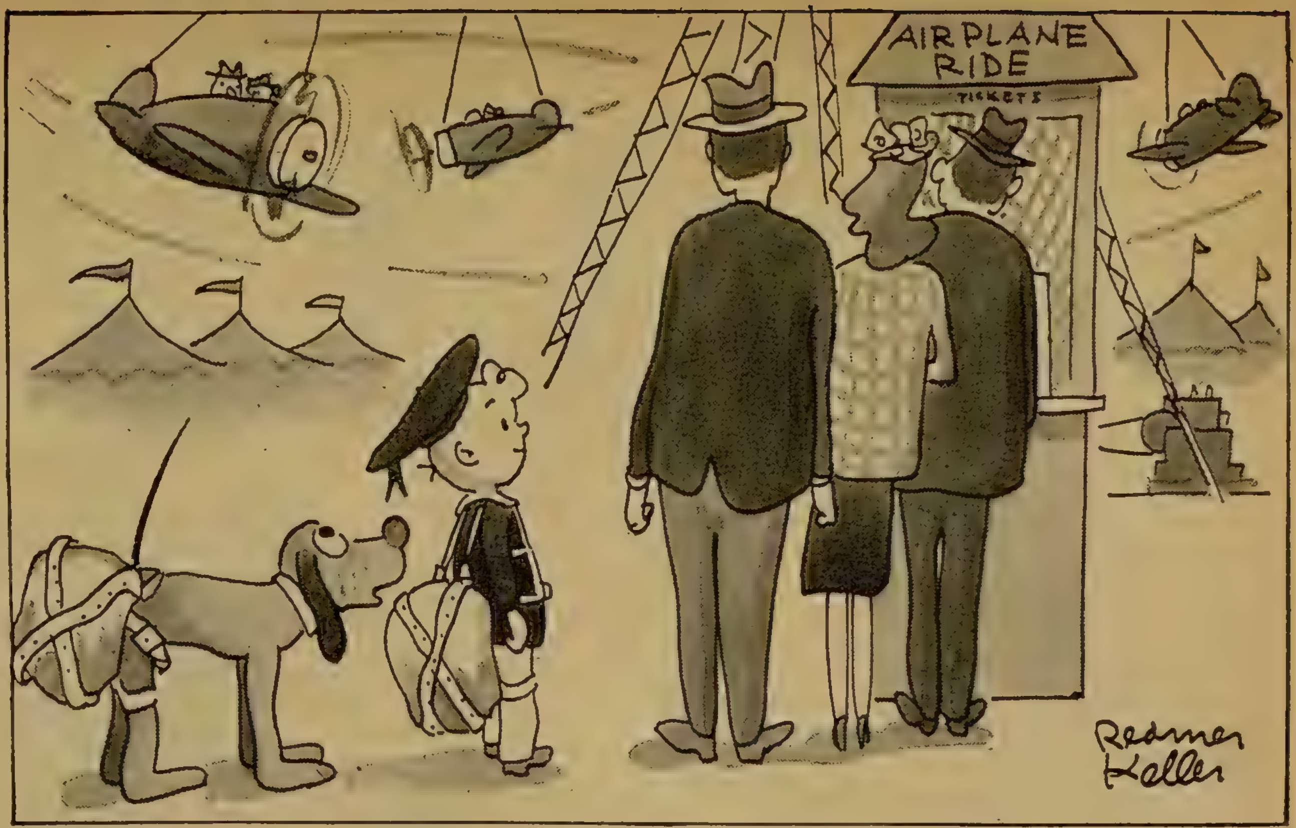

what they thought about this. They had an answer, slowly and carefully phrased: "We've got boys over there too, fighting and dying. We are not striking for ourselves alone. We are striking so that those boys will have a better time of it when they take off their uniforms and get back to work in the mines like they've got to do. We can't let the operators steal it all while those lads are away."

Of course nobody has ever told them that the law limits operators' profits, or that profiteering in coal is impossible now.

And therein lies the most grievous complaint that the nation can lodge against John Lewis, the man who has done more for the miner's *economic* life than anybody had ever done before: He has done nothing for the miner's intellectual life.

OF the huge sums of money at his disposal, he has used not a penny for the mental, spiritual, or cultural improvement of the 500,000 men and 2,000,000 women and children who acclaim him as the greatest man on earth. He has founded neither schools nor libraries. The periodicals he publishes are vacuous and rabble-rousing. He regards the $8,000,000 which he holds in the treasury as a weapon, not as a force for betterment of his devotees.

The table of an average income shows that union dues are not exorbitant—less than two dollars a month. But still they add up to nearly a million dollars a month. Not all this money goes into the Lewis treasury. Some of it is siphoned off in locals and in district offices, for the payroll of such an elaborate organization as the U. M. W. is considerable. Yet much does go to the central fund.

Lewis has not foisted upon his people costly insurance and benefit schemes, as other union leaders have done. As a matter of fact, the operators themselves have provided most excellent medical care and hospitals for their men at moderate cost.

Yet, even as he avoided the pitfalls of benefit and insurance schemes, Lewis didn't hesitate to use the money earned by the coal miners for ambitious schemes of his own, affairs not likely to benefit the men for whom he professed such pity.

He organized the famous District 50, which had 48,000 dues-paying members in June, 1943. These miners did not elect their own officers. Under the "provisional" system, Ora Gasaway and Lewis' crown princess, his daughter Kathryn, were put in command. But the job of Gasaway and Kathryn Lewis was not much concerned with coal at all. District 50, as Lewis planned it, was to be the nucleus of a labor organization that would rival the C. I. O. (from which Lewis had removed himself in bitterness over Roosevelt's third-term election).

District 50 was plotted as the catch-all for another 5,000,000 members of U. M. W. —members who never even saw a coal mine. There were to be 3,000,000 dairy farmers and 2,000,000 utility workers in a variety of fields from cosmetics to chemicals. It was the most ambitious scheme for power ever devised by a labor baron. It had people terrified, from Governor Dewey to the New York Times. It was one of the great flops of union history. But it cost $3,024,956—money paid into the union treasury by coal miners. And of this sum, Lewis spent $2,500,000 *after Pearl Harbor.*

THE coal miner himself has no opportunity to express himself about the wisdom or folly of such maneuvers. His only checkrein upon Lewis, the dictator, lies in the Executive Committee and its *alter ego* the Policy Committee. The men serving in these jobs—three out of four of them, at least—are hand-picked by Lewis, not elected by coal miners. They are yes-men, drawing good salaries to do as Lewis tells them to do. He treats them with amiable contempt. In the basement of the handsome Mine Workers building in Washington, they meet to ratify the Lewis dicta, and as they sit, they look at four walls almost covered with photographs and cartoons of Lewis.

Once, in a serious crisis, Lewis adjourned a committee session to talk with waiting reporters. A few committee members remained and their talk in a corner became audible to the press conference. Lewis turned to the stay-behind members of his Policy Committee. "Cheese it, fellows," he said. "Cheese it!" They went away, and Lewis winked at the reporters, giving them one of his rare grins.

Where does the simple man who digs coal for a living come into this most powerful of American unions?

He has neither interest nor influence in the great drama of politics which controls his destiny. He is interested in only three things: his pay envelope, his working conditions, and his living conditions.

On minor matters the individual miner has recourse. If he thinks he is getting a bad deal, he may complain to his local chapter leader, a walking delegate, or

WHY THIS MAN MAY NEED HELP WITH A *Rum Collins*

Notice his pleasantly rounded chin, his full lower lip! Signs of a "good mixer," but not detail-minded. Needs exact directions—like this grand recipe for a Rum Collins*—full bodied, rich, flavourful.

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Place in a tall glass filled with ice, one teaspoon sugar, juice of one lemon, one jigger Myers's Jamaica Rum. Fill with carbonated water. Stir. Decorate with a Maraschino Cherry, slice of lemon. Serve with a straw.

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chapter president. If the complaint is important enough, it moves through a regular channel: (1) Conference between the local union head and the mine superintendent; (2) a meeting of the mine operator with the district union president, with perhaps the services of an arbitrator hired jointly by operator and union; (3) the reference of the whole dispute to Washington—to Lewis.

If the district has serious differences with the operators hiring the miners, the matter is likely to go to Washington at once. In most districts, however, there is complete harmony between the miner and the foreman, the local union and the superintendent, the district union and the operators' association.

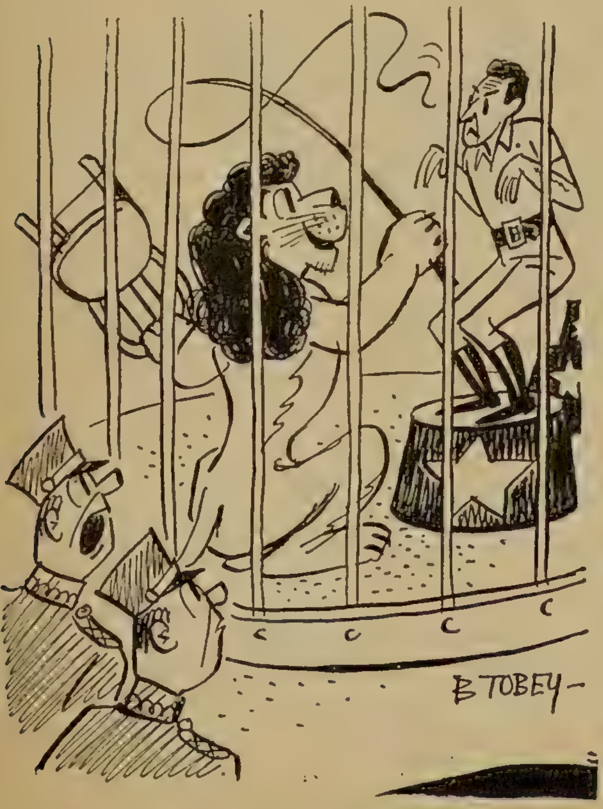
When powers beyond their control or understanding order a strike, the miners and the employees of the operating companies sit down together and shake their heads over events they do not comprehend.

The lot of the miners and the attitude of the operators have improved greatly since 1932. It is not proper to say that Lewis or any other labor leader forced this new attitude upon employers. It was inevitable.

IN his semi-private life, Lewis lives elegantly but not extravagantly. Union books are not open to public inspection or accounting, since the Wagner Act protected their privacy. At last account, Lewis received $25,000 a year as salary and in addition was privileged to spend whatever he needed for expenses. There is nothing reprehensive or unorthodox about this, and certainly nobody has ever suggested that Lewis was personally dishonest or was building a private fortune. He has no greed for pelf. And it is traditional union psychology that men want their leaders, the symbols of themselves, to live as the proprietors do, to show that laboring men can put up a front with the best of them.

Lewis has been ruthless. He has been accused of being unpatriotic. He has ranted like a dictator. He has been a machine politician of the first water and more or less of a nuisance to American life. Yet he has taught some lasting lessons to the men and the corporations who own coal mines. He has improved the lot of miners who were once outrageously oppressed. They worship him for the fatter pay envelopes he brought them. But had he modified his great power with only a trace of humility, he might have earned a devotion more widespread and enduring.

THE END



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COMPULSORY TRAINING FOR A POSTWAR NAVY

Continued from Page 19

vided in boot camps during the present war. Here he would learn the elements of seamanship, gunnery, and signals. He would be examined, tested to discover his aptitudes, and taught the rudiments of life in the Navy. He would learn about Navy customs, Navy regulations, Navy cleanliness, and Navy discipline. Meanwhile the Navy would study his aptitudes and special talents to see where he fitted best—the same kind of testing that uncovered so much unexpected talent as men were assigned billets for the present war.

For most men, boot training would run three months. That has been the goal during World War II, although circumstances have not always permitted giving the full twelve weeks. There would be exceptions. Men with a mechanical bent would be steered toward the artificer branch, and would receive one month of basic engineering as part of their boot training. Men going in for highly technical specialties, such as radar, would spend less time in boot camp so they could get on with their studies of the mysteries of electricity. Thus the exact time in boot camp would vary, and so would the program of training. The man who needs a great deal of mathematics would chart a different course from the future coxswain who needs a great deal of seamanship.

With boot camp behind him, the trainee would move to one of the naval training centers or naval air-training centers for three months' study in a Class A school.

Now he would discover that a modern Navy is operated by specialists, by men skilled in a list of technical specialties growing longer every year. He would find that there must be men skilled in electricity, metalworking, machine-shop practice, in the repair and maintenance of gasoline and steam engines. He would find that other specialists must know the intricacies of torpedoes, hydraulic equipment, guns, and radio.

One man might spend this second period studying electrical gear; another, aviation power plants. The trainee would begin to "learn a trade," so to speak—a Navy trade. It is such a knowledge of tools, machinery, and electrical devices that discharged veterans of the present war are finding immediately applicable to civilian life, and well worth having.

FOR his third period, again of about three months, the trainee might go to a New England submarine base, a California naval base, or perhaps a Texas airfield. This period would be given over to what we have called "precommission training" in wartime. Men previously trained in specialties —the ship fitters, the gunners' mates, the motor machinists' mates, and so on—are now assembled to learn to work together as a team. The "crew" is mustered, without the ship. Gunners assigned to aircraft-carrier duty would learn to work alongside machinists' mates assigned to that kind of craft; carpenters assigned to a Seabee battalion would meet and work with the men of other skills assigned to that battalion. There would also be training for anti-aircraft teams and the personnel of aircraft squadrons.

Then the trainee would pack his sea bag for the final phase of his training—three months under that best of all teachers, experience. He would spend this final quarter aboard ship, which the Navy has always found to be the one best school for Navy men.

MEXICO
Mary Gibson

"I hope you'll take us back again when you return from your vacation."

The trainee would not, however, join a combat ship. His tour at sea would be spent aboard a ship of a training fleet. Trainees would man and operate these ships. Only a nucleus crew of approximately 33 per cent would be men of the regular Navy.

Now, perhaps on a carrier, perhaps on a repair ship, the trainee would have a chance to try at sea what he learned on land—what he was taught in his Class A school and rehearsed in operational training. The radarman, for example, would have a chance to see how the equipment he had been studying actually operates at sea; the man who had been studying Diesel engines could observe how they operate in landing craft. Men following in the footsteps of the Seabees would tackle the same construction problems Seabee battalions have handled so ably in this war. Men assigned to amphibious craft would make practice landings while planes from the carriers gave support.

After a year of training, the trainee, having learned his role in national defense, would be free to go about his business. He would become a member of a reserve component—Army, Navy, or Marine Corps —and would continue in that status for five years; unless, of course, he chose to join the Regular Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, or their organized reserves, or was commissioned as a reserve officer. He would not be called to active duty except in case of a national emergency declared by Congress —the same sort of emergency as was recognized in the adoption of conscription for World War II.

In other words, he would be no more subject to military service than was an untrained citizen in the past. The difference is that in the event of war, he would go into the branch of the service for which he was prepared. He would know where he would serve in time of war and would be trained for specific duties. But he would not be subject to call *except* in an emergency, and for all practical purposes the fact that he was in the reserves would not affect his civilian career in the slightest. He came in a civilian; he would leave a civilian.

His membership in the reserves would lapse after five years because that period covers his years of greatest usefulness as a potential fighting man. Age would reduce his usefulness after that, and his usefulness would also diminish as he left his training days farther and farther behind.

Under such a plan, the Navy would train

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OURS WILL - I USE SMOOTH STAR BLADES!
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SINGLE EDGE

about 182,000 men each year. Those whose training was fresh in mind would form a shield behind which others could be given refresher courses and brought up to date on the newest equipment. In other words, there would be pretrained men in a relatively high state of readiness to carry the ball while others, in what might be called "stand-by condition," were given any necessary retraining.

One year obviously will not suffice to produce finished products in every highly technical naval specialty. But in a year a trainee can learn enough to be a valuable man in case of an emergency. He will come out of it knowing the tools and weapons and machinery of his specialty, and will need only experience to mature into a high-grade fighting man.

Specialties vary in difficulty. In some, a trainee can learn enough in a year to climb from apprentice seaman to a petty officer's rating. A trainee studying to be a quartermaster can learn enough to qualify for his rating, and in a year a green hand with the proper qualifications can learn the duties of a gunner's mate. Others who do not qualify for a rating will be ready to "strike" for that rating; ready, that is, to understudy more experienced men until they prove their ability. In general, one year's training will not give men the chance to show that they can be trusted with the more responsible jobs, but will bring them to that stage of training where they are entitled to a trial. Most of the trainees, if called to active duty, could attain their ratings after comparatively brief further training. The time-devouring phases of training—when a future radarman, for instance, is learning the fundamentals of alternating and direct current—would be behind them.

WHILE the trained reserve would not be subject to further training, the Navy plans to provide additional training for those who ask it. A reservist who thus improved himself would be eligible for promotion. The system would turn out enlisted men, not officers; but graduates of the training program would, of course, be entitled to seek a commission if qualified. In other words, John Jones, trained to be a motor machinist's mate, is not frozen in that rating. There is nothing to prevent his becoming Lieutenant John Jones of the Naval Reserve. Every encouragement will be given to the man who desires further training leading to promotion.

It is for Congress to say whether trainees in camp or school will be paid, and who will be exempt. It may seem desirable to exempt those with bona fide religious scruples against war.

Another question for civil authorities to determine is that of dependency allowances. In the relatively rare cases where the trainee has dependents in spite of his youth, the Navy believes that benefits should be provided. The armed services have no facilities for investigating dependency claims. If allowances are incorporated in the system, they should be administered by civilians.

This, then, is the kind of instruction the Navy's planning officers have in mind for that nonprofessional fighting man, the trained citizen. Until the over-all specifications are laid down by Congress, the planning can have no finality. All that can be presented at this time is a broad picture of how the training period would be utilized. Navy men will note that the training plans incorporate a great deal that was learned in training men for the present war. They are based, furthermore, on another lesson of the present war—that under the conditions of ultra-technical modern warfare, an untrained man is helpless.

THE END

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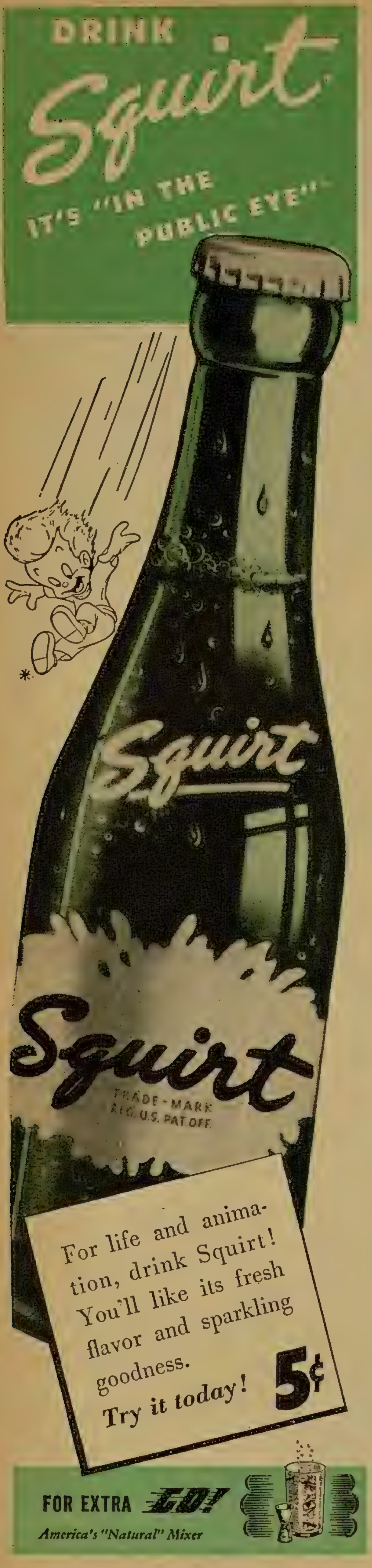

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

SURE SIGN: Just in case you've lost your calendar, you can still tell August is upon us because of the fur sales. Our philanthropic merchants are as eager as ever to keep furriers busy throughout what would otherwise be a dull season. Besides, in their benevolence, they doubtless figure that getting customers to try on fur coats on a sweltering summer day is an act of kindness—it feels so good to take them off. There are new developments in furs this year that the normally excitable fur man just can't keep under his hat any longer. The modest muskrat, for example, with the help of canny chemists, can now masquerade as stone marten, platina, and baum marten. As if that weren't enough to confuse the whole animal kingdom, opossum, raccoon, lamb, and sheep have been chemically treated to render them capable of taking dyes and turning such startling colors as red and green. Color-fast and water-resistant too!

CLUTTERED CLOSETS: Many an overstuffed closet now has a golden opportunity of unburdening itself. American Relief for Holland urgently seeks checkers, quoits, parchesi, footballs, basketballs, and hockey sticks for thousands of Dutch children now under treatment in England for nutritional illnesses contracted during the war. Handicraft tools are also needed and all will be joyously received at 465 Fifth Avenue, New York. At the request of Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces, accommodations in English and Scotch camps and homes are now being found for some 50,000 Dutch children.

SUMMER DEBUT: Two blonde little numbers were introduced to the appreciative press recently. The chubby one, named FISHBURGER, is enticingly round like a hamburger, while FISHFURTER is attractively slender. The tasty pair will appear at many former haunts of the hamburger and frankfurter, thereby taking much of the pain out of the meat shortage. The recipe for six fishfurters calls for a one-pound filet of flounder, parboiled and shaved into fine pieces. After adding a tablespoonful each of chopped chives and parsley, a little salt and a few drops of Tabasco sauce, the mixture is rolled into frankfurter form, dipped in egg batter, rolled in bread crumbs, then broiled or fried for ten minutes. Served on toasted hot-dog rolls, a pair of fishfurters makes a dandy dish for lunch or supper. The fishburgers are made of halibut and sea trout, parboiled and shaved, with grated onion, chopped parsley, and Worcestershire sauce added before shaping into hamburger form. Dipped in egg batter, then cracker meal, and broiled or fried, they have a piquant taste all their own.

HOMEMADE MONEY: The eight winners of the Fifth Annual National Sewing Contest received $100 cash prizes, plus trips from their home towns to New York to see the superlative fashion show in which the winning garments appeared. A huge party in the Sert Room at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel climaxed the contest, sponsored by the National Needlecraft Bureau. Winner of first prize in the Children's Clothing Group was Mrs. Irene Laycock Clasgow, a maternity nurse from California. Her entry was a white silk coat and bonnet made entirely by hand. Born in Canada, Mrs. Clasgow got an early start at sewing in a big way, for after the death of her mother she *had* to sew in order to clothe her fifteen brothers and sisters. First prize in the Victory Group went to Miss Jean Meier of Detroit, Michigan, for a navy blue wool bolero suit entirely remade from a seven-year-old suit that was too small for her. Resourcefully using two-inch grosgrain ribbon in working out her pattern, Miss Meier created what would pass anywhere for a new up-to-the-minute costume. Another entry in the Victory Group was vociferously admired, and I wish the applause could have carried clear to the overseas ears of the husband who sent his wife the nylon parachute from which she made her diaphanous ivory negligee. Even the original seaming was ingeniously employed as trimming.

BLOCK THAT KICK!

Let's all be fair, and thank the war
For blessings never known before:

If we had not been short of gas,
We'd not have learned that we could pass
The summer here, and find it pretty,
Smack in the middle of our city.

Though poor in radishes and roses,
We've reaped beneath our urban noses
Good neighbors whom we never knew
Till crowded trains marooned them too.

No poison oak, no toads, no ants
Invade our picnics or our pants.
Nor are we persecuted by
A well forever going dry.

LETTUCE TAKES A TRIMMING: A New York grocer has equipped his bins with plaintive little signs such as: "Please do not trim the lettuce," "Please do not pinch the peaches." It seems housewives are more and more unprincipled in their zeal to get their money's worth.

NIGHT WITHOUT END

Continued from Page 33

mire his idol. He followed Durkin everywhere. When he could not be near him, he just sat and watched him.

Durkin didn't seem to mind the kid trailing after him. In fact, he seemed to like it. He had all sorts of nicknames for him. "My boy Friday," he'd call him, or "Runt," or "Sambo," or he'd just whistle to him. And he was the only one who did not respect the fact that Tanateo's body was *tapu*. The rest of us made sure we did not touch him. Once I reached out for him without thinking, and he jumped back and his hand went to the thin triangular shark knife in his belt. For a minute he looked all savage; then he smiled.

"I am *tapu*, Brains Mister," he said. "It is forbidden that I be touched."

"Sorry, kid," I said. "I forgot."

And Tanateo nodded his forgiveness.

But Durkin would plop down in the shade beside us and crook his finger and whistle, and when Tanateo came up slowly, he would reach out a big hand and drag him down beside him. One time he said to him:

"Tell Brains here how you are *tapu* and the sharks won't touch you."

"It is true. The *mako* will not harm me."

"Tell him about the charms you carry in the little bag around your neck."

"It is true they are charms. But it is *tapu* to say more."

"You'd let me look in the bag, wouldn't you?" Durkin said, reaching out his hand.

"Please!" Tanateo begged, his eyes rolling with fear.

"O. K.! O. K.! This juju stuff don't interest me. Tell Brains about eating the Long Pig That Talks," he said, winking to me.

"But I have never eaten of the Long Pig," Tanateo protested seriously. "The eating of the Long Pig was in the days of long ago, before the white man came."

"Go on, you little cannibal. I'll bet you still sneak off in the dark of the moon and roast an old man or two. Or a woman. Do women taste better than men?"

"No," Tanateo said sullenly.

"Oh! Then you did eat a man?"

Tanateo looked around him wildly like a trapped animal, unable to understand the intricacies of the third degree.

"I'll bet your teeth are filed to thin points," Durkin said. "Open your mouth and let's see."

Tanateo bounded to his feet and tried to run away, and Durkin's long arm shot out and his fingers gripped him by the ankle and dropped him to the ground. He pressed at the corners of Tanateo's clenched jaws until pain forced them open.

"No," he said critically; "no, your teeth aren't filed. I guess I made a mistake."

Maybe he had. In more ways than one. I saw the kid's eyes when Durkin let him go. He was looking at Durkin, who was paying no more attention to him, and for one unguarded moment I saw all the agony of love and hate in his eyes. Then they were opaque and guarded again, the puzzled, hurt eyes of a savage baffled by the mysterious ways of the white man. He turned and ran to the lagoon and swam across its shark-infested waters.

"Some day that kid is going to stick a knife in your back," I warned Durkin.

He looked at me, frowning a minute, then threw back his head and roared.

"Who? My little man Friday? Why, that kid would jump into a pit of wildcats if I asked him to! Why, to him I'm one step higher than all his taboos and gods and nonsense."

After one of these sessions, when Durkin was in a teasing mood, or a mood for practical joking, or just shooed the kid from underfoot, Tanateo would be missing for a few days. I guess Durkin liked the kid all right. He missed him. He had a way of letting his eyes drift over the lagoon like he was looking for someone, and a couple of mornings I surprised him just staring across the water and frowning. When I asked him if he was looking for Tanateo, he just shrugged those massive shoulders and walked away.

Then one morning we would see Tanateo swimming the lagoon again, his scarlet *pareu* a bright dab on the blue water and his arms copper colored in the sunrise. He would stand with downcast eyes, and at last Durkin would notice him and they would go off together as before. For a while Durkin would not tease him; he'd be very kind. Sometimes he even let him ride up on the bulldozer beside him, and you could see the kid's happy white grin from halfway across the flying strip. Then he'd give him little knickknacks for presents.

THE thing the kid valued most was the knife Durkin gave him. It had a wooden handle and Durkin had carved his name on it in capital letters. Tanateo gave Durkin his shark knife with the beautifully carved ironwood hilt in exchange. A wide-bladed knife like Durkin's was no good against sharks, but anyway Tanateo was *tapu* and the sharks didn't bother him, and he could throw this knife better than his own.

Knife-throwing was a hobby with him. He could stand by the hour and throw Durkin's knife into the soft pulpy trunk of a banana tree. Some of our boys are pretty good with a knife, but they weren't even competition for Tanateo. I guess the best throw I ever saw him make was one

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—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.

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(A 20th Century name for tops in knit underwear, hosiery and sportswear. Underwear and hosiery knit the way you're built. Underwear that fits without binding or creeping up. *Made* to keep you comfortable . . . it's a name to remember.)

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SPORTSWEAR

day when Durkin spied a marine dozing against a tree. There was a gourd hanging over the marine's head by a length of twine. Durkin couldn't resist it. He beckoned to Tanateo.

"Can you cut that string with a knife from here?" he asked. The boy hesitated. We were forty feet away, but it wasn't the distance that was troubling him.

"The gourd is full of water," Tanateo protested. "It is not good to wake by the falling of water upon your head."

"You said it!" Durkin chuckled. "Try it. Go on, try it!"

Tanateo looked up with puzzled eyes but did not answer. He gauged the distance, palmed the knife along its dull edge, and threw sideways. He had to make the cutting edge of the knife run along the taut string. He did. It was the best throw I've ever seen. Of course the marine was sore, but he laughed it off when he saw that it was Durkin.

THEN, one day while we were all sitting around in the shade, Durkin got to teasing Tanateo again. He started in on him about superstitions and taboos.

"Come on," he said. "Let's see what's in that charm bag. Maybe I'll get one like it, so when I get back home I'll put the evil eye on taxicabs and cross streets without getting run over." He reached out his hand, and the kid crouched back in fear.

"Please," he begged. "No. It is *tapu*. Please, Great Golden Beard, I am afraid."

"Come on!" Durkin said impatiently. "You don't believe that stuff, do you? Come on. I'm not afraid." His hand darted out and snatched the amulet, breaking the cord that held it around Tanateo's neck. "Well, now, let's see what's in it."

Tanateo gave a little animal cry and jumped for Durkin. He had the knife in his hand. When Durkin grabbed his wrist, the knife point wasn't a half inch from his chest.

"Why, you little brown ——!" he said with incredulous surprise. Then his face darkened with blood and anger and his fingers tightened on Tanateo's wrist. He squeezed and shook it until the knife fell from the limp fingers, then he slapped Tanateo back and forth across the face. "You dirty little brown devil!" he roared. "Stick me, would you?"

He slapped him a couple of times more and pushed him away.

"Go on!" he shouted. "Get out of here and stay out! Get out and don't come back, you little brown mother-eating cannibal! Scram! Beat it!"

The kid stood looking up at him for a moment. He stooped and picked up the knife and then turned and walked away without a word, without cringing, his shoulders erect, his head held proudly. He did not swim across the lagoon. He walked the long way around, slowly, steadily, never once turning to look back. Durkin looked after the kid for a long time, then he walked to the edge of the water, still swearing under his breath, and threw the bag way out.

We didn't see Tanateo all that week. Then the next week went by and he still didn't come into camp. Durkin was sullen and irritable. He said a couple of things which a few weeks before no one would have taken offense at, but now he said them without laughing and he had a couple of fights on his hands. But he was good with his fists. He always had been.

One evening, about three weeks after Durkin had taken the kid's charm bag, I was wandering through the jungle up the mountain overlooking the camp, and I caught a glimpse of the scarlet *pareu* and I called out. Tanateo started to run away, then recognized my voice and came back slowly. He looked sick. His face was drawn and his body had lost its slick smoothness.

"Tanateo," I said, "we have missed you."

For a moment his eyes lit up, then they clouded again and he shook his head.

"Are you sick?" I asked. "We have a doctor. We have medicines. We'll make you well."

"No," he said at last. "I am not sick. Not the sickness that your doctor could make well."

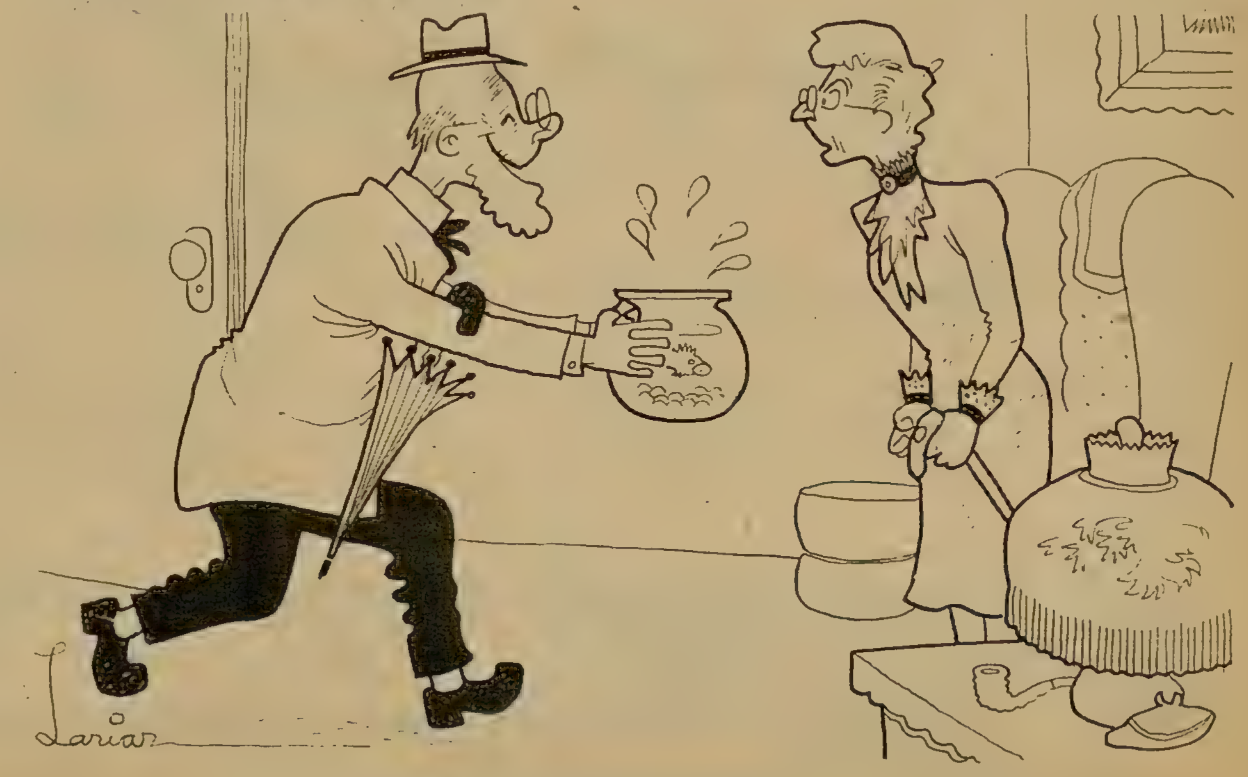
He said *"your* doctor." He was setting us apart.

"Our doctors are good," I said.

HE smiled, a slow, faint, condescending smile at my great ignorance. "Once our numbers were great," he said. He was not speaking to me. His words were the literal translation of something learned long ago. "We lived in the valleys and on the mountains. Our laughter was the joy of Tauha, the Southern Cross. Then, many years ago, your people came, and the joy left our hearts and we no longer wished to live. We have died because we have wished death. Our will was greater than that of your doctors. Now I no longer wish to live."

(*Continued on page 74*)

THE HOME FRONT



"I didn't forget our anniversary, dear. Look—a goldfish!"

It isn't Magic—but it's Wonderful!

There's no magic at all to capturing the luscious flavors of fresh fruit . . . Orange! Lemon! Lime! Pineapple! Wild Cherry! But the wonderful part is that you can carry them all in your pocket—in a delicious, handy, Five-Flavor pack of Life Savers.

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

(*Continued from page 72*)

"Don't talk like a child," I said quickly. "You are going to be chief some day. Your people need you. Why shouldn't you want to live?"

He stared at the setting sun for a long time with unblinking eyes.

"I cannot live without him," he said at last. He did not have to say whom he meant. "I have tried. Often I have run away, but it is like a sickness for which there is no cure. Always I have gone back. I am *tapu*, yet he has touched me. He has laughed at me and at the customs of my people. He has struck me. Now it is finished. I can never go back again."

I did not know what to say. I just sat and looked at the sun sinking beneath the sea.

"I no longer wish to live, Brains Mister. In death perhaps I can be with him, the shadow of his shadow. The memory within his thought." Suddenly he jumped to his feet. It was too dark to see his face. "No!" he cried angrily. "He will forget. There is the cruelty of the shark within his brain!" Then his voice softened, and he was just a kid once more, lonely and helpless and frightened. "Is it possible to love so hard and hate so much?" he sobbed.

I started to get up, but he darted from me like a shadow into the night. I sat there in the soft darkness for a long time, too sick in my heart to move. Tanateo was going to kill himself. I was certain of that. He was dying already. The gray shadow of death had already touched his face. He was *willing* death. He would die because he was a little savage torn in his heart by the love and hate that burned and balanced so perfectly within him. And there was nothing I could do.

I sat up and looked down the steep slope at the glowing triangles of the tents and the vague shadow figures moving in shapeless silhouettes behind them. One of these figures was Durkin, big, handsome, carefree, laughing easily, laughing for the strength and the life in him. The bitter memories flooded me in deep resentment, and the cold sweat began rolling down my face like impotent tears. There was nothing I could do.

I WENT down the dark path at last. There was a poker game going on in our tent. Durkin was sitting facing the tent opening, and when I walked in he stopped dealing and looked up.

"Where've you been, Brains?" he asked. "Fraternizing with the natives?"

His voice had that teasing quality that I had learned to dread so long ago. I tried to keep my face straight, but I couldn't. I looked away. "Could be," I said, because he hadn't started dealing again and an answer was expected of me.

"Tck, tck!" he said. "Bad stuff. Liable to end up with a knife between your ribs, fooling around with the dusky maidens."

"There's a lot of us liable to end up with a knife between our ribs," I said. I wanted to get him to thinking about Tanateo, to give him something to worry about. I opened my mouth to blurt out about Tanateo, then closed it again. Durkin hadn't even noticed my crack or associated it with himself. He was dealing the cards. He had already forgotten about me.

I sat on the edge of the bunk nearest the tent opening and watched him, feeling the hate inside of me coiling like a snake with pulled fangs. It was a still night, heavy with the scent of the jungle. The ripples on the lagoon were full of greenish phosphorescence. I forced my ears to hear them lapping on the beach, but their sound was too soft. The voices of the players were low and droning. I must have dozed.

Suddenly I heard Tanateo's voice outside the tent, and I was fully awake, as if I had been expecting it.

"Great Golden Beard!" It was a sob, almost like a warning.

I saw Durkin look up, his eyes strangely white in his dark sun-tanned face. I heard the knife as it whistled through the tent opening. It thudded and buried itself into the wood of the table, hardly an inch from Durkin's chest. For a moment he looked at the quivering hilt with his own name carved on it. Then he leaped to his feet with an oath. I tripped him as he reached the tent opening, and darted out past him. Tanateo was a darker shadow than the night, running swiftly toward the blackness of the lagoon.

"Tanateo!" I cried. "Tanateo!" He didn't stop. I knew I would never catch him before he reached the lagoon. At the edge of the water he stopped and stooped down and picked up something and slashed it across his arms and down his thighs and across his chest. For a moment my hand was on him, then he slipped from my grasp and plunged into the water in a shower of phosphorescent sparks. My fingers were wet and sticky and warm.

"Come back, Tanateo!" I begged, but I knew that there was no use. Once I thought I heard his voice crying, "Please—Brains Mister—please—" but it may have been only the mad pounding inside my head.

THE others reached me and stood in a panting, silent group, just watching. We could see every move Tanateo made, every stroke he took. His arms shone with green iridescence as he raised them out of the water to swim. His whole body glowed with the unearthly light. He swam slowly, steadily, as if a great heaviness dragged at his arms. I had a small flashlight in my pocket and I flashed it over the water, but the beam did not reach him. I turned it down to the sand and saw the bare footprints, and flashed the beam around them until it shone on a piece of red-edged coral. I turned the light off quickly and reached down in the darkness and picked up the coral. Its edges were sharp and sticky.

"There's something the matter with the kid," someone said in the darkness.

"No," someone else answered. "He's all right. He swims the lagoon all the time."

"Yeah, he's *tapu*. The sharks won't bother him—" the voice broke off short. You could feel the sudden silence. You could hear the sudden intake of breaths.

"You took his charm bag, Durkin," I said. I wish I could have seen his face when I said that. I wish I could have seen his eyes. There were many others standing there, and they all heard my words, but no one spoke. Durkin laughed.

"Quit kidding," he said. "You don't believe in that hocus-pocus! A bagful of pebbles and things? Taboo, my eye! You don't believe that, do you?"

"You took his charm bag, Durkin," I said.

"Why, I ought to break your damned neck, you—"

"*Look!*" someone shouted.

We looked. We saw the first hazy green commotion beneath the water, then another and another. The sharks were gathering. Someone whispered, "Sharks!" But the word was screaming out inside of us, deafening our ears. We huddled helplessly at the edge of the water and watched the slow rhythmic motion of Tanateo's arms moving the faintly glowing body across the black lagoon. The sharks came up from the deep lagoon, leaving a gleaming triangular trail behind them. Their trail crossed and recrossed until the lagoon was a mad artist's canvas, and in the middle of the pattern the single bright body moved slowly, heavily, into the blackness.

(*Continued on page 76*)

THE "TOP KICK" GETS THE LOW-DOWN ON "STAY-MOIST" SHAVES

YES, SIR! LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S RICH, CREAMY LATHER STAYS MOIST—SOAKS BEARDS SOFT FOR EASIER SHAVES
SON, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO SHAVE WITH COLD WATER? WITH MY TOUGH BEARD IT'S MURDER
LIFEBUOY'S STAY-MOIST LATHER FOR YOU, SARGE. IT SOFTENS WIRY WHISKERS IN A HURRY. TRY IT!
RIGHT, SOLDIER! EVEN WITH A USED BLADE LIFEBUOY DOES A JOB...NO MORE QUICK-DRYING LATHERS FOR ME
YES, BLADES SEEM TO LAST LONGER WITH LIFEBUOY... THAT SHOWS IT REALLY SOFTENS TOUGH BEARDS
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
YOU'LL LIKE ITS MILD FRAGRANCE

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

AMERICA ON GUARD
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HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—
AS YOU KIN-SEY! (ha! ha!)

This bird's-eye view of our wartime vacation ought to inspire you to spend your holiday at home, too. All you need is a good book, a companion, and a bottle of Kinsey—as excellent a whiskey as I've ever tasted. The book is not a "must," of course.

Why not drop in over the week-end? There may be some Kinsey left!

Unhurriedly, Bill

Charles McCandless

KINSEY

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Blended with "know-how" since 1892

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
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KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Quality that never varies
Red Cap
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RED CAP ALE

London's famed Big Ben, superb example of the clock-maker's craft, loses or gains but ten seconds per week, though it is nearly ninety years old.

Since 1840 CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

BREWING CORPORATION of AMERICA
CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from page 74)

The fins broke the surface and their trails were sharp and clear and bright, weaving their netlike pattern closer and closer to Tanateo.

"He's not *tapu*—" someone else whispered.

"He is! Look! They're falling behind him like they always did. The kid'll be all right."

And suddenly the thin lines curved and converged on a point and the lagoon exploded upward in a fountain of green spray. We turned our heads. We could not look. Someone swore softly, carefully, viciously. Someone sobbed. After a while the men turned away, one by one, and went back to their tents.

"Brains—" Durkin said. I turned my head to see him sitting on the sand. I could not see his face. "Brains, you must know about these things. . . . You don't believe in charms and taboos—you don't believe I killed him, do you?" His voice was soft and pleading and a bit choked, like he had been crying. I guess he liked the kid a lot in his own way.

"The sharks never bothered him before," I said. I walked away from him. I walked around the curving throat of the lagoon.

Now the lagoon is a still black mirror reflecting the stars, and the drum is beating its slow monotonous rhythm, like the throbbing of a heart too sick to go on living. It may stop any minute, or it may go on like this forever, but even if it stops, some of us will be hearing it pounding inside of our heads for a long time to come. Some of us until the day we die. I for one. Durkin for another.

You see, he'll never know the whole story. He won't know how little Tanateo loved him and hated him at the same time, and how desperately he wished to be always with him. ". . . the shadow of his shadow. The memory within his thought. . . ." Just dying wouldn't have done, and he knew that. Killing Durkin and himself might have. I suppose that's as far as he had figured, but the very last moment, as the knife was leaving his fingers, he had cried a warning or a prayer, as if to stop the knife in mid-air. He could cut a string at forty paces with a knife, but he had missed Durkin, because at that last moment love had outbalanced hate in his savage little heart.

Maybe that was his voice I heard at the lagoon, saying, "Please—Brains Mister—please—" begging me to do something. Maybe what I am doing I'm doing for him, but I'm not too sure. I'm doing it in my own way because Durkin and I aren't savages. We don't know much about charm bags and taboos, but we do know that sharks are drawn to blood. That's why I threw the red-stained piece of coral out into the lagoon and washed Tanateo's blood from my fingers.

DURKIN will never know. All the rest of his life he will listen to that accusing drum beating inside of his head, and he will think of the sharks and the little bag that he had ripped from Tanateo's neck, and he will never know. It will help Tanateo, but it is also my revenge.

Sure. My revenge. A guy nicknamed "Brains" isn't supposed to feel things like hate and revenge. Unless, maybe, he has a face like mine: A nose all busted up and out of shape, and a scar running down to his chin, pulling the sides of his mouth down like an ugly gargoyle. A nose and a mouth like mine. The kind of face you can get when someone stands back and measures you and doesn't hit you clean, but just chops you with his fists. Just to see you squirm. Just to hear you yell uncle. Just to feel big.

THE END

SO INCONSPICUOUS

Dear Bob:
You wouldn't know Mother now
that she can hear well again...
she goes to the movies with us.

... she goes to the movies with us, and last Sunday she went to church and heard all of the sermon for the first time in years. She can hardly wait 'til your next leave so she can listen to your experiences, and share her new-found joy with you.

Our friends say it's a miracle. They call her "glamor girl," tell her she's the most attractive woman in the crowd, with her new personality. I'll always bless the day I got her to go with me for a demonstration of that new Zenith Hearing Aid. She wouldn't part with it now for a thousand dollars.

If you have friends or relatives who do not hear well, this suggestion will bring new happiness into their lives. Have them visit the nearest Zenith dispenser and try a new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Their own ears will decide how much better they hear. No one will ask them to buy. There are no complicated tests. All controls are on the outside of the instrument. They adjust for personal hearing needs as easily as focusing binoculars. What's more, the new Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord is so *inconspicuous,* it makes wearing a Zenith as little noticeable as eyeglasses.

Make the suggestion first chance you get. You'll never do a finer thing in your life—and with less effort!

A New Zenith Model for Practically Every Type of Correctable Hearing Loss

Model A-3-A. The popular Air Conduction Zenith—a *super-power* instrument. Tremendous reserve volume to assure maximum clarity and tone quality even under the most difficult conditions! Complete, ready-to-wear, with Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord, only **$50.**

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Choice of Colors, Too, No Extra Cost!
The Lustrous Ebony Amplifier harmonizes with dark clothing. The new Pastel Amplifier harmonizes with light color and sheer apparel.

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INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

"HELLO SUCKER!"

That's the way Texas Guinan said it, and that's the way Betty Hutton is saying it, as she plays Texas Guinan in Paramount's dramatic, colorful, musical picture based on Texas Guinan's exciting life.

"INCENDIARY BLONDE"

In Technicolor

Betty, as the great Guinan, is slightly more than terrific. She has to be, for Texas was a fabulous personality.

° ° °

She swept into New York out of the rodeos of the southwest in Nineteen-umpteen and became a musical comedy sensation—a Follies star over night—but her sweetheart was in Hollywood and she followed him out there in the strong silent days of the flickers when a gal could mow down sixteen Indians with one shot.

° ° °

A broken heart sent her back to Broadway, where she became queen of the night clubs in the prohibition racket days, greeting heavy-spenders with her "Hello Sucker" . . . . telling off the racket boys who tried to muscle in!

° ° °

Betty is co-starred with Arturo de Cordova, as her gangster sweetheart, and wonderfully supported by Barry Fitzgerald, who gives a performance as sensational as that in "Going My Way," Charlie Ruggles, and Bill Goodwin. Directed by George Marshall.

° ° °

Paramount—the company that has entertained the world for one third of a century, has picked INCENDIARY BLONDE as its anniversary picture.

Paramount Pictures

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Burgess Meredith as Ernie Pyle trudges through mud with his beloved "Joes."

STORY OF G. I. JOE

(United Artists)
Burgess Meredith, Robert Mitchum, Freddie Steele, Wally Cassell

No other journalist of this war has approached the vividness, simplicity, and human understanding of the late Ernie Pyle. The collection of his syndicated columns, titled Here Is Your War, is a heart-wringing tribute to all soldiers, and this careful picturization of episodes from the book has produced a unique documentary tribute not only to the American soldier, but to Pyle himself, who recently lost his life in line of duty in the South Pacific.

Prior to his departure, it was Ernie's characteristic stipulation that nothing melodramatic or movie-like be injected into the cinematic representation of himself. So carefully has this wish been respected, and so authentically have gripping battle scenes been re-enacted, that the picture attains an almost unbearable realism. The role of Pyle himself is treated with great dignity and restraint. Captain Burgess Meredith, as Pyle, confines himself mainly to shrewd, comprehending side glances, and the characteristic "Well, I'll be darned!"

Unfortunately, the picture's greatest distinction—the fine restraint and power of its documentary technique—is also its greatest flaw. The constant succession of intensely dramatic episodes, the feelings of gloom, confusion, and frustration, so intimately bound up with war—the mud, the misery, and the never-ending tension—are too much for an ordinary person to absorb at a single sitting. The lonely meditations in pup tents, the terrible solemnity of the first casualty, the bowed, heartbreaking retreat from the Kasserine Pass are vividly expressive of the entire African campaign. In Italy there are other unforgettable incidents: an unshaven, tobacco-chawing sergeant (Freddie Steele) perched high in the ruins of a frontless house, trying earnestly to run off a record of his baby's voice on an old-fashioned phonograph; the exquisite pathos of a snatched wartime honeymoon, with an Army nurse (Dorothy Coonan) watching tenderly over her battle-weary groom, and the grim finale—the solemn farewell accorded by a group of grave and hesitant men to their dead captain, as they trudge on slowly, one by one, and leave him lying by the side of the road.

(Other review on page 82)

Freddie Steele as Sergeant Warnicki—turns in an A-1 performance.

He Ruled the Seven Seas

...until this Wildcat crossed his path!

Captive bride . . . lovely . . . dangerous! She whipped him, wanted to kill him, then loved him as no woman ever loved a man. Thrill-packed days of adventure . . . intimate nights of romance!

The Spanish Main

RKO RADIO

starring

PAUL HENREID · MAUREEN O'HARA · WALTER SLEZAK

with BINNIE BARNES · JOHN EMERY

A FRANK BORZAGE *production*

...in Glorious TECHNICOLOR

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • *Associate Producer* STEPHEN AMES • *Directed by* FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by GEORGE WORTHING YATES *and* HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

Made
the Old-time
Way

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Blended Whiskey
United Distillers (of America) Ltd.
Baltimore, Maryland
NO
War-Time
HASTE
HERE!

Jesse Moore
ROYALE
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86 PROOF–75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
UNITED DISTILLERS (of America) LTD.
Baltimore, Maryland

YOU CAME ALONG

(Paramount)
Robert Cummings, Lizabeth Scott

Lovely Lizabeth Scott and Robert Cummings.

HERE'S a fifty-fifty picture. Fifty per cent comedy and fifty per cent tragedy. It is a love story of a bond-selling major and a girl executive. Robert Cummings as Major Bob Collins is the boy who sweeps Lizabeth Scott (Ivy Hotchkiss) right off her feet and the feet of his two pals.

The first half of this picture is one of the quickest-moving comedy films made, with Cummings and his two buddies, Charles Drake and Don DeFore, plying a line of chatter that brings the girls arunnin'. The trio were teammates of a sort in the combat zones and they continue the high spirit of a camaraderie through a bond tour that includes wine, women, and song.

Lizabeth Scott is something special. She is a lovely blonde and a competent actress. The first view of Miss Scott on the screen has her dressed in a tailored suit, quite plain, and with a severe hair style. But before the picture goes very far she is poured into a stunning evening gown and you know why Cummings trains his guns on her.

It is too bad the rest of the picture doesn't keep its early lively pace. But Cummings, as a leukemia victim has death waiting just around the corner. In due course Miss Scott discovers this and understands why he never thinks of anything but fun. Leukemia is a tough disease anywhere, and in this movie it is tougher than ever. Cummings succeeds in making everyone forget it until he decides to marry Miss Scott.

All that happens after the marriage is a series of very sad deceits. Cummings has to tell white lies to keep Miss Scott happy, and she, in turn, must pretend to believe them to keep Cummings happy. The picture ends with Cummings' death, and, strangely enough, it comes as a relief.

You Came Along proves once again that there is always hope—and always death. But, like homework in grammar school, it is learning a lesson the hard way.

There are numerous light bits throughout the picture that produce real laughs. The Air Corps slang comes in for a few quick chuckles, for the three boys have made it a code of their own. But all of this can't take away from the letdown the end of the picture gives you.

Times today are sad enough; then "You Came Along."

The two buddies (Don DeFore and Charles Drake) hear of Cummings' death.

MASSACRE AT PALAWAN

Continued from Page 27

For the men lying panting and desperate in those holes, the afternoon was endless and terrible. A man hiding five feet away from you, a six-foot American you'd been through three years of hell with, would be dragged out and bayoneted to death by a dozen little yelling Japs, and you didn't dare move.

As the endless search went on, a lot of men who might have made it cracked up. McDole and two others were hiding in a garbage dump, completely covered by the rotting fly-crusted stuff. As a Jap patrol neared the dump, one of the men suddenly jumped up and ran for the bay.

"The Japs shot him," said McDole. "Then, when they got within five meters of us, the second man with me raised himself up and said, 'All right, you Jap bastards, here I am and don't miss me.' They shot him, poured gasoline on him and burned his body.

"After the patrol went away, I made a small opening to get some air. Down the beach I saw six Japs jabbing a bleeding mud-covered American with their bayonets. Another Jap ran up with a bucket and a torch. The American begged to be shot and not burned. The Japs poured gasoline on his hands and feet, and lighted it. Then the man collapsed."

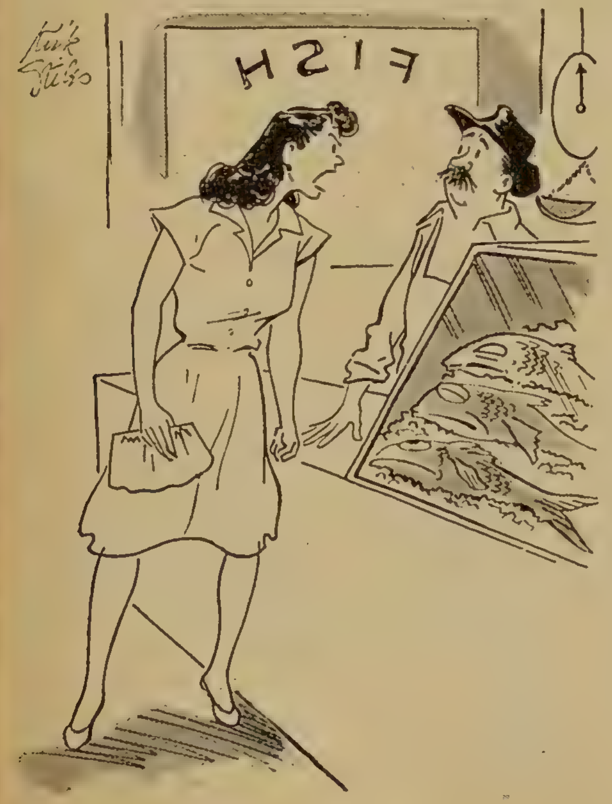
Smith, hidden in the tall grass up on the cliff, had a dozen narrow escapes. Twice searching Japs grazed his ribs as they jabbed bayonets into the grass.

"Once I thought sure I was caught," said Smith. "A Jap pulled the grass away from me and looked straight into my eyes. I felt his breath panting down on me and smelled that awful Jap sweat they all stink of. Cold as death, I waited for the bayonet in my ribs. Three years of hell—for this! I remember praying that he'd do it right the first time."

Suddenly the Jap dropped the grass over Smith and left. He hadn't seen him! Smith closed his eyes and resumed breathing.

As it got dark the Japs quit the search. Then the few Americans still alive began creeping out of their holes. Singly or in little groups, they slipped silently into the water and began the long swim across Puerto Princesa Bay.

Bogue had been hiding in a hole in the rocks till the rising tide forced him out of it. Looking for a new hiding place, he



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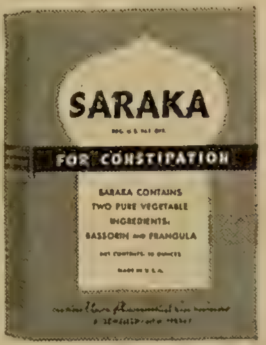
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found Fern Barta and three others in the camp's sewer outlet. About nine o'clock that night these five started out to swim the bay. Almost immediately they were swept apart by the strong tide, and it was ten days before Bogue and Barta met. One of the five, a Marine private, was never seen again. It was sunrise when Barta dragged himself up on the far shore of the bay and crawled into the jungle.

McDole, exhausted and sick, lay in the fly-blanketed garbage dump all night and all the next day. That night he tried to swim, but the water was so rough he couldn't make it. He crawled back to the garbage dump, and for another night and day lay in that mess of flies and rot, praying for strength. That night he tried it again, and again he was forced back. The following night he crawled down to the shore for the third time, fell into the water, and started swimming; he would get across or drown. All night he swam and floated and swam again. He came very near dying. His mind had stopped, like an engine stalled on dead center. His arms and legs were no longer even part of him; some strange tired motor kept them going till finally his hands were clawing suddenly and miraculously into sand. He was across. His head dropped into the sand. He tried hard to think who he was and what he was supposed to do now.

Finally he crawled to the edge of the jungle and hid there all day. That night he tried swimming across a little inlet to a Filipino tuberculosis colony, but he was too far gone. He realized he couldn't swim any more. And then, in the wet heaving darkness, he bumped into the poles of a fish trap. He crawled up on it and collapsed, somewhere between sleep and death. In the morning Filipino fishermen from the Iwahig penal colony found him there.

They hurried him back to their camp. There he was joined by Bogue, who had been found by Filipino prisoners from the camp after being lost for five days in the jungle. Rested and fed, Bogue and McDole were taken to the leader of the Palawan underground, who gave them horses and a guide and got them to a point where they were picked up by a Navy seaplane and flown to Leyte.

At Aborlan, a town held by the guerrillas, a second party of horsemen caught up with them. One of the riders was Barta. He had stumbled into the Iwahig colony after spending ten days and nights in the jungle. Six other survivors, including Smith, were picked up later and flown to Moratai.

Up on the cliff, some of the Jap guards were only ten feet away from Smith. Still, he had to try for a getaway when darkness came. Slowly he eased out of his hiding place and inched his way down the cliff, fearing with each step that a coral landslide would bring a shower of jabbering yells and bullets.

Luck was with him. Noiseless as a shadow, he moved steadily down to the shore and into the water.

He had been in the water about an hour and a half when the little Jap patrol boat combing the bay for possible survivors bore down on him. Its weak yellow light actually waved directly across him from not more than fifty yards away. But the boat turned and went on.

"I started swimming again," said Smith in his slow tired drawl, "and had been out about two hours, I guess, when I heard a swirl in the water off to one side. I glanced around in time to see a six-foot shark headed for me. He came right on in and bit my right arm. Somehow—I don't know how—I reached around with my other arm and slung him loose. Then I kicked and splashed, and I must have scared him off; he didn't bother me after that."

The Marine Corps public relations officer whispered to Smith; he rolled up his sleeve. There on his right forearm were the scars from the teeth of the shark that he'd "slung loose."

After the shark, Smith swam on for what seemed like years. He turned on his back for the hundredth time to rest, and made out trees on a mountain ahead of him. He turned over again and swam till his arms were strips of leather which somebody kept splashing into the water ahead of him, and he knew he couldn't swim much longer. He decided to try to hit bottom. He held his nose and went down hard. The water was only up to his armpits. Gratefully he started to walk, and that's when he almost drowned. Because his legs wouldn't hold him, he fell and swallowed the black water and almost drowned there in four feet of it.

Finally, somehow, he crawled up on the beach and dropped.

IT was still night, and the terrible clouds of Philippine mosquitoes immediately started swarming over him. If he lay there he'd be eaten alive. He crawled up to the edge of a mangrove swamp and coated himself, face and all, with mud. That kept the mosquitoes off. He rested a while, and then plunged into the swamp.

He was naked, except for the mud. The thick growth clutched his body with wet clammy hands. At each step his feet seemed to sink deeper into the black ooze. He knew the alligators would get him before long. He climbed a tree and stayed there the rest of the night. Dawn was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

All that day Smith traveled through the jungle. When the growth became impenetrable he climbed up above it and swung along on the long vines from tree to tree. Occasionally he'd grip a brier vine; the hard spines cut like barbed wire. "They cut me up pretty bad," he said.

But he went on, and he made it. Late that afternoon he found the wonderful compassionate Philippine guerrillas. They gathered up his skinny, bleeding, muddy body and carried him to their camp. They fed him and put him to bed. And now he was in San Francisco, on his way home to Hughes Springs, Texas—the kind of place that can help a man forget jungles and Japs.

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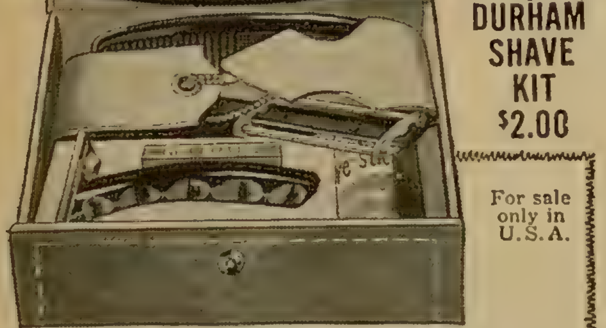

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ALL THE WORLD OVER

Continued from Page 21

and cackling by the rail. All sorts and conditions of women. Nothing in common between them but their youth and the labels tied to them. Bundles from Britain, he thought, grinning.

Thorn looked for the redhead. He found her aft, with her back turned on them all. Alone. She would have to be alone. She might fool Johnny and Johnny's C. O. and all the other high mucky-mucks, maybe, by keeping her mouth shut and her beautiful eyes open, but she couldn't fool the women. In the merciless morning light the gaudy print dress whose fake silkiness had wilted in the damp heat, the scuffed high-heeled shoes, the brown beret dragged down at a jaunty angle over her mop of hair made her a left-over from a cheap night on a London back street. But there was something in the way she stood—with a sort of stubborn courage, as though she had learned not to give ground—that checked him.

"That's our famous sky line, Mac," he said. "How d'you like America?"

"'Ow the 'ell should I know?"

He laughed outright.

"Smart, aren't you? A lot smarter than most of our visiting firemen. Better cut along to the Lounge. The executioners are waiting for you. I hope your papers'll look good to them."

He might have added, "You won't." But that was too raw. He might hate her for having taken a poor homesick kid and made a monkey of him. But she'd become Thorn Bradley's guest, a stranger in his land in which he had lost his part. Her face had a wan look and the eyes were scared. Yes, she was plenty scared. But her jaw was set. She'd been scared plenty before. She knew how to cover up.

"Well," he said gruffly, "good luck!"

"Thanks." She gave him back his grin, and then a flick of the thick lashes over the lovely eyes. "Thanks—"

"And don't try that on the immigration boys," he warned her. "They're tough babies. They can take it."

HE didn't see her again till he came off the gangplank with a message from the captain to the harbor master.

She stood in a little circle of emptiness that she seemed to have created by herself. She had her bag, shabby and scuffed too, at her feet, and her precious liberating papers clutched to her breast.

He thought, She's licked, and was sorry again—he didn't know about what. But he'd have gone his way and maybe forgotten her if he hadn't seen that look come into her face—as though a sullen glow in her had kindled suddenly to a full blaze. She picked up her bag. She was almost running, and through the barrier before he caught up. She turned on him.

"Let me alone, can't you? Let me go—"

"Sure, Mac. Just say where—"

"'Ow the 'ell should I know?"

"Didn't they tell you?"

"Sure. Grand Central. Chicago. Great Falls. Augusta—Cherry Creek." She ran off the string of names like a child reciting a meaningless lesson. "But wot's Grand Central anyway, and what do I do with it when I gets it?"

He took off his cap and rubbed his hand over his thick black hair. He was discovering to his disgust that once you so much as notice a stray kitten you have to do something about it, and, having done something, you have to go on. This girl wasn't a kitten. She was a wildcat. But the fact remained. He'd become responsible.

"Aw, come along," he said.

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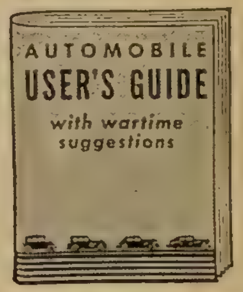

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The taxi should have been the end. But it wasn't.

"Stick around in the waiting room," he said. "I'll find you. I may be hours. But you'd better wait for me."

She was shivering all over. But she kept her grin. He guessed it was her flag nailed to the masthead.

"You bet," she said.

It was early evening before he got round to her. She'd found a seat in the crowded waiting room and he guessed that she hadn't budged for an instant. All the vivid color had been drained out of her. She had the transparent touching pallor of a tired child.

"There's no train to Great Falls till midnight," he said crossly. "Now what the hell do I do with you?"

She didn't even make her obvious retort. Her mouth, that she'd forgotten to touch up and was only a smear of its flamboyant self, quivered. He yanked up her suitcase. "Let's eat," he said.

IT was a tough joint. But then they were a tough pair. Without his cap, which he had worn habitually at an aggressive angle, the man looked even tougher. The drab overhead light threw shadows into the hollows under the high cheekbones and into the deep-set eyes under their straight brows. The long vigorous line of the jaw had been sharpened to a razor's edge by fourteen days and nights on an open raft. His mouth must have been at one time humorous and kindly. But his buddy had turned raving mad on him and there was nothing kindness nor humor could do about it. A kindly, humorous man would not have survived. They had fought each other to a finish. The raft had overturned and by the time Thorn Bradley had righted it and dragged his bleeding, breathless carcass aboard, he was alone.

He never spoke of those things. It would not have occurred to him to speak of them to the girl who was eating with an almost savage concentration.

"I couldn't eat—not with all them pussycats glaring me down," she offered as a sort of apology. "It took my appetite away. And Gawd knows I've got one. Seems to me I was born 'ungry."

"I guess you were. How long ago?"

"Twenty-two years—if you 'as to know the truth."

"I don't have to. And I don't. You're a damned liar, Mac. You're just a kid."

"Kid yourself," she retorted, grinning.

"Twenty-seven," he said. "Look at me gray hairs!"

"Gawd! Wot an age! I 'opes I 'ops it before I get that moldy."

"You will," he said. "But you won't hop it. The way you're eating now you'll have bust your seams. Jeeze! Chowder. Three hamburgers. Two pies à la mode—"

"If that's wot the stuff is, it's O. K."

"Learning the lingo, eh?"

"I can learn," she said slyly.

But there were things she couldn't unlearn that would stick like knives into the tender flesh of Cherry Creek's best citizens.

Thorn rested his arms on the table.

"What made you bolt like that?"

"I dunno. It came over me all of a sudden like. I was being pushed around. I don't like it. I never 'ave been. Not by no one. Not even by a bobby—"

"No?" he asked.

She met his hard blue stare with eyes as hard and unflinching.

"No," she said. "Nor you neither."

"Try our cops. They must be scouring the city for you. I bet I'll get jugged for this. Kidnaping the young and innocent stranger in our midst."

"That would be a joke," she said.

"Just too damn funny," he agreed.

And then she made a gesture he associated with homesick, lonely men. She fumbled in her shabby purse and drew out a leather folder and pushed it across to him with an elaborate carelessness.

"Johnny," she said.

The photo was full-face. Johnny's eyes looked straight into his. A pleasant, clean-cut, lovable face that would retain its personal innocence to the end. But it could the more easily learn bewilderment and grief. Thorn pushed it back across the table.

"Nice kid," he said. But he stood up roughly. "Let's get out of here."

He took her up Broadway. Every city has its Broadway, its Leicester Square, its redheaded, red-mouthed girls teetering on high-heeled scuffed shoes in pursuit of happiness—of something anyway. It'd be like home to her. But at Times Square she stopped dead, clinging to him, her face lifted. He took a glance at it and felt less sure of her. Her face, too, had its own innocence.

"Gawd!" she said. "Them lights!"

He laughed uneasily.

"You ain't seen nothing yet, Mac. Wait till they get really going."

He linked his arm through hers. That way it was easier to keep together. They beat against the stream uptown. The summer's night was hot and dank and it felt good to throw off the last tentacles of the streets and come out in the dim shadow-painted park under the blazing stars. They sat together on a bench, their shoulders touching lightly.

He stretched his short straight legs in front of him and leaned back, his hands locked behind his head. It was queer that he should feel so companionated by this stranger—this street waif. If he thought of her he could hate her guts. But he wasn't thinking of her. He was only aware of her and of her closeness and fellow loneliness. Almost he could have told her the story of his mother and of the land, of the polite strangers who had arrived one day in a gray-green car to announce casually, "Sorry. But we need your land. We need especially the land your house stands on."

They'd paid a good price, a generous price, if you didn't reckon in the sweat, the hopes and heartbreaks of two hundred years or so. The house didn't amount to much, but to ten generations it had been home. Anyway, they'd moved out, bag and baggage, at two weeks' notice, and the wreckers and the bulldozers had moved in. Three weeks later there wasn't a stick or stone left standing. And his mother was dead. A heart attack, the doctor called it. Sure. It was a heart attack all right. Soon afterward the polite strangers discovered another and better place on which to build whatever it was they had in mind to build. They moved away and the land stood rank and forsaken. Which was another joke.

SOMETHING of all this he might have told her. But the girl spoke first and saved him.

"What's Cherry Creek?" she asked. "Johnny wouldn't tell me. He said I wouldn't understand. I got to know."

"A one-horse little town," he said. "I've been there, looking for stock. A Main Street—that's your High Street, Mac—with a couple of drugstores where the folks go of an evening for a coke and chitchat. A movie house. Two programs a week—B pictures mostly. Off from Main Street run the little streets. Little houses with porches and rockers and little bits of gardens. All very shipshape. No hedges or fences. No locked doors. The folks know each other. Lots of trees. In the spring and fall it's sort of pretty. But the summer burns you up. It's bitter bleak in winter. All around is a valley. Not what you mean by a valley, Mac. Twenty miles wide, a hundred miles

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He turned his head. She was looking up at the stars. "It'll burn you up, Mac. You'll blow up—yourself and the folks with you. You'll murder someone, or break someone—maybe Johnny."

Johnny for sure.

But she said nothing. He had a notion that she was smiling to herself secretively, and he put his arm over her shoulder. "Don't do it, Mac," he said. "Don't muck them up. Be yourself. Be your age. Stay around. This isn't a bad little old town. A smart girl like you could make her way. Forget about Johnny. He was just lonesome and homesick—maybe for a girl back home. Any girl would have looked like her to him. But you won't look like her in Cherry Creek. There'll be the devil to pay and you'll both do the paying. Give yourself a break, Mac. Cut it out. If you want a buddy, how about me? I'm not a bad guy. I've got a nice little lump of dough to raise hell with, and my ship's going into dry dock. Why not? It's a short life."

She didn't move or answer. He wondered if she'd fallen asleep. At least, her eyes were closed. Well, he was tired too. He rested his head against her shoulder. She was no good. But she felt good. She wasn't even pretty. But she had something. It was that something Johnny, alone in a strange land, had found and clung to. And which, in Cherry Creek, would sink him. For that matter, Thorn Bradley was sunk himself. No reason why he should give a damn.

"Comfy?" the girl asked. She put her arm about him so that his head rested against her breast. But there was nothing provocative in the gesture—only a sort of comradely understanding.

"You bet," he said.

"Try and sleep a bit. It's cool 'ere in the dark—"

"Maybe you'll miss your train, Mac. Or the cops'll pick you up."

He felt rather than heard the little throaty chuckle. She knew all the ropes. He mumbled in a curious, almost angry protest, "You're just a kid—"

"I ain't—and you ain't neither. Kids aren't like us. Kids 'ave fun."

"Haven't you had fun, Mac?"

Her little laugh again. He had the crazy notion she was his mother, teasing him gently before he went to sleep.

He didn't know how long he'd slept. But when he woke up she'd gone. Her bag had gone too. Maybe to Cherry Creek. More likely she'd taken to his idea. But not to him.

He sat forward for a while, his head in his hands. Finally he stood up, shaking himself.

"Aw, where the hell do I go from here?"

Toward dawn he got back, somehow, to his ship, which was his home.

THE colored porter came back to the almost empty coach. He pushed up his cap to scratch his head. The girl still lay there in her corner, her head on her arm. To his knowledge she hadn't moved since they'd left Glasgow, not even to eat. He'd said once, "The diner's empty now, lady," and she'd only stared at him. She didn't seem to know what he was talking about. Maybe he shouldn't have called her lady. She wasn't one. She was just one of them bits and pieces he'd seen often, batting their way from one camp to another, traipsing after their menfolks, cheap finery all mussed, smeared lipstick, sweat, and some-

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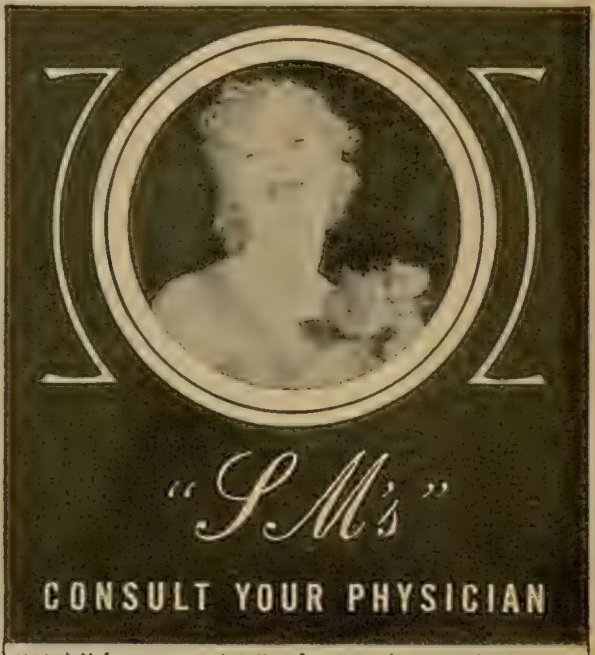

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times tears streaking their poor young faces.

He touched her shoulder.

"Got to get a move on, daughter. This be Great Falls," he said gently.

He'd called her daughter. He was an old fellow, and that was, for the moment, how he felt toward her. She sprang up. He remembered a young badger he'd cornered once in the lot back of his shack—terrified but still full of fight. "Great Falls," he said again loudly.

There was no tip coming to him. But he took her shabby bag and carried it out onto the platform.

"Sort of tuckered out, ain't yer?"

"Fair pooped," she said.

"And now where's you goin'?"

"Ain't there a place called Cherry Creek?"

"Sho thing. Ah'm a Cherry Creek man myself. A nice liddle ol' place. You's got to take the local, across the tracks."

"I know," she said almost eagerly. "Johnny told me. He called it a funny name —the Dinkus."

The old man straightened his bowed shoulders as though someone invisible had slapped them. His rheumy eyes were round with a startled and painful thought.

"Johnny—you ain't Johnny Moore's gal by any chance—the little foreign gal?"

"I ain't foreign. I'm English. But I'm Johnny's—" Her head was up, truculently. "Wot's wrong with that?"

He rubbed his shaking hand over his throat as though it hurt him.

"Ain't nothing wrong," he said, "'cept that you needs to wash yo' face, gal."

She chuckled—a tired dusty chuckle.

"I didn't 'ave the chance. Every time I barges into the cats' den it's jammed with ol' cats powdering their noses and polishing their claws. I got the wind up."

He guessed at what she meant. He picked up her bag.

"You's a stranger in the land," he said less to her than to himself, "but you don't have to be that skeered." He fumbled among his scraps of battered wisdom. The tap of her heels on the platform kept beat with his own sorrowful and pounding heart. "Ah reckon we's all strangers. We got to help each other home."

He got her onto the platform of the local. There was still half an hour to train-time and the musty stuffy old Dinkus was still empty. He tried to grin up at her. "Don't you be skeered, daughter. There's good folks where you's goin'. And the Lord God, He right along with you wheresoever—"

She didn't say a word—not even thank you. He turned and shuffled off as fast as he could go. For he had seen tears come into tired defiant eyes. And he just couldn't take them.

THE three people stood close to one another. The stoutish woman in the faded blue print dress, the tall stoop-shouldered man, and the little boy were simple ordinary people, yet they were somehow conspicuous. Their faces were turned north along the tracks on which the local already showed like a spreading blob of ink. As the engine bore down on them and jolted to a halt the little boy took his mother's hand and the man took hold of her arm.

"Ma," the man said, "I feel like running out on you."

"You won't, Jeff," the woman said. "You'll stay right here. After all, she's our Johnny's wife."

The girl clambered down onto the platform. The merciless heat struck her like a blow in the face. Its dust was in her throat, her eyes, her hair, and coated her teeth so that they didn't seem to belong to her. Her head burst as though her brains had come loose and every movement jolted them against her skull. She muttered to herself, "You keel over, my girl, and I'll lick the tar out of you." It was what she'd always said to herself when things got a bit too thick, like that night when the Jerries had picked on the Old Kent Road for their bit of fun. It braced her. But she couldn't have moved to save her life. She hadn't eaten proper for three days—just wilted sandwiches—not because she wasn't smart but because the money Johnny had given her was petering out. So she just stood there, with her suitcase at her feet, sullen and disheveled-looking with a smear of lipstick on her cheek. The three people moving toward her did not see her eyes.

THE tall man muttered, "My God!" under his breath. Johnny's wife come home. Bill Daney, the station master, who had slunk out of his office, had seen her too—taken an eyeful of her. By night everyone in Cherry Creek would know. Johnny Moore had brought a tramp to Cherry Creek.

"'Ullo!" the girl said in a dusty, toneless voice. "'Ullo! I'm Marg'ret—" She added, because it was her stock in trade and she was clinging to everything she had left, "Mac to my friends."

The plump foolish-looking little woman took her in her arms and held her close. For a moment the girl leaned against her. Her knees were wobbling. "You stand up!" she told them fiercely, and drew herself free and straight.

"Johnny's wife!" Johnny's mother said. She said it with a sort of defiance. The tall man held out his hand. But his eyes were bitter and unsmiling. The boy said, "I'm Johnny's brother." She did something she hadn't meant to do. She bent and kissed his freckled face. Johnny had freckles too. And there had been another little boy who had played on a London back street. She never really let herself think about him.

"'Ullo, sonny!" she said.

"My name's Jim," the boy said, drawing away from her, hurt and dignified.

The four of them stood together in the little flow of arriving passengers, not knowing what to say next.

"We were so worried," Johnny's mother twittered, "until we got your telegram. The Red Cross folks phoned they'd lost you. They were real scared—"

"I was O. K.," Mac interrupted. "I just like to move under my own steam. I don't like being pushed around."

"You must have been scared too—I mean being all alone in a strange country."

The girl narrowed her eyes.

"I've been scared plenty," she said. "I'm used to it."

The tall man who was Johnny's father picked up her bag.

"Better get a move on," he said.

He knew that his friends and neighbors were watching them. The Moores had always been decent careful people. But now the blight that was eating at the world

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outside Cherry Creek had crept up on them. They themselves were carrying it with them into their very home.

Mac sat on the back seat of the prewar rattletrap flivver between the little boy and Johnny's mother. The man drove roughly as though he hated the car and the dusty road and everything. Mac looked down. "If you throw up," she told herself, "I'll kill you."

She saw the woman's plump work-worn hands clench and unclench themselves as though she too were fighting for self-control. She wore a gold wedding ring. Mac, too, had a gold wedding ring. She twisted it on her finger and turned and looked out of the window. There were the bare hard mountains, just like Thorny had said, and the wide flat land lying between, burning under this strange dreadful sun.

Funny. She'd almost hated Thorny, stripping her with his cold blue stare, seeing through her, pulling her apart. But now he seemed close to her, closer than these three who were Johnny's people—her people. She could have talked to him. She almost had, sitting there with him under the stars. But she'd been too tired. Now she forced words out of her dry throat.

"I s'pose you were a bit flummoxed—hearing about me and Johnny—I mean about our being married."

The woman's voice sounded bright and quick:

"We were—sort of. At first. But we tried—I mean we were glad too—that he had someone over there to care about him—look out for him."

The girl laughed, a small derisive laugh.

"I didn't 'ave much chance. We 'ad to wait three months. We was married on 'is first furlough. Just a week we 'ad. Then 'e 'ad to go back for the big push. Next time I saw 'im 'e was in the 'orspital." She caught her breath. "'Ow is 'e? 'Ave you 'eard? 'E said 'e might be 'ome before me. They might fly 'im over."

"He's all right," his mother said. "He's on his way."

THIS must be Main Street, Mac thought. There were the corner drugstores and there was the movie theater with its bright inviting posters. All just like Thorny had said. The car pulled up for a traffic light. A girl standing on the curb looked into the car and smiled and waved. Johnny's father touched his hat and his mother fluttered her hand and his kid brother shouted, "Hullo, Kit!" She was a slim dark-haired girl; pretty, too, if she hadn't been so pale. Her eyes flashed over Mac's face. There was a queer look in them. It occurred to Mac that Kit and Johnny knew each other.

The car jolted on. It turned into a side street into the shade of thick overhanging trees. Here were the trim green gardens, no fences or hedges to them, and the little white houses. (They all had their roofs on, neat as pins.) The car came to another standstill. This was it. This was what she'd been beating her way to all these weeks, all these months, ever since the night Johnny had said, "Hullo, Wonderful!"

The little boy opened the car door and jumped out, dragging Mac's suitcase with him. But the man at the wheel sat motionless, staring in front of him.

Johnny's mother sighed. It was as though she'd reached deep down and pulled up the sigh from the very heart of herself. She laid her hand on Mac's arm. And now she didn't seem just plump and foolish. She sort of glowed with the light and warmth of dignity and kindness.

"You have come home, my dear," she said.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

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AUG. 11, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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Stettinius prepares to sign the Charter as President Truman and American Delegation look on.

THE CHARTER OF UNITED NATIONS

LIKE all human documents, the Charter of United Nations produced at San Francisco will function well or badly according to the caliber of men who through the years are entrusted with power in their respective nations, particularly the "Big Five."

The Charter does not give the world an airtight guaranty against future aggression of war. It will still be possible, though a little more difficult, for a future Führer of one of the Big Five to imbue his people with the idea they are a superior folk who have been robbed of rights and honors which the Almighty intended for them. It will still be possible for a lesser nation, aided and abetted by one of the Big Five, to do likewise.

It was in this manner the peace of the world was broken and World War II came about. If, among any of the Big Five, such a man should rise to power, and if his people are fools enough to fight and die at his behest, the peace of the world will be broken once more.

We had best not delude ourselves that anything in the United Nations Charter will prevent it.

The so-called freedom-of-discussion provision of the Charter can do no more than bring the moral force of the world opinion to bear against an aggressor. There was plenty of discussion and ample moral force marshaled against Japan, Italy, and Germany in the old League of Nations, but these aggressors paid little attention to it.

The basic weakness of the Charter is that it does not define categorically just what physical, economic, or diplomatic acts constitute aggression. Thus, if a disturber of the peace does arise, he can argue endlessly that his aggressions are not aggression. Like Hitler, he can claim that what looks like aggression is only self-defense and no one can call him a liar by the book. The United Nations must then either pretend such aggression doesn't exist, or the war will be on, with the various nations lining up for or against the aggressor according to what they conceive to be their interests.

Nevertheless, the accomplishments of San Francisco are notable in the world's history. A wide area of agreement has been reached covering much of the world's affairs. Last but not least, the meeting has produced the recognition by the United States that it is part of the world and has assured the world we intend to play our part. Doubt on this point encouraged aggression before. Removal of the doubt will do much to discourage it in the future.

Though not perfect, the Charter is a good charter and has within it the seeds of permanent peace, provided the peoples of the world make their desire for peace prevail and place their destinies always in the hands of men of good will.

No charter, not even a perfect one, could keep the peace if sinister men bent on making war are placed in positions where they can do so.

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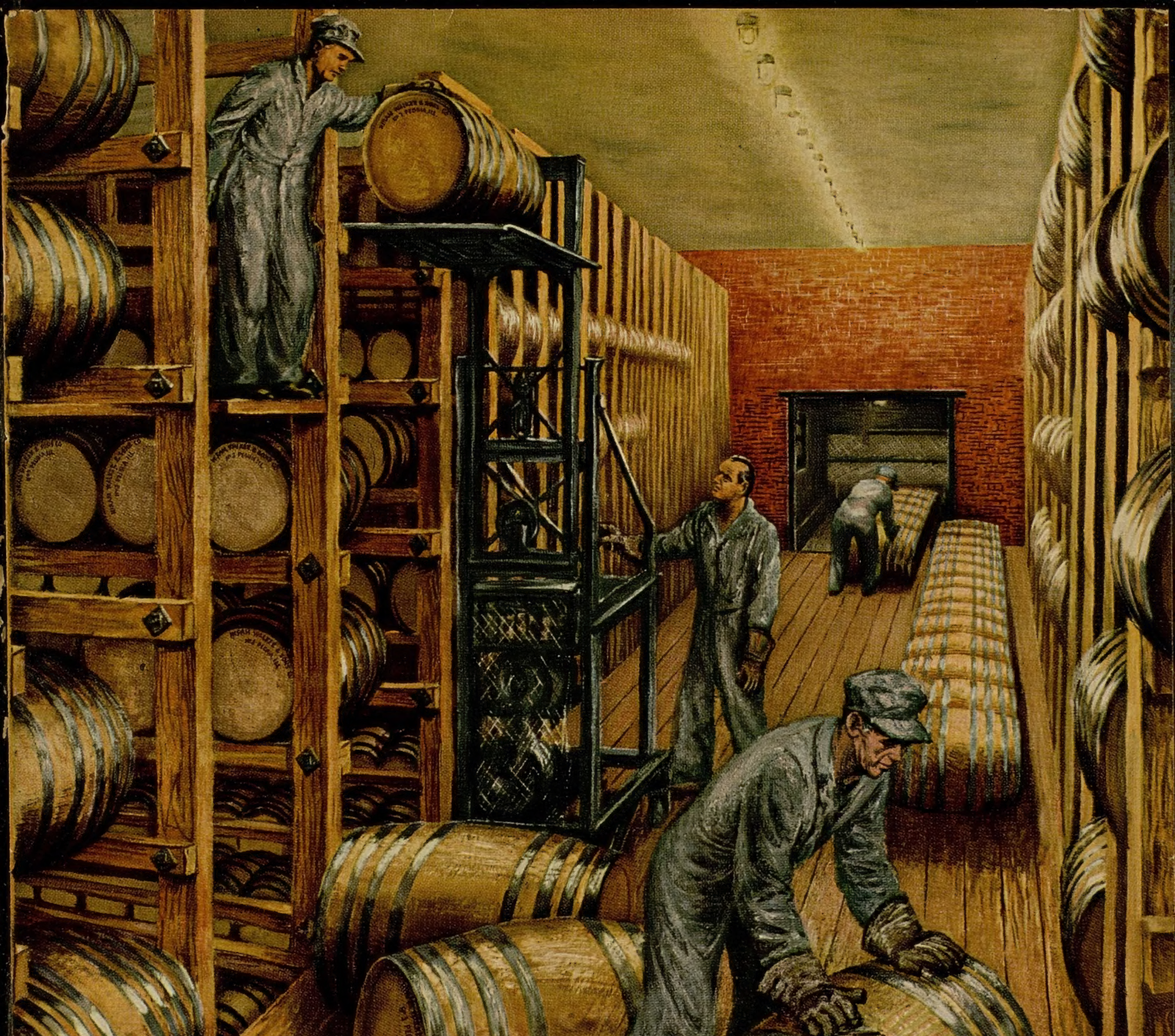
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